

Taki: A Gourmet's Guide
to Mario Cuomo

U.S.\$1.75
CANADA \$2.25 / U.K.£1.50

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

MAY 1986

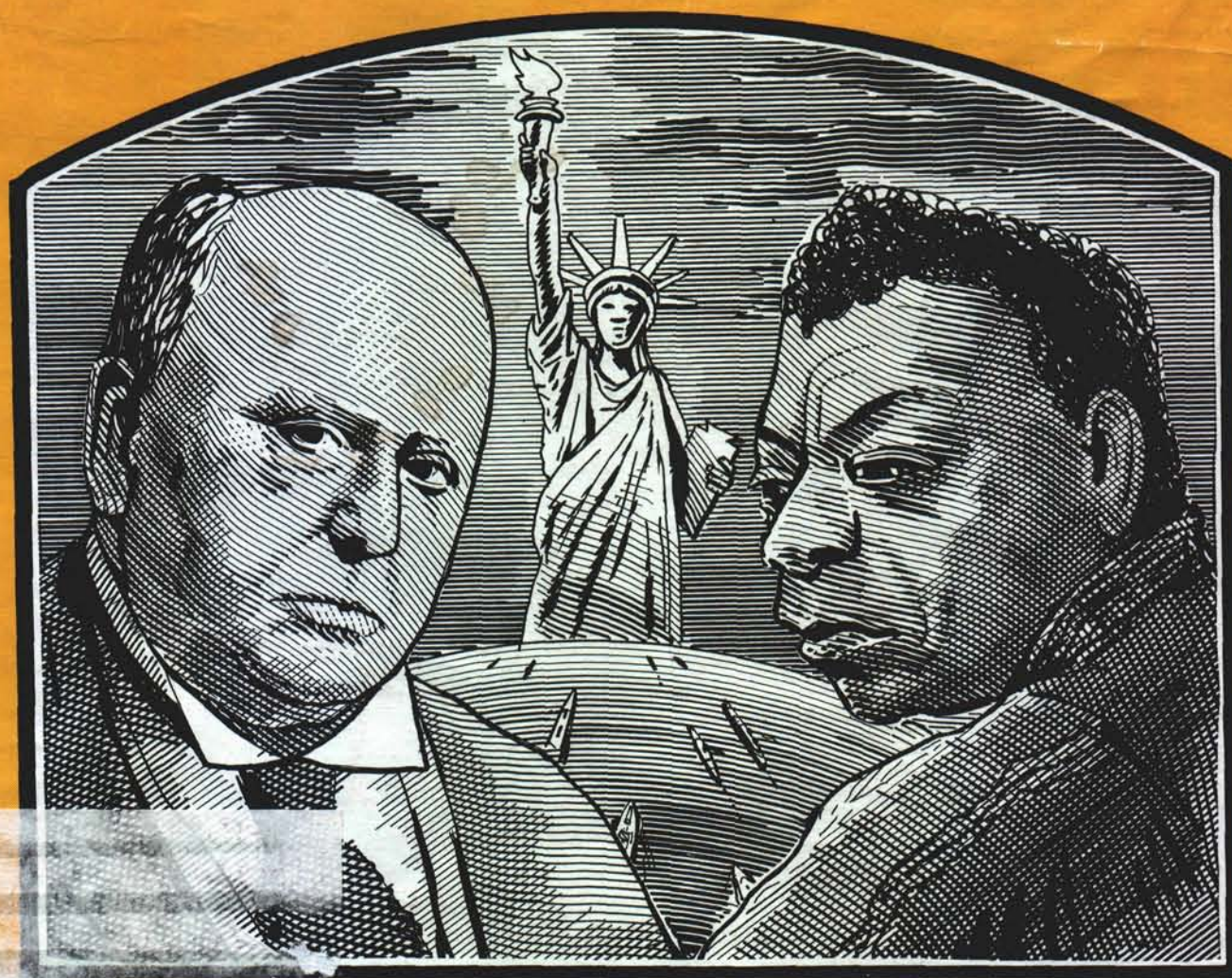
A MONTHLY REVIEW EDITED BY R. EMMETT TYRRELL, JR.

Allan Carlson • Charles Kesler • Maurice Cranston

Jeremy Rabkin: Constitutional Roulette

George Gilder: The Future of Sex

Two Expatriate Lives: Henry James & James Baldwin





Mon.

Tue.

Thur.

Fri.

The week Newsweek readers began firing at Will.

The week was January 12th, 1976. The subject: "Knut Rockne for President."

It was George Will's first column for Newsweek. And as he compared the histrionics of a pregame speech to the hysteria of pre-election politics, a new generation of readers was born. Readers who have a pecu-

liar habit of reading our magazine backward. (From the back page, where George's column appears, forward.)

His witty, erudite style has earned him the respect and loyalty of a large (but split) audience: those who love him, as well as those who love to hate him.

Alternating with Meg

Greenfield, our other national-affairs columnist, Will hits on a wide range of subjects: from the future of American politics to the future of the Chicago Cubs.

His column is the continuation of one of Newsweek's boldest innovations: signed opinions, a concept we began in 1937. With voices through the

Wed.

Sat.

years as calm as Walter Lippmann and as impassioned as Stewart Alsop.

Newsweek also introduced the first newsweekly columns on business, economics and sports, the first column authored by guests and the first signed criticism of the arts.

Will and Greenfield have

garnered top honors. Both are Pulitzer Prize winners. And both have been notable figures in the National Magazine Awards.

In fact, Newsweek staffers have won over 600 awards for

excellence in journalism. More than any other newsweekly.

Which brings us to our point: when a magazine starts striving for excellence, where there's a Will, there's a way.

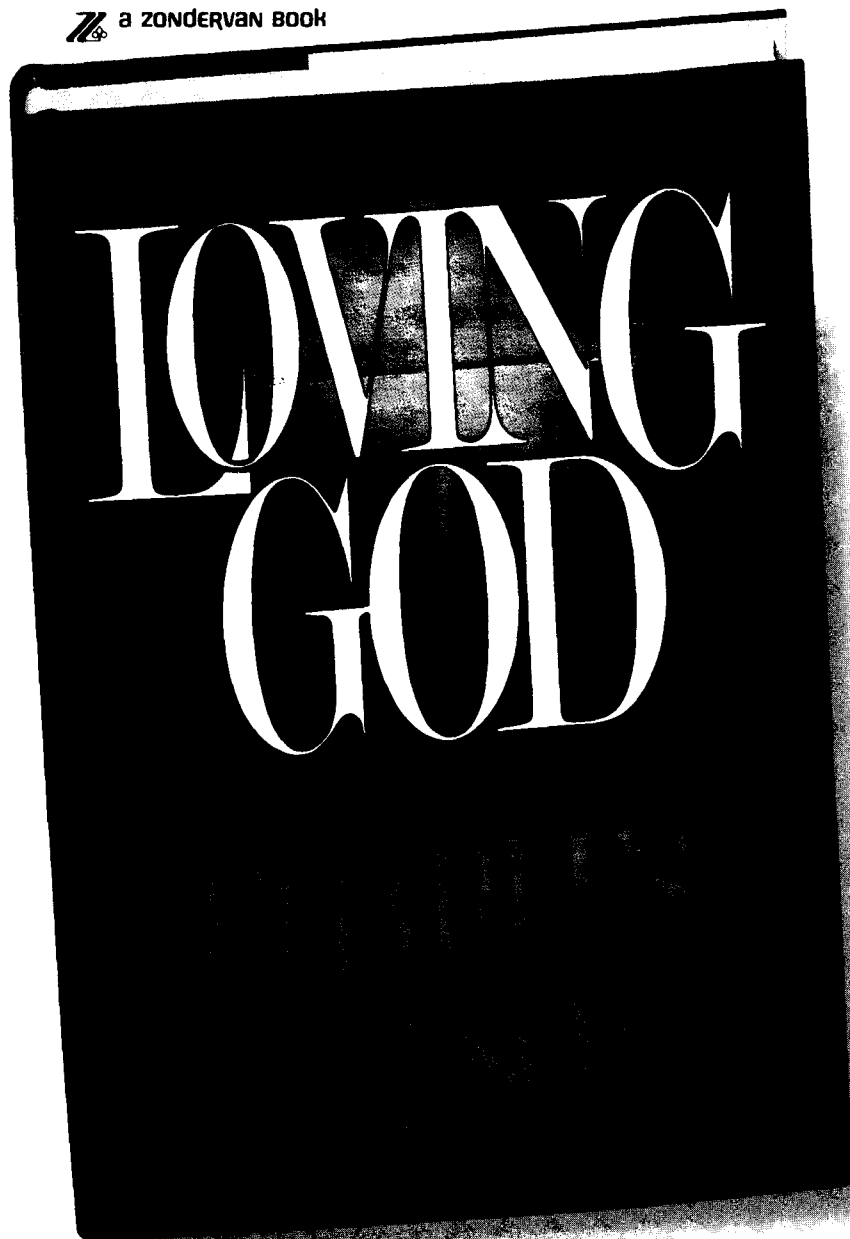
Newsweek
Why it happened. What it means.

One love story that every Christian should read.

In his most compelling work yet, Chuck Colson takes us back to the first commandment. To find out what it really means to love God. And discover how that love can set us free to serve him completely.

Loving God. By Chuck Colson. It's the one love story every Christian should read. And live.

 a ZONDERVAN BOOK



At your favorite Christian bookstore or write Zondervan Publishing House, 1415 Lake Dr., SE, Grand Rapids, MI 49506
Loving God by Charles Colson. \$12.95. Hardcover. Catalog No. 11306. ISBN 0-310-47030-7.

 A JUDITH MARKHAM BOOK

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR®

Volume 19 Number 5, May 1986
Copyright © The American Spectator 1986

Editor-in-Chief: R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Publisher: Ronald E. Burr

Managing Editor: Wladyslaw Pleszczynski
Assistant Managing Editor: Andrew Ferguson
Production Manager: Denise M. Birkhold
Production Assistant: Michelle Emord
Executive Assistant: Jenny Woodward
Editorial Intern: Kenneth S. Kleinfeld
Circulation Manager: Patrick J. Shanahan
Subscription Manager: James M. Anastos
Business Assistant: Linda Calkins
Assistant to the Publisher: Kimberly A. Urban
Business Advisor: Frank Wenzel

Senior Editors:

Richard Grenier,

Adam Meyerson, Karl O'Lessker

Art Advisor: Sheila Wolfe

Washington Correspondent: Tom Bethell

New York Correspondent: William Tucker

New York Editor: Whit Stillman

European Editors: William McGurn, Taki

Indiana Editor: Kent Owen

Kapellmeister: Baron von Kannon

Chief Saloon Correspondent: Doug Bartholomev

Contributors:

Aram Bakshian, Jr., Fred Barnes, Martha Bayles, Terry Eastland, Gregory A. Fossedal, Jerry Gerde, Malcolm Gladwell, George Sim Johnston, Roger Kaplan, William Kristol, Joe Mysak, William H. Nolte, John O'Sullivan, Jeremy Rabkin, Alan Reynolds, Andy Stark, John Steichen, Ben Stein, Terry Teachout

ADVERTISING SALES

Assistant Publisher: Lou Ann Sabatier

Advertising Assistant: John Funk

1101 N. Highland; P.O. Box 10448

Arlington, VA 22210

(703) 243-3733

Legal Counsel:

Solitary, Poor, Nasty, Brutish & Short

The American Spectator was founded in 1924 by George Nathan and Truman Newberry over a cheap domestic ale in McSorley's Old Ale House. In 1967 the Saturday Evening Club took it over, rechristening it *The Alternative: An American Spectator*; but by November 1977 the word "alternative" had acquired such an esoteric fragrance that in order to discourage unsolicited manuscripts from florists, beauticians, and other creative types the Club reverted to the magazine's original name.

A one-year subscription (12 issues) costs \$21; outside the United States, \$25. Foreign airmail rates sent on request. Toll free subscription number 800-341-1522. All correspondence (manuscripts, subscriptions, threatening letters, federal grants, etc.) should be sent to *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210. (703) 243-3733. In accordance with the rights granted by the First Amendment and as a matter of policy, the opinions expressed in the magazine are those of the authors and do not necessarily reflect the views of the board of directors of *The American Spectator*. Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes. U.S.A. newsstand distribution by Eastern News Distributor, Inc., 1130 Cleveland Road, Sandusky, Ohio 44870.

Published remarkably without regard to sex, lifestyle, race, color, creed, physical handicap, or national origin.

The American Spectator (ISSN 0148-8414) is published monthly at 1101 N. Highland Street, Arlington, Virginia 22210. Second class postage paid at Arlington, Virginia, and additional mailing offices. One-year subscription is \$21. Vol. 19, No. 5. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to: *The American Spectator*, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, Virginia 22210.

C O N T E N T S

Constitutional Roulette.....	Jeremy Rabkin	14
<i>Original intent is not the issue.</i>		
Private Prosecutions.....	William Tucker	16
<i>Restoring the balance to criminal justice.</i>		
Britain in Squalor.....	Maurice Cranston	19
<i>God save the welfare queen.</i>		
The Bioengineering Womb.....	George Gilder	22
<i>It could mean that men and women will never again have to get along.</i>		

DEPARTMENTS

The Continuing Crisis.....		8
Correspondence.....		9
Editorials/Truman Betrayed/First Children.....	R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.	10
Capitol Ideas/Contra Investment.....	Tom Bethell	11
Among the Intellectualoids/The About Men Men.....	Andrew Ferguson	25
Among the Educationaloids/Globaloney.....	Chester E. Finn, Jr. and Gary Bauer	26
The Nation's Pulse/Shanty Talk.....	Gregory A. Fossedal	28
The Hoosier Pulse/Death of a Republican.....	Kent Owen	30
The Talkies/Gag Me.....	George Sim Johnston	32
The Great Stambouli Saloon Series/The Çiçek Pasajı.....	Paul A. Rahe	33
Politique Internationale/Governor Garlic.....	Taki	34
The Washington Spectator.....	George Jean Nathan	49
Current Wisdom.....	Assorted Jackasses	50

BOOK REVIEWS

<i>Novus Ordo Seclorum</i> , by Forrest McDonald, and <i>Remembering Who We Are</i> , by M. E. Bradford.....	Charles R. Kesler	35
<i>The Outside Story</i> , by Richard Brookhiser.....	Terry Teachout	37
<i>Family and Nation</i> , by Daniel Patrick Moynihan.....	Allan C. Carlson	38
<i>Playing God in Yellowstone</i> , by Alston Chase.....	William Tucker	40
<i>Henry James: A Life</i> , by Leon Edel.....	George Sim Johnston	42
<i>The Price of the Ticket</i> and <i>The Evidence of Things Not Seen</i> , by James Baldwin.....	Herb Greer	43
<i>Where Did Our Love Go?</i> , by Nelson George.....	Joe Mysak	46

Cover drawing by Elliott Banfield

The BASIC issue is THE EXPANDING POWER OF FEDERAL JUDGES

This sweeping history of judicial review shows how the power to enforce the Constitution evolved into the power to adapt it to new purposes. Christopher Wolfe, a brilliant young Constitutional scholar, illustrates how judicial review originated in the writings of the Founding Fathers and was dramatically transformed by 19th- and 20th-century judges. Wolfe describes how judicial review has become another variant of legislative power, and his study raises important questions about the Constitutional underpinnings and political consequences of this vast expansion of judicial authority.

THE RISE OF MODERN JUDICIAL REVIEW From Constitutional Interpretation to Judge-Made Law Christopher Wolfe



"A sober and serious defense of a traditional perspective that has been too lightly dismissed in recent years."

—JEREMY A. RABKIN,
Department of Government,
Cornell University

\$24.95 at bookstores or
direct from the publisher.
Toll-free (800) 638-3030.
Major credit cards accepted.

BASIC BOOKS, INC.

10 East 53rd Street, New York 10022

American Spectators . . . not just voyeurs.

Charlton Heston
Charles Mandel
Edith Eton
William Casey
Dana Andrews
Claudia Rocco
Countess Vivi Crespi
Fred Hie
Stephen Lewis
Charles Moore
Kenneth Adelman
Henry Fathie
Henry Grunwald
Bill Lilly III
James Buckley
Hon. Gerald R. Ford
Robert Bartley
Ray Price
George Hask
Wick Allison
Lewis Lapham
Eugene McCarthy
Joseph Coors
Hugh Kenner
David E. Davis
William Manchester
G. Gordon Liddy
Franklin W. Barnes, Sr.
Richard Grenier
Arnold de Borchgrave
Peter Brimelow

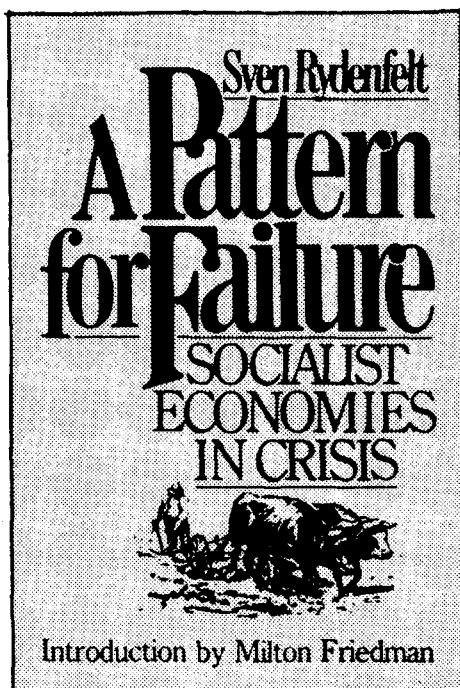
Donald J. Devine, former Director of the United States Office of Personnel Management, is currently a consultant in Washington, D.C., specializing in political and governmental management. He is also consulting director of Bob Dole's PAC, Campaign America.



Joseph A. Califano
Sir James Goldsmith
Edwin J. Feulner, Jr.
James MacFarlane
Suzanne Garnant
John D. Ding
Michael Novak
R.A. Mayek
Charles Peters
Russell Kirk
Henry Regnery
Irving Kristol
Maj. Gen. George S. Patton III
Marlan Glazer
Randolph Richardson
Henry Kissinger
Roger Rosenblatt
Sidney Hook
Rupert Murdoch
Lewis Lehrman
Shmuel Hoyal
S.I. Hayakawa
Thomas J. Lescher
Adam Meyerson
Paul McCracken
Norman Mailer
Dr. C. Culbertson
Frank Chalkson
Richard H. Johnston
Jerry O. Robertson
Betty Wilesworth
Dr. Mitchell G. Moffat
W.C. Cace
John Reel
Therese Bellamy
Anne Ferguson
Kent B. Davis
D.A. Johnson
John H. Bennis
William Peterson
George S. Saunders
John McKelvie

The American Spectator invites you to join America's Opinion Leaders. Call us at 800-341-1522 to subscribe. Weekdays 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. We will send you eight issues for only \$11.95 and promise not to pass on your name to condo salesmen, Publishers Clearing House, or to the Committee in Solidarity with the People of El Salvador.

John Steigerwald
Mary G. Rebe
Robert S. Bradley
Thomas Davelids
George Fuchner
William L. Garwood
G.C. Curtis, Jr.
William E. Dwyer, Jr.
Charles G. Spalding
Tom Farlan
Lemuel R. Boulware
Mr. & Mrs. James A. Abels
Dr. H.B. Wenger
Steven A. Kotner
Donald P. Kahn
Wilkey L. Mossy, Jr.
A. Warner Price
R. Harfa, M.D.
John T. Burton, Jr.
Edgar W. Vaughan
Harold W. Jones
Raymond Shante
Thomas J. McIntosh
Virginia Easley
Arthur L. Montgomery



A STINGING INDICTMENT OF SOCIALISM —

NOW AT A VERY SPECIAL PRICE!

cal failures of fifteen socialist regimes all over the world. The effect of stringing these fifteen briefly told social tragedies together is numbing. The Soviet Union, Poland, Romania, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Portugal, China, India, Vietnam, Sri Lanka, Ghana, Tanzania, Cuba, and Argentina, each experiment with the policies of socialism and each find noble aspirations rudely shattered by the facts. The relative economic prosperity of socialist regimes is inversely related to the degree to which they pursue their own ideals.

***"A highly thoughtful,
original and
provocative book"***

—Milton Friedman

Rydenfelt explains in his first chapter that economic prosperity depends above all upon the freedom of independent entrepreneurs to discover and exploit profit opportunities in an unhampered market. Relying on Milton Friedman's and Israel Kirzner's work as his theoretical lenses, Rydenfelt shows how the entrepreneurial process created the prosperity that has occurred in history. Then he tells the story of socialist

attempts to make economic prosperity happen by design, by concerted government planning. All they have done is stifle prosperity. Economic growth is not something that is created by design but is something that occurs spontaneously when human energies are released from coercive restraints. Rydenfelt shows that socialist policies only widen those very restraints.

As **Milton Friedman** says in his introduction, this is "a highly thoughtful, original and provocative book," and one that has the potential of reaching and influencing a far wider audience than any narrow study of one single country could hope to reach. Books like Mises' *Socialism* and Hayek's *Road to Serfdom* have been telling us what *must* happen when socialism is tried. *A Pattern for Failure* shows us what *has* happened.

175 pages (hardcover)
Reviewed by Don Lavoie

Published at ~~\$22.95~~

SPECIAL SALE PRICE —

\$9.95

From LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS

Order #CS0314, Dept. AAD

ORDER TOLL-FREE ★ 1-800-238-2200 ext 500

Charge your Visa or MasterCard
Continental U.S. • 24 hours a day • 7 days a week

☐ Please send me _____ copies of *A Pattern for Failure* (Order #CS0314) for \$9.95 each.

OTHER BOOKS OF INTEREST

- _____ *National Economic Planning* by Don Lavoie (AU0077) \$9.95.
- _____ *Marxism* by Thomas Sowell (TS4120) \$6.95.
- _____ *Life in the Soviet Union* by Svetozar Pejovich (CS0306) \$9.95.
- _____ *Karl Marx & the Close of His System* by Eugen von Bohm-Bawerk (CS0313) HALF-PRICE SALE \$9.75 (was \$19.50).
- _____ *Collectivist Economic Planning* edited by F.A. Hayek (FA0139) SALE \$15.95 (was \$25.00).
- _____ *Marx As Politician* by David Felix (CS0298) SALE \$19.95 (was \$27.50).
- _____ *Confiscated Power: How Soviet Russia Really Works* by Helene Carrere d'Encausse (CS0301) SALE \$9.95 (was \$19.95).

PLEASE INCLUDE \$1.25 FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING,
OR \$2.50 UPS (\$2.00 FOR FOREIGN ORDERS).

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

*If for any reason you are
dissatisfied with any book, just return
it within 30 days for a refund.*

- ☐ Send me your FREE 32-page catalog of books on liberty.
- ☐ My check or money order is enclosed for \$ _____.
- ☐ Please bill my ☐ Visa ☐ MasterCard.

Acct. No. _____

Expir. Date _____

Signature _____

Name (Please Print) _____

Address _____

City/State/Zip _____

Send your order to:

LAISSEZ FAIRE BOOKS, Dept. AAD
532 Broadway, New York 10012

THE CONTINUING CRISIS



•March passed but not before the Harris poll reported some very sour tidings. For the first time since 1968 more American adults are defining themselves as conservative than as moderate—40 percent con, 38 percent mod. Worse still, only 18 percent have sufficiently low self-esteem to call themselves liberal. What kind of people are these? Well, figure it out for yourself. In California, a Stanford University study found that 13 percent of high school sophomores lose weight by vomiting or using laxatives. The researchers found this alarming!

•April 30 is set as the gala sentencing day for Miss Valerie Terrigano, the first openly lesbian mayor of an American city. The former mayor of West Hollywood, California was found guilty on March 14 of embezzling \$10,000 intended for the poor and the homeless, the exact amount withheld from New York's victims of misfortune by left-wing journalist Mr. Alexander Cockburn (see below). President Ronald Reagan began a hasty drive to aid the contras with military assistance, but was scotched by the Haight-Ashbury isolationists still so influential in the House of Representatives. And the President's budget is suffering horribly in the Senate.

•Oh, unhappiness, thy name be Alexander Cockburn (pronounced khoe-byrne). Over the years Mr. Cockburn has maintained a one-man escort service for capitalist heiresses fetched by the Bolshevik poem, but now the sunshine has vanished and he lives under a ceaseless drizzle of complications: disclosures of his parasitism, disclosures that he has been in the pay of desert sheiks from exotic Araby, his banishment from the kook purloins of the *Village Voice* to the still kookier purloins of the *Nation*. Reportedly, the New York State Tax Commission is snapping at his heels for unpaid taxes amounting to \$10,000, monies that this Marxist schoolmarm has unscrupulously withheld from the outstretched hands of the homeless, the handicapped, the boondogglers, and all the other beneficiaries of his nineteenth century science. Now intelligence experts are lending credence to charges, first reported on this page, that Mr. Cockburn along with his suctorial sidekick Christabel Hitchens are mem-

bers of British Intelligence. Will his drizzle never end? Miss Hitchens, at least, was given cause to rejoice, and on March 20 rejoice she doubtless did when the New York City Council passed a homosexual rights bill sanctioning the militant homosexual's legendary cattiness. Nor did this stupendous legislative leap exhaust Gotham's reform afflatus. A day after its passage Mayor Koch proposed the nation's most stringent anti-smoking law. Thus once again the liberal mystery reveals that its fundamental political value is merely to disturb the peace. A generation ago all true-blue liberals defended a smoker's right to recreational puffing and pronounced the homosexual mentally disturbed. Today the homosexual is wholesome and admired while the smoker is banned. Progress goose-steps in circles.

•The month provided an explanation as to why that sempiternal critic of the United States, former U.N. Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim, has always gone easy on U.S. policy toward gypsies. According to the *New York Times*, in his youth Mr. Waldheim and his horse joined a Nazi riding club. Then during World War II the young Wehrmacht stalwart won the coveted Zvonimir medal from the Nazi puppet state of Croatia, a government particularly hostile to gypsies as well as the usual Nazi victims. Swedish authorities arrested and released a far-right suspect in the search for the murderer of Mr. Olof Palme. Testimony continued before a government panel investigating the demise of *Challenger*. And in Corte Madera, California, the first stirrings of yet another progressive movement were observable when Miss Marilyn F. Milos, a nurse duly certified, announced formation of the National Circumcision Information Center. Nurse Milos wants to save every foreskin that she can. She vows that by the end of the 1990s the hooded look will be in, and at least on this vexed matter "America will catch up to the rest of the modern world."

•In the Philippines, the extraordinary Mrs. Cory Aquino became president, unopposed, while a grateful people lined up before deposed President Marcos's Malacanang Palace to witness the felonious splendors of the Marcos family, not the least of which is Im-

elda's lush girdle collection—a trunk full of them, and five hundred bras, mostly *noire*. The Marcoses themselves remained in Hawaii arranging suitable housing and plotting the return of Imelda's girdle collection. The latter will not be easy, but the former should be a snap, there being hundreds of zoos in the world whose monkey islands would be made infinitely more amusing by the presence of the Marcos family. Former Haitian president Jean-Claude Duvalier moved from the Hotel de l'Abbaye in Talloires, France to a chateau in the south. There he is planning a new life, and he may be coming to America for he has declared that "I want to resume the law studies I began." Moscow's 27th Communist Party Congress ended in multitudes of execrations against the Brezhnev era of "waste and inefficiency." And the waste may be ending. Back in Washington, National Public Radio reported that the family of Mr. Vitaly Yurchenko, the KGB spy who defected to the United States only to redefect to Moscow, was billed for the bullets after he was shot by a firing squad.

•The infallible *New York Post* reports that Miss Jane Fonda is trying to repress the memoir of her first husband, Mr. Roger Vadim. Supposedly the memoir rehashes old charges that while she was married to Vadim the two knew each other sexually in various telephone booths. Many a lonely Englishman's prospects for conjugal felicity were improved when the European Court of Justice ruled that guards at Heathrow Airport can no longer bar inflatable sex dolls from England. Had the ruling been made years ago, the *New Republic's* Mr. Henry Fairlie might never have had to leave England. Women's History Month was solemnized at the New York Public Library's mid-Manhattan branch by a reading on March 13 of female writers who suffered physical problems. Blindness, deafness, cerebral palsy were some of the celebrated afflictions, not to mention flatulence and moose nose.

•The Palladium in New York City was the scene of an event that in the words of Senator Gary Hart "will symbolize the return of young Americans to the Democratic Party." Unfortunately the party was somewhat of a bust, owing not only to the AIDS scare but also to

growing national apprehension over contaminated Brie. On March 7, France announced that it was taking action to prevent the export of the contaminated cheese to America, and after French conservatives won their March 16 elections fear spread through America's liberal community that the ban may be permanent.

•In campus news, a group of distinguished scholars has formed the Steven Mosher Defense Committee, urging all friends of intellectual inquiry to write letters to Stanford University President Mr. Donald Kennedy protesting the university's denial of Mr. Mosher's Ph.D. on political grounds. The conservative *Texas Review* is suing the University of Texas to secure the right to be distributed on campus in broad daylight. And Dartmouth College's Committee on Standards revealed its lack of same by expelling the patriotic Dartmouth Ten.

•Excitement rippled through the yuppie community when one of their favorite magazines, the *New England Journal of Medicine*, reported that moderate exercise will add years to one's life, albeit only after a commensurate number of years have been spent sweating through hours of boring, anti-social exercises, which inevitably leave the body with more pains than one is apt to experience in the quiet confines of a casket. In San Francisco, a 16-year-old runner collapsed and died in front of a filled grandstand after completing a 400-meter race. A 30-year-old Arlington, Virginia man was arrested at 3 a.m. in a residential building's elevator for wearing a monster mask while exposing his reproductive organs to sleepy women. Miss Amy Carter, now a student at Brown University, proved that despite her illustrious name she is a typical Brown gal by getting herself busted. Early in the month, ten of Miss Carter's school chums were arrested on prostitution charges. Miss Carter had been walking the streets too, but her walk was against rather than for. Once again on the negative side, Miss Carter is *against* apartheid. Where does she stand on pricey amour? Finally, in California a former lady of joy is running for lieutenant governor. Miss Norma Jean Almodovar, 34, is a progressive. She opposes all "victimless crime." —RET

CORRESPONDENCE

Weight Loss

In "The Continuing Crisis," November 1985, you mention my case against Jack La Lanne Health Spas. I should like you to make the following corrections.

A) The case involves their Yonkers, New York spa, not California.

B) They are charged by the New York State, not California, Division of Human Rights with violation of section 296—"Discrimination against the handicapped" (morbid obesity is a legal handicap as is any other physical impairment). The case is now awaiting its turn on the docket.

The full story is as follows: Due to a rare glandular disorder, my weight rose to over 45 stone. With the aide of Dr. Peter Wilk, the problem was surgically repaired. In a 60-day period following surgery I lost 5 stone. Doctor Wilk was worried that I was also losing muscle tissue and recommended swimming in a warm pool, aquatic aerobics, and whirlpools. The only place that fit these requirements was Jack La Lanne's. Under Dr. Wilk's prescription, I called the Yonkers spa. It took them 15 minutes to make the 10 miles from Yonkers to my home in New Rochelle. After an interview and learning of Dr. Wilk's orders, they signed me up for their "executive contract" (\$969.00 the first year, and \$69.00 each year after). The next two days I used the pool and whirlpool only (I was under strict orders not to go near the gym or nautilus equipment as it could do internal damage for the next few months).

I was feeling much stronger after the first two days. At the end of the second day, I was called into the office and told my contract was canceled because some of the "beautiful people" didn't want me in the same club with them. I had never been treated this way in my life! I've had the same friends for years, including many in the media where I worked as a performer, producer, and director of radio drama and records.

My family and friends were as shocked as I, and I went into a severe depression. At this time, I contacted Harry Lipsig, the famous damage lawyer (Lipsig, Sullivan & Liapakis). Suit was then filed with the Human Rights Commission.

If I would have had the proper therapy, I could have had my second surgery in January, and the third in April. Instead, the second was put off until May. My mother, who had liver cancer, had only one wish—to see me

back to normal. She died Mothers Day while I was recovering in a clinitronic bed. I could not even attend the funeral, and she never saw the results.

I now am 20 stone, and have 3 stone to go to my normal weight (I am 75" tall). My final surgery (cosmetic to remove skin folds from the rapid weight loss) will be at the end of April, and the last of the excess weight will come off on the operating table at that time.

—Ira D. Shprintzen
New Rochelle, New York

Toward a Theory of Pollution

Arch Puddington's "East Bloc Ecology" (*TAS*, March 1986) is an interesting and valuable examination of pollution problems in the Communist nations, but it is flawed in its underlying theory. Puddington asserts that "from a theoretical standpoint, Communism . . . should be able to manage the environment with considerably more efficiency than a system which gives relatively free rein to the market." Perhaps I misunderstand what he means by this assertion, but I am unaware of any theories which give that result (other than those which assume perfect information). On the contrary, economic analysis rather clearly predicts that the elimination of property rights will increase pollution problems. . . .

The economic theory of pollution begins, as all economic theory does, with people making decisions based on the costs and benefits they perceive. Whether or not the individuals' decisions will be good for the group depends on whether the costs and benefits they perceive are the "social" costs and benefits. For a case in which they are not, consider the hunting of buffalo a century ago. For buffalo hunters as a group, the optimal strategy would have been to limit the killing of buffalo so that the industry would maintain itself indefinitely. But if the individual hunter limited his killing, it is unlikely that he would have been the one who would benefit from that restraint. The buffalo which he did not kill would have been killed by someone else.

Ecological evangelists often resort to a good-vs.-bad explanation, blaming greed for these bad outcomes. (For example, look at Paul Erhlich's absurd explanation of "overwhaling" in *Social Science Quarterly*, March 1981.) But cattle raisers in the West were probably as greedy as the buffalo hunters, and

cattle were never in danger of extinction. The key difference between buffalo and cattle was that cattle were *privately owned*, and *all* the costs and benefits of killing cattle were borne by the owners.

The analysis of overhunting buffalo or overusing water and air for dumping wastes illustrates an irony of the ecological movement. Much initial enthusiasm of the movement seems to have been due to the attack on capitalism which the issue promised. But analysis of the problems ends with a powerful justification of private property. Property rights force people to take into account all costs and benefits of their actions, and thus make those decisions consistent with the good of the group. When resources are owned by all, such as buffalo, whales, air, or water, there is a strong tendency for individuals to misuse those resources.

If it were possible for air and water to be privately owned, pollution would be limited because the owner would charge for the use of these resources. When private ownership is not feasible, either technically or politically, the government can simulate private ownership. Though having the government simulate private ownership is better than no ownership at all—the buffalo are still here—there is no reason to believe that government simulation of private ownership will be better than the real thing. . . .

Puddington says that the major obstacle to environmental improvement in the Communist world is a tradeoff between economic growth and pollution control. This tradeoff is important, but it is not the whole story. One must also look to the increased difficulty of coordinating decisions—of making individual decisions consistent with the good of the group—when private property and markets are eliminated. This difficulty explains why socialism's tradeoff is so unfavorable, that is, why it simultaneously provides its citizens with a low standard of living and serious problems with environmental degradation.

—Robert Schenk
Rensselaer, Indiana

Troubles with Social Security

"Sun City for Social Security" by Doug Bandow (*TAS*, October 1985) is replete with factual errors, and thus comes to erroneous conclusions.

The \$165 billion figure that is referred to in connection with the 1983

Amendments is *not* "Social Security tax increases," but rather the additional financial resources arising in 1983-89 from tax increases, benefit reductions, and extension of coverage to more people.

It is most unlikely that the system will have any financing problems in the next few years, despite Bandow's statement that "the solution is likely to last little longer" than the 1977 "solution." The combined Old-Age and survivors Insurance and Disability Insurance Trust Funds on September 30, 1985 were \$12.1 billion larger than shown for that date by the pessimistic-assumptions estimate in the 1983 Trustees Report (issued shortly after the 1983 Amendments were enacted). The net trust-fund balance then (after deducting the loan from Medicare's Hospital Insurance Trust Fund, amounting to \$10.6 billion) was \$28.7 billion, and it is estimated now to increase to about \$84.9 billion by the end of 1989, according to the intermediate estimate.

At the same time, the Hospital Insurance Trust Fund (which is financed by a portion of the payroll tax that also finances OASDI) was \$12.6 billion higher as of September 30, 1985 than it had been estimated in 1983 to be then. The balance in the H.I. Trust Fund then was \$32.0 billion (including, quite properly, the loan to the OASDI Trust Fund). Although it was believed in 1983 that the H.I. Trust Fund would have financial difficulties before 1990, current estimates (which consider the favorable experience in 1983-85) indicate that no problems will arise for at least ten years, and more likely not for at least fifteen years.

Mr. Bandow points out, quite correctly, that the prestigious Committee for Economic Development stated that, if the economy performs even slightly less robustly than Congress assumed in 1983, the system may "be threatened again with insolvency before the end of the decade." But the important points not brought out are that (1) the financing developed in 1983 was on the basis of "worst-case" assumptions, not intermediate ones as the CED had thought, and (2) even then, the performance of the economy would have to be considerably worse than "slightly less robustly" to cause problems.

This brings me to my next criticism—the confusion as to the meaning of "Social Security" in the article. Usually, it is used as meaning

(continued on page 47)

EDITORIALS



TRUMAN BETRAYED

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The fauna of Capitol Hill can be very excitable. Everyday the rude advances of modern life encroach upon a shrinking habitat of existential bliss. The electorate beckons and the creatures on the Hill grow irritable. Consider the recent embarrassment suffered by White House communications director Patrick J. Buchanan and his beloved boss. There they were making perfectly unexceptional arguments for providing \$100 million in aid to anti-Communist Nicaraguans, and suddenly there was outrage. The Hon. Michael Barnes from the great state of Maryland even conferred upon Buchanan the ultimate malediction, McCarthyism! And Buchanan was urged to depart public life lest his intolerance bring out the little creep in us all.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post column syndicated by King Features.

Such outbursts come with increasing frequency, placing tourists on the Hill in more peril than they imagine and making intelligent debate difficult. After all, the arguments marshaled by the White House on behalf of aiding the contras are quite commonplace, and neither Buchanan nor the President should be restrained from observing the obvious: The Sandinistas are aggressively hostile to us and to anyone whom they perceive as an enemy whether that be a local Nicaraguan bishop, an independent journalist, or a non-Communist neighbor. In the first year of their rule the Sandinistas were given U.S. aid equal to about half of all the aid that we gave to Somoza during his entire sixteen-year reign. Nonetheless, aided and abetted by Cuba and the Soviet Union, they transformed Nicaragua into a garrison state and flattened the economy. They present American interests with a

serious problem. All that the White House has said is: if you are not part of the solution to that problem you are part of the problem. When this argument was employed by friendly liberals in the past, Mr. Barnes never failed to see its cogency. Now he is angry. He wants American influence to stay at home.

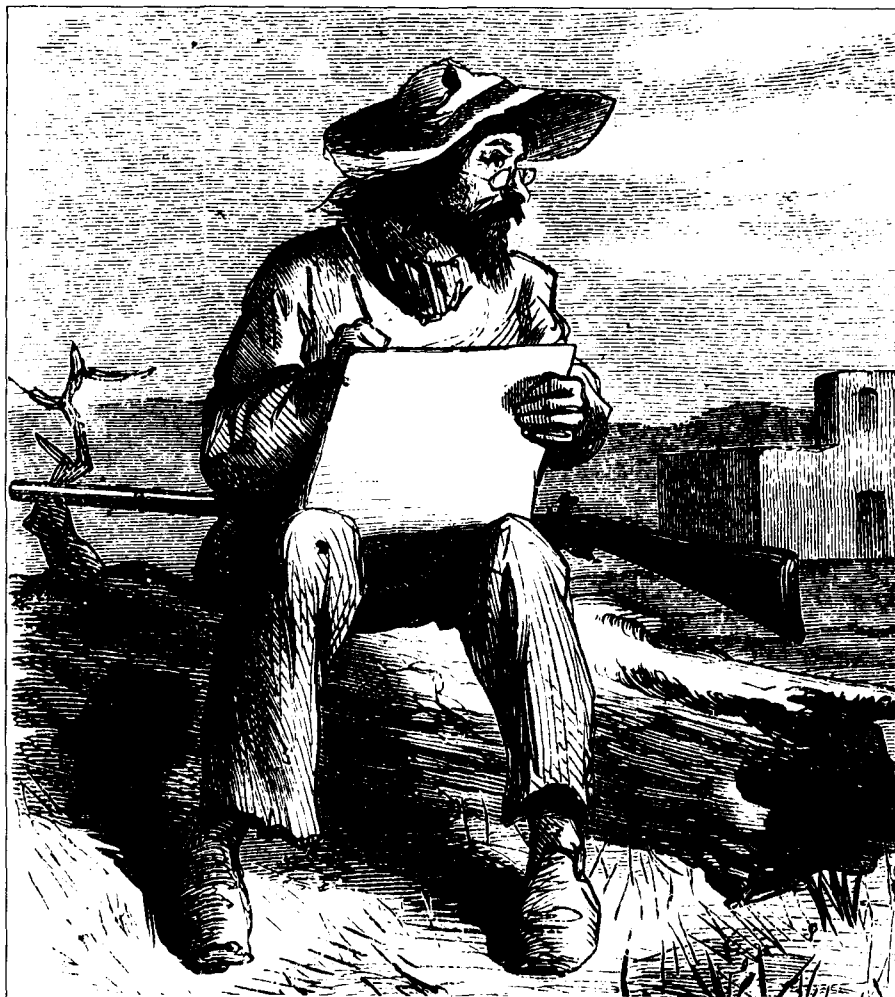
The solution to the Sandinistas' anti-American, anti-democratic regime is for the United States to give anti-Communist Nicaraguans the tools to achieve Nicaraguan freedom. In the past we have given those tools to others. Franklin Roosevelt gave them to the British in the late 1930s. John F. Kennedy made them available in the 1960s as Dwight Eisenhower had in the 1950s. Both men were building on the policies of the Truman Doctrine, established in March 1947 when President Truman declared to a joint session of Congress: "I believe that it must be the policy of the United States to support free peoples who are resisting attempted subjugation by armed minorities or by outside pressures."

One of the regnant falsehoods in Washington is that Ronald Reagan's political success is owing to his incomparable charm and public relations wizardry. Actually his success issues from the easily observable fact that he embraces the values and the goals of a wide range of Americans, past and present. Particularly in foreign policy he is at one with Presidents from FDR to Gerald Ford. It was only during the

presidency of Jimmy Carter that high government officials broke with traditional American foreign policy and spoke of getting America on the "right" side of worldwide revolution, that is to say getting America on the side of anti-Western power-grabs. Well, there are those who believe that surgery can actually change one's sex, so I suppose it is possible to believe that oratory can change one's geopolitical role. But until a surgically created female gives birth, I do not expect to see the United States or any Western nation accepted into the happy fraternity of the revolutionary left.

Ever since 1960s idealists of radical disposition maneuvered their way into the hierarchy of the Democratic party, that party has been notably out of touch with the American mainstream, particularly on foreign policy. Its foreign policy has represented a break with the bipartisan foreign policy of the postwar era and a denial of reality. Its New Age addiction to negotiations was utterly impotent against our enemies today. Mainstream Americans know this.

Now Democratic party chairman Paul Kirk is attempting to bring the party back to the center. Last month's uproar over following traditional American policy of aiding "free peoples resisting attempted subjugation" demonstrates the struggle facing him. He must put down one-issue enthusiasts in his party councils and Haight-Ashbury isolationists on the Hill, Democratic solons who envision leftist revolutionaries as poets and folksingers. Poor Mr. Kirk. □



FIRST CHILDREN

The ancient Greeks were often judged by the quality of their children. Now that is sufficient reason for many of us to rejoice that we do not live in ancient Greece. There are other reasons, of course: various medical advances, the pop-top aluminum can, dozens of congenial deodorants. Today if Americans were to be measured by their children's records—school records, hygiene

records, police records—many would suffer immediate loss of standing in the community and some would be advised to seek exile.

I suppose there are brassy Americans pleased to be judged by their children's fine manners. Mr. John P. McEnroe Sr. comes to mind, as does a recent president of Mobil corporation. But others must recognize that to be judged by

ie brats would be a personal disaster.

This is particularly true for many American Presidents, as recent publishing events make poignantly obvious. If Americans held to Euripides' maxim that the sins of the fathers are made flesh in the writhings of the children, the American presidency could not be the revered institution that it is, but rather a source of embarrassment comparable to America's curious epicurism toward Wonderbread. Since the family of FDR, at least, first families have abounded with embarrassments, and they keep getting worse (authoress Patti Davis, indeed!). However, no presidential candidate who kept the kids incognito would ever wholly win the public trust. It is a mystery.

Americans insist on seeing their would-be Caesars surrounded by the kids and the little lady no matter how artless or grasping they might be. During campaigns the kids are placed under the professional care of political

consultants, who unerringly transform them into presentable human beings. No presidential pup in my memory has been a perfect ass until after father's election. Then come the luridities: books best left unwritten, business deals of the utmost indelicacy, statements fit for an idiot. The thought occurs, perhaps in off years presidential political consultants might make excellent family counselors.

Perhaps the reason that we do not judge Presidents by the children they sire is that of all the presidential children to pass through the White House in recent years the finest have been the children of Richard Nixon. Did Tricia or Julie appear on late night television in her underwear? Did either try to franchise the family name? Did the Secret Service ever have to protect *us* from *them*? Neither of the Nixon girls ever tried to promote herself by airing petty disagreements with the

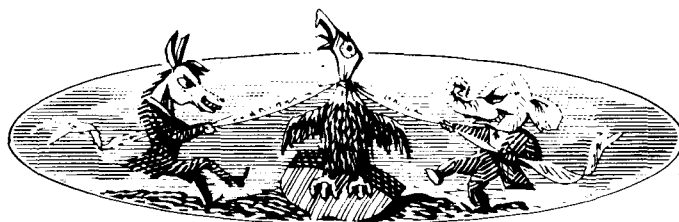
family or by writing trashy books. (Authoress Davis will not even divulge her presidential ballot. She is a "militant vegetarian," which means, presumably, she throws food.) Actually neither of the Nixon children has ever betrayed a base or stupid motive, though both endured the most excruciating times. Richard Nixon's character has been exposed to more scalpel work than any other American in history, yet those who mark him down as a knave have to account for the exemplary behavior of his children. As Churchill wrote of Asquith, his children are his best memorials.

Actually the preeminent reason that we do not judge adults by their children is that adults have little influence on them. American children are raised in schools that presume to teach them everything from nutrition to sexual pathology, on Little League playing fields, on dance floors. Aristotle taught that children should be kept away from all that is base and violent. How is the

thing possible today? There is prime time television, and there are those gruesome shopping malls to which youths abandon themselves. Neither a President nor any other parent has much influence on his children unless he is a most unusual sort.

American children grow up on their own unless they take teachers seriously, which is unlikely. Often the family is merely an assembling point for individuals with the same last names. Family traditions and values are not passed on so parents cannot be held responsible for the values of their young. What is unfortunate is that parents still have to live with their children, though they might be developing stupendously offensive habits and ideas. Perhaps it is time to allow parents to divorce their children when they become incompatible or in other ways unwholesome. Had some of our Presidents been free to file for divorce from their kids, the presidency might be even more revered. □

C A P I T O L I D E A S



CONTRA INVESTMENT

by Tom Bethell

A couple of months ago, M. Stanton Evans made the very good point that President Reagan has shown himself to be the political equivalent of a hoarder. He accumulates political capital by the bagful, but he is reluctant to spend it. Then came the issue of aid to the Contras fighting the Nicaraguan Communists, and at that point we learned something about the President's Miser-in-Chief.

"The central players in last week's [White House] discussion were Messrs. [Patrick] Buchanan and [Richard] Wirthlin," Robert Merry wrote in the *Wall Street Journal* on March 5. "Mr. Wirthlin, a longtime Reagan associate whose polling company Decision Making Information surveys public opinion for the President, argued that Mr. Reagan would simply squander political capital if he mounted a high profile offensive on the issue. Such an offensive, Mr. Wirthlin feared, could set the President up for a big political defeat."

Tom Bethell is The American Spectator's Washington correspondent.

Fortunately Buchanan won that in-house debate and we had two very interesting weeks of political fireworks in Washington—perhaps in retrospect a key episode in Reagan's presidency. On March 20 the House of Representatives voted down the aid package 222-210. The next day the *Washington Post's* editorial began: "The House vote on aid to the Nicaragua contras is a bitter disappointment to President Reagan but not necessarily a conclusive defeat." Wirthlin, please note.

The question that occurs to me is: How can someone as politically astute as Reagan have hired someone as politically obtuse as Wirthlin? By forcing Congress to take sides on an issue defined (by Buchanan) as "whose side are you on," and as "standing with Ronald Reagan and the resistance, or Daniel Ortega and the Communists," the White House has marvelously clarified the political landscape and possibly exposed the Democratic party to danger down the road. The actual tally of yeas and nays was far less im-

portant than the framing of the issue.

Reagan did not squander political capital. Nor did he "spend" it. For once he invested it, and the political dividends should appear in due course—perhaps in 1988. Only by *not* fighting on the issue—Wirthlin's worthless advice—would political capital have been frittered away. Like boxers, politicians who duck fights soon lose the stomach for any fight. The Wirthless Strategy—favored by many of the people Reagan likes to have around him—is for Reagan to press his case only when there is a consensus behind it. That way Reagan could "win" every battle. The only catch is that every battle would be fought on terms acceptable to the liberals. Thus the Wirthless Strategy would advance the liberal agenda in the guise of preserving the President's political capital. (That has, admittedly, pretty much been the Republican strategy since the New Deal.)

Pollsters should be barred from the White House by constitutional amendment. It is fantastic to imagine that

there is any such thing as "public opinion" on such an issue as aid to rebel forces fighting or perhaps hiding in the jungle 2,000 miles away from the U.S. border. Doesn't Wirthlin know that most people have to go to work every day and don't have the luxury of worrying about such distant events? The whole idea of representative democracy is that the people elect a President to do such worrying for them, and to take action if necessary. Then, four years later, they can vote themselves a new President if they don't like what the old one has done, or failed to do. A President who keeps a pollster anywhere near the Oval Office plainly imagines that the direction of leadership can be reversed. A pollstered President is a weather vane, not a leader.

"Public opinion" on an issue as remote from everyday lives as contra aid can only be created by leadership. I do not mean that the issue is unimportant. It could indeed be momentous in the long run. But the obvious truth is that most Americans don't know very much about who is

doing what in Nicaragua, and they will quite reasonably tend to oppose such foreign involvement *if the President himself doesn't consider the issue important enough to make a big fuss about*. And this has been the great defect of Reagan's policy in Central America—until March, 1986. A White House pollster who counsels a prudently low presidential profile on an issue that is itself low pro-

file preemptively dissipates the very "public opinion" that he pretends to measure. And a President who shelters behind such a cautious array of pollsters and counselors reduces his own role from that of leader to accountant. Leadership is a supply-side activity which *shapes* demand. Pollsters are demand-siders, evidently under the impression that the President should be a follower. Appropriately

enough, Wirthlin is a Keynesian.

The actual lobbying pressure in the halls of Congress before the vote disclosed the reality of public sentiment on the issue of contra aid. The reality was (and is): an intensely motivated, passionate dense-pack of sit-in prone leftists, "peace" groups, socialists-by-other-names, educators, women's

groups, church groups, uprooted nuns and deracinated clergy roaming the corridors with their flocks behind them.

"They have got a lobbying organization against us that would make your head spin," Mac Carey, the press aide to Congressman Jim Courter of New Jersey, told me on the day before the vote. "You can see why the people in marginal districts get scared." Courter's office was bombarded with such groups, even though he has never wavered in his support for the aid package. "There's been a lot of groups," Courter himself told me. "Some offices got 700 phone calls in the two days following the President's speech." I gather that most of these calls were against the President's position.

"There has been no comparable grassroots effort on our side," Courter added.

Congressional researcher Frank Gregorsky, who has spent a lot of time tracking the voting records of the one hundred or so left-wing Democrats who routinely vote against all such anti-Communist measures, also suggested to me a week before the vote that the unequal lobbying pressure on Congress was important to bear in mind in considering the motives of congressmen.

This inequality of pressure is of considerable interest, yet I don't think anyone has really tried to analyze it. First of all, let us not mince words. We are talking about a group of people—a small minority, to be sure, compared with the whole population—who yearn and ache for the Communist ideal and who, at the level of practical organization, far outnumber those who actively oppose Communism. It could be put this way: There are today far more activists who believe in and are willing to work for faraway Communism than there are active opponents of it.

Indigenous Communist sympathizers who have been lobbying and phoning Congress are true believers. They have a faith, a "vision" (as it is always said) of a "new society": one day there will be an entirely new order that will displace the day-to-day reality that they mostly find intolerable. What keeps them going is the hope of changing it. Sure, the Soviet Union didn't work out, Cuba didn't work out, China didn't work out, Vietnam, Mozambique, Angola didn't work out, but now there is once again a vision of a new society, this time in Nicaragua. New Managua Man. Well, that is a most tremendously important prospect, you see. Something to hope for. But, there is this Ronald Reagan who is determined to kill the Messiah in the crib. For your true-believing leftist, Reagan really is worse than King

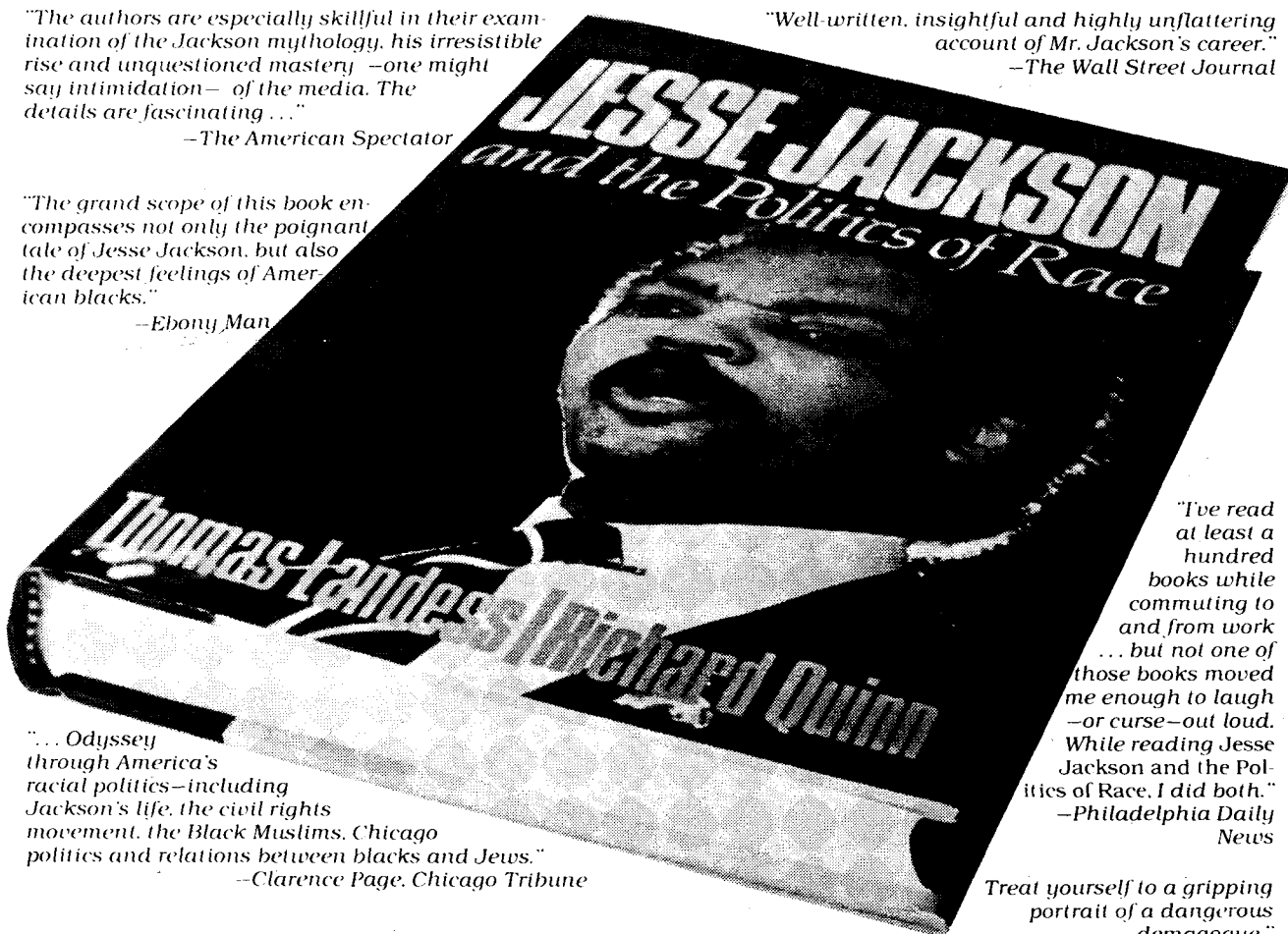
EVERY NOW AND THEN YOU NEED TO GET DOWNRIGHT ARM-WAVING POUND-ON-THE-TABLE ANGRY

"The authors are especially skillful in their examination of the Jackson mythology, his irresistible rise and unquestioned mastery—one might say intimidation—of the media. The details are fascinating..."

—The American Spectator

"The grand scope of this book encompasses not only the poignant tale of Jesse Jackson, but also the deepest feelings of American blacks."

—Ebony Man



"Well-written, insightful and highly unflattering account of Mr. Jackson's career."

—The Wall Street Journal

"I've read at least a hundred books while commuting to and from work... but not one of those books moved me enough to laugh—or curse—out loud. While reading Jesse Jackson and the Politics of Race, I did both."

—Philadelphia Daily News

Treat yourself to a gripping portrait of a dangerous demagogue."

—Reid Buckley, National Review

"... Odyssey through America's racial politics—including Jackson's life, the civil rights movement, the Black Muslims, Chicago politics and relations between blacks and Jews."

—Clarence Page, Chicago Tribune

JUST READ THIS BOOK

If you're black, you'll fume about his treatment of black author Barbara Reynolds. If you're white, you'll grind your teeth over his blackmail of neighborhood businesses. If you're Jewish, you'll rage about his \$200,000 connection with the Arab League. If you're Christian, you'll seethe at his self-serving use of the pulpit. If you're liberal, you'll bridle at exaggerations of his relationship with Martin Luther King. If you're conservative, you'll boil with indignation over his fast and loose juggling of government money.

Confirm what you've suspected all along. Read the truth about the erect-walking chameleon of our time.

Hardcover, 260 pages. At your bookseller or use this coupon:



To: Green Hill Publishers, Inc.
P.O. Box 738, Ottawa, IL 61350

Yes. Send me the hard-cover *Jesse Jackson & the Politics of Race* by Thomas Landess and Richard Quinn for 15-day examination. Check or money-order for \$17.95 is enclosed, or charge my

☐ VISA ☐ MASTERCARD number _____

Exp. Date _____ Signature _____

Telephone orders: 815-434-7905

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Illinois residents please add 6% sales tax. Money-back guarantee: If you are not completely satisfied, please return the book with 15 days, and we'll refund your \$17.95 in full, no questions asked.

Herod. And so he must be stopped at all cost.

The point is that Communist sympathizers should be juxtaposed not to anti-Communists, but to everyday folk who already have a religion. Anti-Communists in a non-Communist country are quite rare. Howard Phillips is one example, Arnold Beichman is another. They spend their energies resisting a threat that the vast majority of people do not perceive as having anything to do with their daily lives. So the inequality of pressure on Congress can be expressed in this way. One highly motivated group roams the halls of Congress. It is opposed by a group of anti-Communist activists so small that they could probably all fit inside one congressman's office. Meanwhile, the great majority of Americans go to work and on Sundays a good many of them go to church. They are on the whole fairly contented, and they neither feel the need for a "new society" nor do they worry very much about those in their midst who do feel such a need. They certainly have no comprehension of the zeal and intensity of such people. It's amazing, incidentally, that the left complains, as it often does, about the political "apathy" of the population-at-large. Apathy is its ally.

It will be interesting to see what happens next. If Pat Buchanan's warning proves correct and the Communist plague spreads north from Nicaragua, then of course the anti-Communist ranks will grow. At the same time, however, if the various Christian denominations in the U.S. continue to manifest the surprising weakness and loss of nerve of the past two decades, then the pro-Communist ranks will also certainly grow. For Communism is really nothing more than the aggregate of Christian heresies. And if both these things do come to pass, then the ideological wars of the coming decade could make the so-called McCarthy Era look like a love-in.

Whatever happens I do hope that certain conservative writers, who have imagined with an excess of optimism that the gross economic inefficiencies of socialism will destroy its appeal, have by now changed their minds. We are dealing with the displaced religious faith of people who have no interest whatsoever in GNP, and who in fact pride themselves on their disdain for the "consumer society." They will not be at all dismayed to learn that there will be no Cuisinarts in the New Society of their dreams. To them that would be a promise, not a threat.

For the moment, however, the Buchanan strategy on contra aid has strengthened the conservative position.

If Soviet or Eastern bloc support for the Nicaraguan Communists increases, Republicans will be well placed to say "I told you so." Of course a good many Democrats will remain unembarrassed by any such development, and one hundred or so will no doubt continue to vote against any military aid for the contras. About sixty Democratic congressmen have shown an unmistakable pattern of sympathy for totalitarian,

pro-Soviet regimes in a variety of votes and may be expected to continue voting in this pattern. They ridicule the totalitarian/authoritarian distinction, but they make it themselves by excusing the former and attacking the latter.

Finally, Michael Kinsley said in the *New Republic* that to impute sympathies without inquiring into motives is the essence of McCarthyism. The liberals do this when they conclude that

a "pattern of discrimination" by an employer implies racism and requires an affirmative-action remedy—whether or not the employer thinks of himself as a racist. Is affirmative action McCarthyite? I thought McCarthyism was the imputation of "guilt by association," as for example, in charging the contras with allegiance to Somoza because a few old Somoza hands may be in their midst. □

Where can you get **10.65% yield*** and safety with no initial sales charges?

Investment Portfolios Government Plus Portfolio

If you're looking for high yields and the safety of a portfolio of U.S. Government securities, look no further. The Investment Portfolios Government Plus Portfolio will provide you with monthly income from a portfolio of U.S. Government securities, which provide a high degree of safety.

With the Portfolio, all your money is always working for you, because there are no initial sales charges. Shares redeemed within the first six years may be subject to a contingent deferred sales charge. There is an annual distribution fee of 1.25% which has been reflected in the yield calculation. Other benefits include:

- ★ Professional management by Kemper Financial Services
- ★ Free reinvestment of monthly income
- ★ Free exchanges into four other portfolios anytime

Minimum initial investment is only \$250. Call or write for more information today.



* Based on the latest dividend annualized divided by the net asset value on March 26, 1986. Yield and net asset value fluctuate.

Please send me a prospectus on Investment Portfolios Inc. containing more complete information, including management fees and expenses. I will read it carefully before I invest or send money.

For a prospectus on this offering call:
889-4935 (local)
Toll Free 1-800-392-8774 (Mo.)
Toll Free 1-800-325-8180 (Ill. and all other states)
Or write: Drexel Burnham
ATTN: B. Anthony Kirk
1st Vice-President, Investments
7701 Forsyth Suite 700 St. Louis, Mo. 63105

Name	Address		
City	State	Zip Code	
Home Telephone	Work Telephone		
Kemper Financial Services, Inc.		Investment Manager	IPIG 70



Jeremy Rabkin

CONSTITUTIONAL ROULETTE

Original intent is not the issue.

The great debate over the Constitution seems to be fizzling. It was off to a promising start last summer when Justices Brennan and Stevens delivered bristling defenses to the broadside attacks of Attorney General Meese. But it would be hard to say that either side has scored a decisive blow since then. Rather, as is so often the case in contemporary political discussion, the liberals seem to be losing the debate over the Constitution, but the conservatives seem incapable of winning it.

The inconclusiveness of the debate, it seems to me, reflects the inadequacy of the terms in which it has been framed by the Attorney General's speeches. As a slogan, Mr. Meese's demand for a jurisprudence of "original intent" goes only so far. Should court decisions be faithful to the intent of the Constitution? Almost no one will defend the proposition that judges should be free to make up their standards as they go along—if that is the alternative to "original intent." A few orbiting law professors, it is true, have argued over the past decade that the actual language of the Constitution has no bearing at all on the judicial duty to serve justice—or social justice—in constitutional decisions. No doubt, that is the actual conviction of judges who take on the management of school districts or discover a right to abortion in the Constitution.

But that is not the argument offered by most defenders of judicial activism, nor even by Justices Brennan and Stevens in their responses to Attorney General Meese. Rather, defenders of the Court have protested that the intent of the Constitution's Framers is simply too uncertain to provide authoritative limits on judicial decision-making. But they are happy enough to join the Attorney General in rhetorical salutes to

the genius of the Founding Fathers and the enduring relevance of the Constitution they bequeathed us.

And here is where the Attorney General and many of his champions have been caught in their own catch phrases. In responding to the protests of Brennan and Stevens, Mr. Meese argued (in a speech reprinted in the winter *Policy Review*) that the intentions of the Framers were well documented in their writings and not, therefore, so difficult to pin down. This seems to make the whole debate turn on which side captures the better historians. But such appeals to historical research will either prove too much or prove scarcely anything at all.

It would not be difficult, for example, to show by this method that *Brown v. Board* was wrongly decided, rather than "restoring the original principle of the Constitution to constitutional law," as Mr. Meese has contended. In

holding racial segregation of public schools in violation of the Fourteenth Amendment, the Supreme Court was not, in fact, following the expressed intention of those who wrote that amendment. On the contrary, the sponsors of the Fourteenth Amendment in Congress explicitly denied that it would prohibit separate schools for blacks, and the same Congress that passed the Fourteenth Amendment actually proceeded to establish racially segregated public schools in the District of Columbia. It is still possible, I believe, to defend the result in *Brown* without abandoning judicial fidelity to the constitutional text. But one must at least abandon the simple-minded notion that the meaning of a constitutional provision can be determined by historical evidence about the specific intentions of its authors.

This should not, in fact, be a very troubling concession for the Attorney General, for all that it has been much abused in recent decades. In earlier

times, this would not even have been viewed as a concession. Thus it is true, as the Attorney General has noted, that we now have rather detailed records and minutes of the original debates at the Constitutional Convention of 1787. But it is more to the point to notice that James Madison, who kept the most detailed notes of the proceedings, kept them carefully concealed for some fifty years after the event. And no Supreme Court justice professed himself helpless to determine the meaning of constitutional provisions in the interim. On the contrary, the judges acted with remarkable self-confidence in construing the bare words of the text.

Chief Justice Marshall's decision in *Marbury v. Madison*, for example, is famous—and was at the outset rather controversial—for asserting the power of judges to pronounce acts of Congress invalid and nonbinding if they transgressed the terms of the Constitution. But Marshall inferred this power from the text and structure of the Constitution, without ever citing specific statements of the Framers on its behalf, and even the critics of Marshall's reasoning (like President Jefferson) did not try to refute it by invoking specific statements from the Framers on the other side. Nor did Marshall (or his critics, for that matter) pause over the awkward fact that the statute that was held to conflict with the Constitution in *Marbury* had actually been drafted and uniformly supported by members of the first Congress who previously participated, themselves, at the Constitutional Convention. Almost everyone seemed to take it for granted that the constitutional text must speak for itself and not be separately spoken for by its individual authors.

The same spirit characterized the Supreme Court's approach to the post-Civil War amendments in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The congressional debates over the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments were published in complete detail at the



Jeremy Rabkin is assistant professor of government at Cornell University. His essays on "Constitutional Opinions" appear periodically in these pages.

outset but never cited in subsequent Court decisions. Even in decisions interpreting ordinary statutes, it was not, in fact, until the 1920s and 1930s that courts began, as a routine matter, to invoke the records of legislative debates to explain and justify their interpretations.

In part, this reticence about looking behind statutory or constitutional language was an acknowledgment of the artificial nature of legislative or constitutional assemblies, which can rarely have a single or simple intention in the manner of an individual human being. Majorities in both houses of Congress are required to make a law, and the additional concurrence of three-quarters of the states is required to make a constitutional amendment. These majorities do not enact the speeches of individual representatives or the reports of individual committees but specific statutory or constitutional provisions. The "will" or "intent" behind that language is necessarily a collective construct, a metaphorical "will" of a metaphorical author, which may not coincide in its entirety with the intentions or expectations of any one participant.

But this is not just a practical difficulty for judicial inquiries about intent. The reason we reserve law-making to multiple, collective bodies in the first place is to emphasize that law should have a rather impersonal, abstract—a literally disembodied—character. Even if law-making were entrusted to an individual legislator, like a military commander in a district under martial law, we would still want to distinguish the meaning of the laws he decreed from his own personal will. Suppose, for example, the commander issued a curfew order requiring all civilians to be off the streets by nightfall. We would think it lawless and unjust if he then arrested someone for violating the order by remaining on the streets in late afternoon—and our indignation would hardly be altered by evidence that the commander had earlier told his lieutenants that by "nightfall" he really meant two hours before sunset.

Our basic conceptions of law, then, require us to acknowledge that the meaning of a law is not simply what the lawmaker wants it to mean, but what a detached judge can reasonably construe the words to mean. Considered in this light, it is not at all bizarre to claim that the Fourteenth Amendment's guarantee of "equal protection of the laws" may forbid segregated schools even if the legislators who adopted that language in 1868 tried to deny it would mean this. The actual words of the Fourteenth Amendment are the law of the

land and not the glosses that the framers tried to put on them.

Does this understanding leave the courts free to construe laws and constitutional provisions according to their own tastes? Does it mean that the Attorney General has no basis for complaint when the Supreme Court reads the open language of the Constitution as a shorthand designation for the contemporary liberal agenda? Hardly. In the first place, we are entitled to de-

The liberals seem to be losing the debate over the Constitution, but the conservatives seem incapable of winning it.

mand that each disputed provision in the Constitution be interpreted in a manner that harmonizes with the whole. The prohibition on "cruel and unusual punishments" in the Bill of Rights may, for example, be rather ambiguous in itself. When the same Bill of Rights lays down three different procedural safeguards for capital trials, it is impossible to argue that capital punishment is plausibly embraced in the prohibition against "cruel and unusual punishment." Nothing better illustrates the fraudulence of Justice Brennan's judicial outlook than his insistence—reiterated in his speech last summer, replying to the Attorney General—that the Supreme Court should regard any imposition of capital punishment as a violation of the Constitution.

Secondly, we are entitled to demand consistency in judicial interpretations of the Constitution. If the Constitution is to be treated as a law, it must, in principle, be susceptible of fairly precise and controlling construction and that correct construction must be binding on the Supreme Court itself as much as on anyone else. Of course, the justices of the Court may come to see that they—or their predecessors—have made a mistake in a past construction of some provision and in that case it is perfectly appropriate for the Court to confess the error and reinstate the correct interpretation. It is, after all, the Constitution that is the supreme law of the land and not the glosses placed on it at any one time by a court. But the Constitution cannot be binding law and constitutional decisions cannot be legitimate judicial acts if the Supreme Court allows itself to pick and choose conflicting interpretations from one case to the next, according to its own sense of convenience.

Whatever the authors of the First Amendment intended in prohibiting any "establishment of religion," for ex-

ample, there is no plausible construction of the phrase which can simultaneously encompass recent Court decisions allowing government to pay ordained clergymen to deliver prayers at legislative sessions, while forbidding government to pay hourly compensation to parochial school teachers for grading state-required competency tests in secular subjects; there is no rule that can plausibly embrace recent decisions allowing government to loan public school textbooks to parochial schools but not maps or audio-visual equip-

ment. Where the Court behaves in this way, it implicitly acknowledges its own belief that the subject cannot be handled by standing rules but only by flexible, political management. Or else it reveals that the issues have become too contentious and confused for the judges to agree among themselves on any consistent rules of decision, so the results shift from case to case with the shifting of political coalitions on the Court. Where judges can do no better than politicians, they ought to confess their incapacity and leave such decisions to actual elected officials.

Many provisions of the Constitution are already treated in this way without stirring much objection. The Constitution explicitly gives Congress the power to declare war, for example, but the Supreme Court has consistently refused to allow suits requiring the courts to distinguish "war" from lesser military engagements that may not re-

quire a direct authorizing declaration from Congress. There are many principles in the Constitution—as in public life generally—that we want to acknowledge but which are not feasibly or appropriately translated into binding legal norms.

It is hardly obvious from the text of the Constitution, however, which principles or provisions can or should be translated into specific rules and enforced by the courts. The Supreme Court was preoccupied for several decades before 1937 with the effort to distinguish the "interstate commerce" which Congress has the power to regulate under the Constitution from the purely local commerce which Congress may not constitutionally regulate. It may not have been at all inappropriate for the Court to acknowledge after the New Deal that such line-drawing was beyond its capacity in the complex conditions of modern industrial economy. For better or worse, changed conditions often mean changed understandings of basic concepts or their implications. Nineteenth-century courts acted as if they had a clear grasp on such open-ended concepts as legitimate public purposes in applying constitutional provisions like the prohibition on taking private property except for public uses. In the era of grand scale welfare state subsidies and comprehensive urban renewal programs, we are bound to find it very much harder to draw such lines. There may be no version of the distinction between "public uses" and purely private concerns which even the generation of the Founders could be persuaded to insist upon if they were miraculously resurrected and fully



briefed on modern conditions and established modern practices before entering the debate.

A very strong case can be made for the proposition that this is now our general condition—that there is no longer enough agreement on the core meaning or the compelling implications of most constitutional provisions for constitutional review by the courts to be an acceptable exercise of authority. It would be hard to demonstrate that the country would suffer grievous harm if the Supreme Court now disavowed—or was forced to abandon—its power to invalidate statutes conflicting with its own view of the Constitution. On the whole, voters and their elected representatives have indeed displayed a good deal more sense than the Supreme Court in recent decades.

But if conservatives want the Court to retain its powers while changing its doctrines, it will not do to thump about

“original intent.” If Mr. Meese’s Justice Department wants to persuade the Court to hold race-conscious affirmative action in violation of the Constitution, for example, government lawyers had better not rely on the records of the original debates on the Fourteenth Amendment—which offer a great deal of embarrassing evidence to the contrary about “original intent.” Similarly the Justice Department is now pressing the argument that independent regulatory commissions are unconstitutional, because they improperly separate executive functions from presidential control. The lawyers pursuing this argument—which seems to me as compelling and powerful as the argument for color-blindness in public policy—had better not try to rest their argument on specific evidence of the Framers’ intent, however. If they do, someone may embarrass them with the passage in *The Federalist* No. 72, where Hamilton claimed that Senate consent would be necessary for the President to remove any executive of-

ficial (as is now the case only for regulatory commissioners).

In the end, a conservative version of the Constitution will only seem compelling to a country that shares a conservative outlook on policy and politics. For decades, the Supreme Court has viewed the Constitution through the strange perspective of contemporary liberalism—a perspective that tends to see all private property as potentially public and all public morality as properly private. It is certainly important to criticize and struggle against the effects of that perspective in constitutional law. But it is well to remember that that perspective has been very influential in the judiciary because very influential in elite opinion. The justices of the Supreme Court, for the most part, are harassed and befuddled old men, not much given to serious or original thinking. Abstract appeals to “original intent” are not going to bring the Court back to its senses.

I doubt that such appeals will make

much impression in themselves on anyone’s perspective on “due process” or “equal protection” or other grand principles of the Constitution. And in truth what is wrong with the Court’s solicitude for marching Nazis and brazen pornographers, its procedural obstructions of criminal justice and its enthusiasm for racial engineering schemes, its indulgence of confiscatory or special interest regulation and its opposition to any government protection of unborn babies—what is wrong with this bizarre set of policies is hardly encompassed in the claim that they depart from “original intent.” Conservatives should stand for saner interpretations of the Constitution and not merely for older ones. That is a more honest stand in contemporary debates on the Constitution, as well as a more compelling one.

By all means, then, let our pugnacious Attorney General keep up the fight. But let him now get down to the substance of his dispute with contemporary jurisprudence. □

William Tucker

PRIVATE PROSECUTIONS

Restoring the balance to criminal justice.

When Bonnie Garland was hammered to death by her boyfriend Richard Herrin in the 1982 “Yale Murder,” her parents, Paul and Joan Garland, thought they were facing an open-and-shut case. Herrin had readily admitted the crime when he turned himself in seven hours later—and even became extremely upset when he learned Bonnie wasn’t yet dead.

But then the Garlands confronted the justice system. Because the murder was “domestic” in nature, the district attorney wasn’t very interested in prosecuting and was ready to accept a plea bargain. When public pressures finally forced a trial, the defense introduced an elaborate insanity plea, arguing that Herrin’s obsession for Bonnie constituted a “diminished capacity.” “We tried to give the prosecutor’s office some money in order to hire experts to

offer countervailing testimony, but found it was illegal,” said Paul Garland, himself an attorney.

At the trial, Herrin received so much favorable testimony from Yale administrators that Garland later agonized, “It was as if he were applying for a job, rather than on trial for murder.” Herrin was also “adopted” by a Catholic nun, who attended the entire trial, rushing up to embrace Herrin in front of the jury at every opportunity. Meanwhile, the defense almost prevented Joan Garland from telling the jury how she found her daughter’s battered body because the testimony would be “too emotional.”

Herrin was convicted only of second-degree manslaughter. He will be out of jail less than ten years after the killing.

In Nash County, North Carolina, two teenagers had been harassing an older

man in the neighborhood, shooting up his truck. At one point they agreed to make amends. The older man took them for a ride to settle the terms.

Four hours later the man turned himself in at the police station. He said the boys attacked him and he was forced to kill both in self-defense. Their bodies were found on an isolated country road.

The boys’ parents didn’t buy the story. They hired Tim Valentine—now a congressman—to act as their private prosecutor, under an old North Carolina statute that allows the victims of crimes to hire private attorneys to argue their cases. With Valentine sitting at the prosecutor’s table assisting the district attorney, the man was convicted of first-degree murder and sentenced to life in prison. An appeal on the grounds that private prosecutions are unconstitutional was rejected—as it has been many times in both state and federal courts.

“We feel we got justice,” said the father of one of the boys, who paid \$600 in attorney’s fees—about the same as the costs paid by the defense. “We believe we got a little more attention than we would have had with only the county prosecutor.”

Anyone who studies the justice system very long cannot help but be impressed with the remarkable institutional momentum that now lies on the side of criminal defendants. The Warren Court decisions have had an enormous impact. The exclusionary rules to the Fourth and Fifth Amendments give defense attorneys a lethal weapon with which to blow apart the most airtight cases. The federal judiciary is honeycombed with judges who blatantly sympathize with criminals—and it only takes one of them to overturn the decision reached by a state’s entire judicial apparatus.

William Tucker is The American Spectator’s New York correspondent.

Yet obviously something else is going on as well. Over the last few months I have been doing radio call-in shows for my recent book (*Vigilante: The Backlash Against Crime in America*), which is critical of the justice system. Invariably, the calls break down in two ways. Members of the general public call to express their own dissatisfaction with the justice system—often in terms far more violent than my own. Then someone will call in and say no, no—everyone has it all wrong, the system is working just fine. That person is always a lawyer—not necessarily a defense lawyer, just a lawyer.

Ask any attorney to describe the workings of the justice system and he will usually express it in the same way. On a recent trip to Washington, I heard it again when I found myself sharing a cab with a corporate attorney visiting his lobbyist. In making idle conversation, I asked him if he had ever worked in criminal law. "No," he mused, "but I have often considered putting my talents to work on behalf of the individual in his battle against the awesome powers of the state."

"The individual against the awesome powers of the state"—that's the way attorneys describe the justice system over and over again. I think that's how they teach it in law school. The criminal, of course, is the individual. The rest of us are "the state." Yet as Thomas Sowell points out, this formulation is wrong from the beginning. The state may have awesome powers, but it also has awesome responsibilities. It has to protect everyone. The criminal has to protect only himself. Once the system has been cast in this artificial mode, however, any attorney worth his salt will be with the "underdog"—meaning on the side of the accused.



Without doubt, the law profession has become "defense-oriented." The lion's share of the heroism, adventure—and eventually the financial reward—now lies with defending criminals, not with prosecuting them. These incentives have long since worked their way back into the law schools. There they have joined with the usual academic liberalism to form a brutal combination. As one law school professor told me, "Most of our liberal students think of going into criminal defense, while the conservative

Without doubt, the law profession has become "defense-oriented." The lion's share of the heroism, adventure—and eventually the financial reward—now lies with defending criminals, not with prosecuting them.

students think of going into business. Hardly anybody I know thinks of working for the prosecution. It's a little like being a lineman in football. The work is dull and unglamorous, and the only time anybody notices you is when you make a mistake."

A few statistics tell the story. There are currently 600,000 attorneys in this country—one for every 240 adult citizens. One quarter of these—about 150,000 in all—will earn at least a portion of their incomes at some point in their careers from defending people accused of crimes. Balanced against this are the approximately 9,000 attorneys working in various prosecutor's offices around the country. There are more legal minds on the side of the defense.

In the old days, one hard fact balanced this equation. It was almost impossible for more than a few attorneys to make money in criminal defense. Most criminals, after all, aren't very wealthy. They can't pay much in attorney's fees. Working your way up the ladder meant spending years scratching out a grubby existence. Most Southern courthouses, for example, had a "plead-'em-out" specialist who would charge five dollars to walk a defendant inside to plead guilty.

All this changed after *Gideon v. Wainwright* (1961) and the birth of the public defender's offices. There are already about 6,000 attorneys employed by the states to defend indigent criminals. Moreover, the public defenders and their unions are now gunning for "parity"—the idea that their government funding should match the prosecutor's offices', attorney for attorney, dollar for dollar. But this plea for parity completely ignores the vast resources of the *private* criminal defense attorneys who handle 40 percent of the cases and generally

skim the cream of the crop. Nearly all major cases involving drug dealers, white-collar criminals, and organized crime are handled by the "private sector." This is where the real money lies.

How does a young attorney climb the ladder to a successful private criminal practice today? There are generally three options. First, he can eke out the old scruffy existence as a private practitioner until he makes a

name for himself. Second, he can join the public defender's office. But third—and probably most respectable—he can get his courtroom training in the *prosecutor's* office.

Sad to say, probably half the young law school graduates currently working as prosecutors will eventually end up as defense attorneys in private practice. There are few better ways to apply their acquired skills. Some successful prosecutors work their way into administrative positions. The traditional grand prize is to become a judge. But the majority of today's young assistant district attorneys will probably end up arguing for the defense.

This has created an enormous imbalance in today's courtrooms. Walk into any trial and you are likely to encounter a young a.d.a. fresh out of law school arguing against a far more experienced attorney. Of course, not every older defense attorney is a match for an eager young prosecutor, and the battle is by no means one-sided. But in important cases the gap in experience can become embarrassing.

In Claus von Bülow's second trial, for example, the defense attorney was Thomas Puccio, a 40-year-old former federal prosecutor who had built a spectacular reputation trying drug cases and the Abscam trials. The prosecutor was a 28-year-old Rhode Island assistant district attorney who was still in law school when von Bülow was tried the first time. Dominick Dunne, who covered the trial for *Vanity Fair*, said the contest "often resembled a football game between the New York Jets and Providence High School."

All across the country, the pattern persists. F. Lee Bailey did both prosecution and defense work in the Marines before striking out on his own in private practice. Seymour Wishman,

author of *Confessions of a Criminal Lawyer*, candidly admits he joined the district attorney's office after law school because "I wanted to become a defense lawyer and I knew the best way to become a good one was to spend a few years prosecuting."

And who are the famous prosecutors? Well, Thomas Dewey usually comes to mind, but he lived a long time ago. Earl Warren was a California attorney general before becoming—oh, but let's not get into that again. Rudolph Giuliani, the federal prosecutor in New York City, gets a lot of attention, but that only fuels rumors that he will run for the Senate. I doubt many Americans can name one prosecutor anywhere in the country.

The only young prosecutors I could recall making a name for themselves in recent years were Richard Ben-Veniste and Jill Vollner, the two federal attorneys who prosecuted Robert Haldeman, John Ehrlichman, and John Mitchell during the Watergate era. Where are they today? Ben-Veniste has his own criminal-defense firm in

BUSINESS AS USUAL

Three months ago Queens burrough president Donald Manes was found with his wrists slashed in a suicide attempt that he first attributed to an attack by two unknown men. Manes resigned under the shadow of corruption charges and on March 13 killed himself. In the interim, New York City's Democratic administration has practically unraveled in ongoing scandal.

Almost as remarkable has been the instantaneous emergence of a fraternity of former prosecutors that is defending the troubled political establishment. Among the criminal attorneys who have already signed on to represent the politicians are: Thomas Puccio, former federal prosecutor; Michael Armstrong, former chief prosecutor of the Knapp Commission on police corruption; Nicholas Scopetta, former head of the city's Commission of Investigation; Rod Lankler, former New York State special prosecutor; Robert Fiske, former Manhattan U.S. attorney; Larry Silverman, former Assistant U.S. attorney; Irving Seidman, former chief of the rackets bureau in the Brooklyn district attorney's office; William Aronwald, former head of the federal government's organized crime strike force in Manhattan; and Charles Stillman, former assistant U.S. attorney.

As the *New York Daily News* remarked: "When big shots get into trouble, they usually hire lawyers from an 'old boy network' of big-time former prosecutors." —W.T.

Washington, where he recently represented one of the Abscam defendants. "I felt I had had the course with prosecution work," he told me in an interview. "I find my present work much more challenging."

Vollner, now Wine-Banks, also defends white-collar criminal cases, at Jenner and Block, a leading Chicago law firm that also handles a lot of big drug cases. Vollner was one of the few former prosecutors I interviewed who had some misgivings. "I think part of me will always be a prosecutor," she said. "But it's hard to resist the financial rewards of switching to the defense. The rule of thumb is that you double-to-triple your salary when you go into private practice."

What we are left with, then, is a criminal justice system that pits two very different organizations against each other.

On the one side, we have thousands and thousands of private attorneys vying in a field that is at least as competitive as the computer industry. How do they compete? *By thinking up novel interpretations of the Constitution on behalf of their clients.* On the other side we have a state monopoly—a pedestrian bureaucracy that is understaffed and notoriously unimaginative. District attorneys generally compete with each other through elections. Once in office they are cautious, concentrating on building their "batting averages" with sure convictions.

This partly explains the seemingly inexorable drift toward constitutional interpretations favorable to criminal defendants. There are too many lawyers working on behalf of criminals and too few working on the side of the public

and the victims. As Herald Price Fahringer, Claus von Bülow's first attorney, told a defense seminar in New York last year: "We are constantly kneading and pulling these constitutional concepts, trying to shape them a little bit more in our favor."

F. Lee Bailey, for example, made his reputation in the 1960s when he exhumed the case of Dr. Sam Sheppard, a Cleveland physician convicted in 1955 of murdering his wife. Bailey "opened

Who would object to the idea of private prosecutions? There seem to be three groups of people: defense attorneys, prosecuting attorneys, and most other attorneys.

up new constitutional ground" by arguing that the "climate of opinion" created by newspaper coverage had denied Sheppard a fair trial. (In fact, Sheppard's enormous pull in his small suburban community had almost succeeded in quashing the original investigation. He was indicted only after the local newspaper demanded that police further pursue the case. Nevertheless, thanks to Bailey's efforts, the defendant's right to a neutral "climate of opinion" took precedence over the public's "right to know.")

From the public's point of view, the result is an extreme imbalance. Defense work is glamorous and financially rewarding, while prosecutors toil at low pay in near-anonymity. The prosecutors I have interviewed always have an embattled air about them. "My law-school professor tells me, 'You're the best student I ever had and you became a prosecutor,'" one told me. "She says, 'Where did I go wrong?'"

Is there any way the situation could be redressed? There are a few possibilities. One would be to adopt the British system, where criminal attorneys work "at the bar" and are randomly assigned to either the defense or the prosecution. The U.S. military's legal system works in the same way. Drawing assistant district attorneys and public defenders out of the same pool would at least tone down the adversarial culture that has polarized

resources are spent in defending criminals than in prosecuting them. Prosecutors, on the other hand, view private prosecutions as an insulting suggestion that they "aren't doing their job." This objection may be unavoidable, but it shouldn't be irrefutable. Prosecutors are always overloaded and may often give scant attention to a particular case because it doesn't fit in with their "game plan." The victims in such cases should have some other option.

Many other attorneys warn, with good reason, that private prosecutions would lead to vindictiveness—even chaos—in the justice system. This is a valid concern. The last thing we need is more lawsuits. But if private prosecutors were limited to cases where the district attorney has already secured a valid indictment, it is difficult to see how the system would lead to abuse.

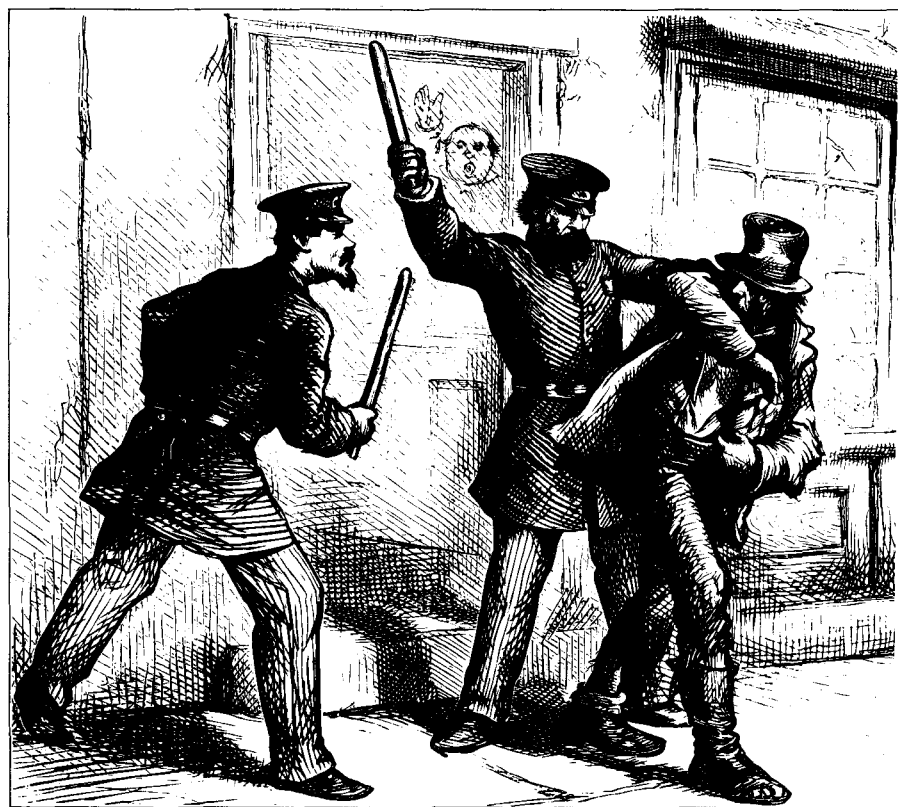
Finally, I should add that there are some attorneys who find the whole idea of private prosecutions positively exhilarating. These are the attorneys who are fascinated by the criminal law, but who are discouraged by the low pay in the prosecutors' offices and can't stomach the idea of spending their lives defending criminals. I suspect there is a whole sector of the legal profession that would leap at the chance to become involved in private prosecutions.

Something must be done to redress the current system which, year after year, enlarges the rights of criminals at the expense of the general public. There is no sense in daydreaming that the "rights revolution" of the last twenty-five years can be turned back. It may be possible, though, to put the creative talents of private attorneys to work on behalf of those other "individuals" in the system—the victims of crime.

The best way to put attorneys to work, of course, is to pay them. For decades, the bankrolls of drug dealers and organized-crime figures have been the pot-of-gold at the end of the rainbow for defense attorneys. There isn't any reason why crime victims and the general public cannot spend their own money to buy some defense against crime as well.

Steve Trott, U.S. Assistant Attorney General for the Criminal Division, is not an advocate of private prosecutions. He had never heard of the idea when I suggested it to him, and said he thought it would disrupt the workings of the justice system. But it did strike a responsive chord. "I was a prosecutor in Los Angeles for 15 years," he said, "and sometimes we used to sit around and say to ourselves, 'Wouldn't it be great if we could just go out and do this on our own for a living?'"

Indeed, wouldn't it be great? □



Maurice Cranston

BRITAIN IN SQUALOR

God save the welfare queen.

The year 1986 has so far been a bad one for the British, and the nation's problems are not of a kind to be solved quickly. The British welfare state, once considered a model achievement of the postwar years, has proved a failure. The old industries, on which British prosperity was built in the nineteenth century, have succumbed to competition from Korea, Japan, and other Far Eastern states. The more modern industries, such as aviation and automobiles, have had to be rescued from bankruptcy by American or continental takeovers. Unemployment, between 3 and 4 million, is worse than it was during the Great Depression. Oil prices, crucial to the economy, are unstable. The pound is weak; interest rates are high; crime increases, drug abuse is widespread, and racial tension has erupted in violence hitherto unknown.

What is perhaps worse, is that there is no agreement as to what should be done. Mrs. Thatcher's government, which a year or two ago enjoyed the solid support of the Conservative party and massive public backing, has now to appeal to the grudging loyalty of its supporters in Parliament; the Labour party is more bitterly divided than ever, and the alliance of Liberals and Social Democrats has not even an agreed leader. These political divisions reflect deep fissures in British society. The southeast of England is relatively prosperous, suffers little from unemployment, and with the prospect of a Channel Tunnel, can expect its prosperity to continue. The north of England, the south of Scotland, and Northern Ireland are areas of deprivation and despair, where poverty is mitigated by unemployment relief—the "dole"—financed by oil revenues and high income tax, the one uncertain, the other unpopular.

Maurice Cranston is professor of political science at the London School of Economics.

The "working class," beloved of left-wing theory, simply does not exist. There are the workers with jobs in the highly unionized sectors, where they are reasonably well paid and well cared for; there are workers in trades where the unions are weak, and such workers are generally poorly paid; and then there are the unemployed, who often find they can get more money as clients of the welfare state than as employees in low paid trades. The so-called "trade union movement" is a myth. Each separate British union works for the interests—often the short-term interests—of a particular craft, and gives no consideration to the interests of other crafts in the same industry, let alone the "working class" as a whole. The activities of such craft-unions have driven out of business numerous small employers, and several big ones, and ex-

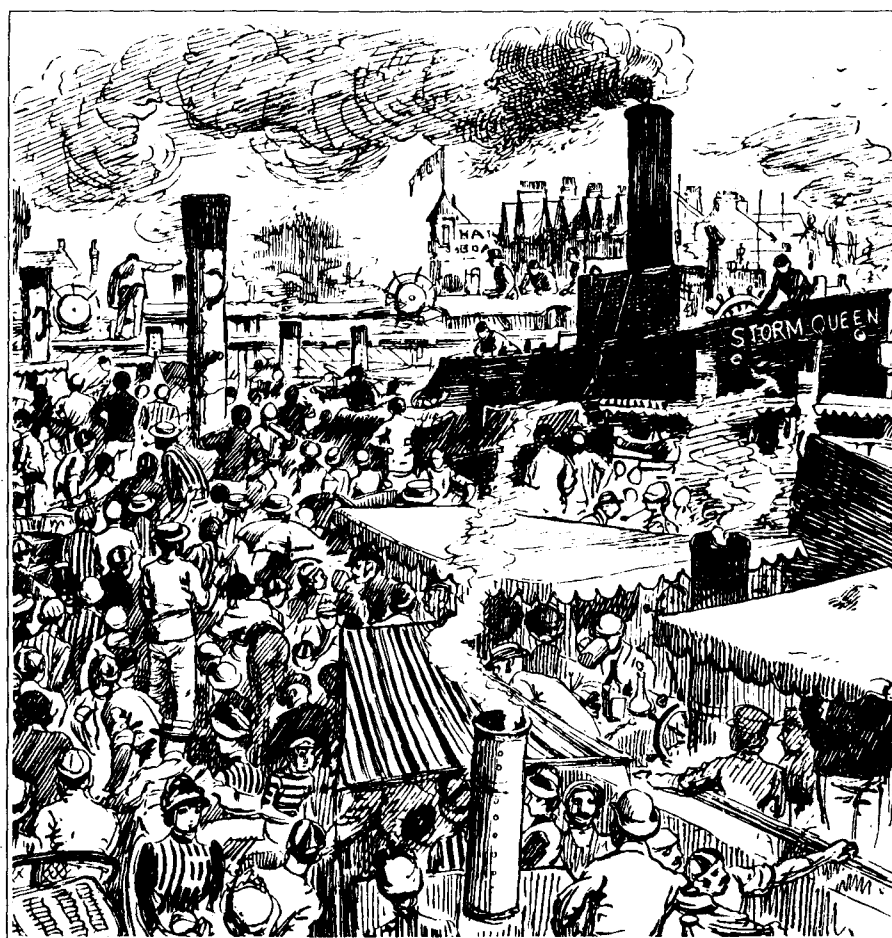
tinguished newspapers. The unions are one of the chief causes of unemployment in Great Britain. Mr. Callaghan's Labour government tried to charm the unions into more public-spirited actions; they reacted by staging more strikes than ever, and brought his government down. Mrs. Thatcher has been tougher with the unions and has secured some spectacular victories against them; but they have been costly, and the country will take years to recover from the harm that has been done by industrial unrest.

Some correspondents in the *Times* of London recently suggested that the British should look to the Swiss for an example of a well-ordered society. In Switzerland, these correspondents pointed out, there was very low

employment, low taxation, relatively little crime, and a high level of social discipline, so that even "little children could safely walk to school alone." In England, it must be pointed out, child-abuse of one kind and another has reached alarming proportions in recent years, so that this last remark touched a tender nerve.

Now, of course, the really great difference between postwar Britain and Switzerland is that Britain has erected a vast edifice of state socialism which conservative governments have only partially dismantled, whereas the Swiss have relied on the market to guide their economy and voluntary organization to resolve their problems of welfare. Retirement pensions, medical insurance, and other institutions of social security are in Switzerland the province of mutual benefit schemes which keep their human dimension even as they keep their independence. In Britain the welfare state puts such arrangements into the hands of a massive, expensive, faceless bureaucracy, which is notoriously unconcerned with real human beings (children in state "care" have proved the most vulnerable to battering and murder) and deal instead with files, regulations, and statistics. The Swiss system means low taxes; the British system high taxes.

In Switzerland, employers can offer jobs to workers because they can afford to borrow money to build factories, or enlarge and modernize their plants, since interest rates are around 5 percent. A British entrepreneur must pay interest of some 14 percent on his loans, and even then he will find it hard to raise the capital because the reputation of British industry is all too discouraging. Assuredly, the "city"—the financial market—flourishes in London, but that is because it is relatively free from state interference and, benefiting from Mrs. Thatcher's decision to abolish exchange controls, serves the whole world, profitably funneling money and credit from one place



to another, but seldom succeeding in finding investment for British industry even at very high rates of interest; there is not enough faith in the pound, and British investors are advised by their brokers to invest in Deutschmarks and yen.

Another significant difference between the British and the Swiss is that the Swiss seem to enjoy their work, while the British—with their high appreciation of sport and leisure—seldom do; and indeed if a British worker did show any undue eagerness for work he would probably find himself in trouble with his union. Asian immigrants are conspicuous in Britain for the fact that they—even more than the Swiss—work hard, risk their capital, and show enterprise in business, so that much successful smaller commercial activity in Britain is now in the capable hands of Indians or Pakistanis. The carefree Afro-Caribbeans do not share this zeal for work, with the result that there is often racial tension between the sophisticated, industrious Asian immigrants and the unemployed, proletarian blacks, although a number of left-wing Asians claim to represent politically, and even to belong to, the “black minority.” Culturally the Afro-Caribbeans should have been the easiest to integrate into British society, since they are, unlike the Asians, native English speakers and Christians for the most part; but this has not worked out. For example, more than half the babies born to black mothers in Britain are illegitimate, whereas an illegitimate child is almost unknown in

the families of Moslem and other Asian faiths.

Christianity is not much of a force in British society, either (although the Irish, both Catholic and Protestant, are still, in their own special way, intensely religious). The Church of England came out last year with an aggressive and much publicized attack (visibly drafted by some progressive sociologists) on the government’s “neglect” of the inner cities, which seems to have led Mrs. Thatcher’s government to set up a task force to attempt to tackle the problems; but it was

More than half the babies born to black mothers in Britain are illegitimate.

notable that the Church did not see much of a role for itself, or assume any blame for the decline of Christian morality among a nominally Christian population. Yet among the decaying structures of Britain’s inner cities today can still be seen the spires and towers of the High Anglican churches where the poorest of the old slum dwellers were once given solace and inspiration and help by a Church of England which considered itself, and not the state, to be the proper instrument for God’s ministry on earth.

The educational system, if it can be called a system, serves only to enlarge the fissures—racial, social, ideological, temperamental—of British society. The

Labour party, with a good deal of Conservative support, succeeded under the Wilson and Callaghan governments in destroying the educational structures set up by the wartime coalition government and the earlier Labour government of Clement Attlee, which provided grammar schools, modern schools, and technical schools to suit the different talents of students and satisfy the various demands of universities, industry, and commerce. These schools, with few exceptions, have now been replaced by comprehensive schools, which bundle students of

mixed abilities together and often fail to satisfy the needs of employers or the standards required by the better universities. At the same time, independent fee-paying schools, greatly improved on their prewar models, turn out students well-trained to snap up the desirable places in Oxford, Cambridge, and the other elite institutions. Thus, whereas it was once possible for a poor boy to graduate via the grammar schools (giving him as good a schooling as he would receive at an independent school such as Eton) to Oxford under the “egalitarian” system of the comprehensive schools, the bright poor boy, held back by a classroom of dullards, is outstripped in the race for a university place by a dim rich boy, individually coached by the superior (and better paid) teachers at Eton. Such is the “social justice” of socialism. The results have turned out to be far more divisive than the alleged divisiveness of selective education; for independent schools, fearing extinction under a future Labour government, have become ever more exacting in their standards, while the comprehensive schools, increasingly short of resources since parental fees were suppressed, and tormented by disputes between the state and the teachers’ unions, languish unhappily behind; or they somehow, and in some places, make superhuman efforts to do well by their students. Shrewd or cunning parents must, if they want anything like a decent state education for their children, uproot themselves and move to a town where one of the remaining good state schools exists. Middle-class parents are better at this exercise than are poorer people, which is just another example of how Labour policies are far from advantageous to the workers.

It has indeed been shown by the statistical investigations of the Institute of Fiscal Studies in London that the less well-off families do least well out of the British welfare state. What the

welfare state does, in effect, is to take money out of one pocket of the better-off person (in the form of taxation) and put it back in the other pocket (in the form of benefits). The trouble is that the bureaucratic charges of the transaction consume up to 18 percent of the sum total cost.¹ The really poor families are not the beneficiaries of the system. In some cases they are its victims.

An unemployed unskilled man with three or four children, for example, will be allocated by the welfare state a series of benefits for rent, housing, food, television, and so forth that will most probably add up to more than an unskilled man could earn in a job—for even the most modest wages are heavily taxed in Britain. Thus the unskilled man simply cannot afford to take a job that would entail the loss of all his welfare allocations. He is condemned to sit at home, idle, bored, and demoralized.² Such, again, is the “welfare” that the welfare state provides.

The better-off have more reason to be grateful to it. A middle-class British taxpayer who has a son or daughter at the university may take satisfaction in the realization that the tuition fees are paid by the state, and, until recently, that even the richest student received a minimum maintenance grant. When Sir Keith Joseph, the Conservative minister of education, tried to replace students’ free tuition with student loans, the middle-class Conservative voters revolted; after all, the British bourgeoisie expected something in return for being the most heavily taxed bourgeoisie in the European Economic Community: they can hardly be expected to be satisfied with the thought that the seat at the Royal Opera House

¹According to research undertaken by the British Institute of Fiscal Studies and published last year in *The Reform of Social Security* by A.W. Dilnot, J.A. Kay, and C.N. Morris, there are 35,000 civil servants employed to administer the Supplementary Benefits scheme, financed by taxation; 31,000 employed to administer contributory benefits, financed by the National Insurance system; and another 2,300 provide ancillary services. These authors demonstrate that despite this vast army of bureaucrats, the state’s welfare disbursements do not reach the people most in need, but are squandered on people whose incomes are well above the poverty line.

²The system also penalizes any effort by the lowest-paid workers to earn more by putting in more hours. For if he works harder and earns more, he pays more income tax and loses the benefits which are only available to those with less than a minimum income. As a result, the man who improves his wages by extra effort finds himself at the end of the week poorer than he would have been if he had done less work.



for which they pay £30 is subsidized by the state to the tune of a further £20. Nearly all countries today subsidize their Opera Houses with taxpayers' money, not for the promotion of welfare, but for the sake of prestige, as the Italians say, to *far figura*, to show off to visiting foreigners—an excellent motive, in my opinion, but having

members of the House of Commons!

London, which has been my home for most of my life, is a nice place to live. Unfortunately it is becoming less nice, and less nice to the extent that the upper-class ethos is losing its authority—and perhaps losing its nerve. Visitors who are not, with John Kenneth Galbraith, charmed by it, are

How very superior the roast pheasant and port at All Souls College in Oxford to the hamburgers and Coke of Harvard Square!

nothing to do with social service or social science.

The fact remains, however, that to get the most from the welfare state, one needs to be well off. When John Kenneth Galbraith suggested that Britain, for all the defects of its economic situation, offered a superior "quality of life" which was not to be readily measured in statistics, he spoke, of course, as a rich man rather than in his capacity as a liberal or an economist; for the British upper classes, who have taken a considerable financial battering since the liberal government abandoned the gospel of liberty for that of social reform during the reign of Edward VII, have learned to defend their interests through the art of making friends and influencing people outside their own ranks.

Unlike the upper classes of Italy, withdrawn and exclusive, or of France, overtaken by the pushing bourgeoisie, the English upper classes succeeded in taking over the leadership of most of the important institutions of the kingdom, with the notable exception of industry. The civil service, the army and navy, Oxford and Cambridge, the London clubs, the financial houses of the city, the publishing companies, and the public schools were penetrated by upper-class people and upper-class ideas. Even the Labour party was taken over for what proved to be its best years by upper-class leaders such as Attlee, Dalton, Gaiskell, Crossman, Crosland, and Cripps. As a result of this influence, an atmosphere of gentlemanly amateurishness, of good manners and tolerance and relaxation prevailed in all those areas of British experience where a prosperous visitor such as John Kenneth Galbraith would be likely to find himself. How very superior the roast pheasant and port at All Souls College in Oxford to the hamburgers and Coke of Harvard Square! How cultured and well-mannered the kind of people encountered at a London cocktail party, even one attended by

sometimes appalled by it. This is especially true of Germans, who fail to see behind the appearance of easy-going relaxation, a capacity for brisk and effective action; and lament the absence of any earnest early-rising middle-class briskness akin to their own. British experts in public relations have long been uttering the same sort of complaints, and nowadays they are listened to.

We see it in the media. For years British broadcasting was dominated by the lofty ideal of Sir John Reith of giving the public what was good for it—if the public did not like it at first they would grow to like it. Today's idea is to try and find out what most people want and then provide it for them. This is supposed to be democratic, and therefore desirable.

But the British are not instinctively democratic (as the Swiss are); and they do not always do well when they try to democratize their institutions. For nearly twenty years, the Conservative party, the traditional home of aristocratic values, has been trying to give itself a less snobbish image by a series of maneuvers beginning with the choice of the inelegant and charmless Edward Heath as its leader. Mrs. Thatcher has wisely reversed the trend with her recent appointment of such patrician figures as Paul Channon and Douglas Hurd to her Cabinet; this may or may not serve to stem the swing of the old-fashioned Tory voters to the Social Democrat party, which, despite its name, is the most elitist and urbane political formation in Britain, its leaders admired for their taste in fine wines and Savile Row suits and assumed to have enough smooth ruthlessness to get the better of the more left-wing, provincial, and earnest Liberal party, with which they are so anomalously allied.

Alexis de Tocqueville once predicted that Europeans would seek to model themselves on the United States, since that was already the most progressive country in the world. I think most

British people would rather like their country to be more like America, but believe that there is not enough space, or wealth, in these islands to reproduce the best things in America, and this thought freezes any resolve among the British to make the efforts the Germans have made to reinvigorate and reconstruct their economy on American lines. Indeed there seems to be in post-imperial Britain, as there was in post-imperial Spain, a kind of lassitude or fatigue, a resignation in the face of even such an appalling fact as unemployment rising to some 14 percent of the British workforce at a time when Mr. Reagan's policies have produced in America millions of new jobs. There is no faith in the possibility of such job-creation over here.

Where the British seem to feel confident enough to follow American examples is in the areas of fads and trivialities. Jogging and aerobics, beginning in California, spread eastward to the British Isles. The organization of minorities into lobbies and pressure groups is developed on American lines. The habit of addressing women as "Ms." instead of "Mrs." or "Miss" has caught on, even in "quality" newspapers and among people with a classical education. The extinction of the Greater London Council has done nothing to discourage organizations of the kind it subsidized: Transvestite and transsexual support groups, the gay liberation front, black lesbian adoption societies, collectives of battered wives, Friends of the Soviet Union, and a host of other solemn-

sounding bodies continue to demand our attention and our sympathy.³ The anti-Semitism which broke out among the blacks of Harlem twenty years ago has spread to the blacks of London's East End. Nonsense spreads so much more easily than wisdom, and instead of the best, it is the worst things which are first plucked across the Atlantic.

Benjamin Disraeli complained that Britain was "two nations," and he attempted, through the enlargement of the right to vote and the development of the Empire, to mold it into one nation. Events have turned full circle and Britain today is once again two nations, perhaps more than two, divided between those who must count themselves happy and those who are not so lucky, who have been stranded, so to speak, by the tides of history, a demographic segment for whom there is no longer a place in the economy, people who are, in the grim language of Sartre's sociology, superfluous. The welfare state dominates them as an oriental religion dominates the oriental poor, at once their consolation and their curse. □

³There are a few minority groups which do not command the support of the left. One such group are the Irish gypsies who ventured some months ago to pitch their camp in the verdant grass of Hampstead and so disturbed the tranquillity and threatened the environment of the Labour party leaders who favor that part of London for their gracious homes; the gypsies were briskly expelled.



George Gilder

THE BIOENGINEERING WOMB

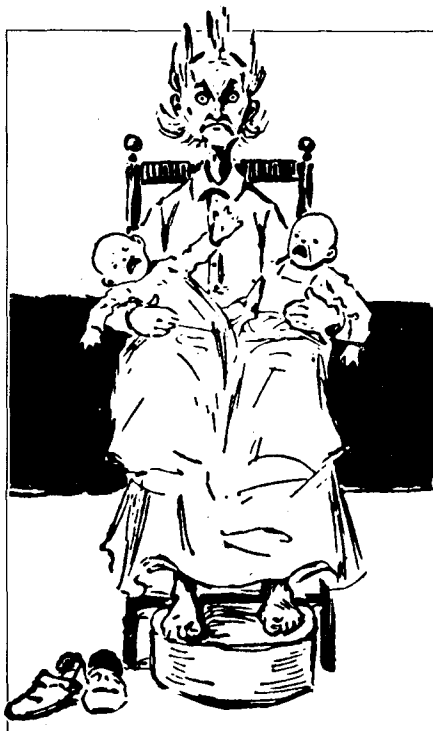
It could mean that men and women will never again have to get along.

A book about men and marriage written during the last half of the twentieth century labors under a cloud. Now no larger than a man's hand, it promises to shadow all debate about human sexuality in decades to come. Now mostly confined to laboratories, it is emerging year by year to become a major force in the definition and prospects of the two sexes, of masculinity and femininity.

The cloud is biogenetic engineering and it makes technically possible for the first time in human history a change in the very essence of sexuality. Often seen as offering a new liberation of women—and actually promising a series of impressive medical benefits—the new life sciences also pose grave dangers to both sexes.

The nature of the new technology

George Gilder is the author of Wealth and Poverty and The Spirit of Enterprise. This article is taken from Men and Marriage, a revised edition of his 1973 book, Sexual Suicide, to be published later this year by Pelican Books.



has been scrupulously weighed and explored in a recent book by Leon R. Kass, a doctor who thinks like the best of lawyers and writes like the best of writers.¹ In a more purely literary mode, Edward Grossman's essay "The Obsolescent Mother" (which appeared in the May 1971 *Atlantic*) has elegiacally captured the possible impact of the new techniques on the long, historic saga of childbirth in mystery and tumult. Other analysts range from the cogently premonitory to the wildly prophetic.

The progress in bioengineering enables the world to contemplate nothing less than a new stage of evolution, such as was intimated at the end of the movie *2001* and similar science fiction. But key developments may happen even before the turn of the century, for technological ventures into the space of woman, though less cinematically spectacular, are both more advanced and more portentous than any prospective adventures of astronauts.

The three approaches about which most is known are *in vitro* or test-tube fertilization; extracorporeal gestation (the artificial womb); and cloning, the exact reproduction or "xeroxing" of particular genotypes. Cloning poses the most obvious threat to human individuality, but the other two techniques also have far-reaching implications.

A clone is created by implanting the nucleus of a human cell, from any part of the body, into the enucleated cell of a female egg. This process, which can be repeated as often as eggs and wombs are available, creates genetic copies of the donor of the nucleus, identical twins in every way except age. It has the additional fillip of making possible the abolition of males, since the three

necessary elements—a cell nucleus, an enucleated egg, and a womb—can all be provided by a woman. Successful cloning has already been done with frogs, salamanders, and fruit flies, and by a related technique, scientists have engineered a mouse with genetic material from six parents.

Progress toward cloning feeds on a stream of recent successes related to *in vitro* fertilization, the conception of a child in a laboratory dish, and the transmittal of the blastocyte or fertilized egg to the uterine wall. In 1978 the first human baby so conceived—Louise Brown—was born in England, and hundreds more have been born in America, mostly after procedures managed by Drs. Howard and Georgeanna Jones at their clinic in Norfolk, Virginia.

The next step after test-tube conception—extracorporeal gestation and ectogenesis—is far more complicated. It entails in essence the creation of artificial wombs. The problems are being approached from both ends: the saving of increasingly premature babies and the extension of the life of blastocytes into the embryonic stages. The obstacles remain formidable, but impressive successes have been obtained with rats.

After reading the available literature, an apprehensive layman is left with the impression that it will be a very long time before artificial wombs for humans can be fabricated in number. But the creation of even a small number of elaborate and expensive devices would be ominous because it would relieve the scientists of the tiresome task of finding and managing available women. Clones, chimeras (human-animal hybrids), and other experimental "sports" might be generated and flushed at will.

Scientists can only guess at the likely chronology of new developments. Nobel Prize winner James D. Watson, the discoverer of DNA structure, told Congress in the early 1970s of his fear

that cloning will be perfected for humans "within the next twenty to fifty years." In other words, he doesn't know. But with *in vitro* fertilization a *fait accompli* and the artificial womb advancing steadily, the coming of clones seems perilously close.

Test-tube conception may seem a relatively limited step beyond the use of artificial insemination. That widely accepted practice has already given a few hundred medical students technical paternity over several hundred thousand children. Laboratory fertilization merely seems to extend relief to certain childless women that was previously available only if the sterility afflicted their husbands. The relief is decidedly better, moreover, since it allows the woman to retain full genetic maternity of her children.

Yet this seemingly innocent practice, which will ultimately help millions of childless couples to have babies, also poses many perplexing problems. Dr. Kass maintains that many of the women who can be helped by this technique also could be given a permanent cure by surgery on their oviducts (particularly if this operation were promoted as lavishly as the fertilization projects). Test-tube conception also will potentially reduce demand to adopt children. It advances the day when parents will be able to choose the gender of their child, either ordering a fetus of the preferred sex or aborting all undesired ones. By circumventing the act of love, *in vitro* conception takes another small step toward dislodging sexual intercourse from its pinnacle as both the paramount act of love and the only act of procreation. It thus promotes the trend toward regarding sex as just another means of pleasure, and weakens the male connection to the psychologically potent realm of procreation.

In addition, the process offers human uses far beyond the circumvention

¹See Leon R. Kass, *Toward a More Natural Science: Biology and Human Affairs*. Free Press, \$23.50.

of sterility. It makes possible a further disconnection between motherhood and pregnancy. Since the fertilized ovum does not have to be placed in the body of the real "mother," it can be farmed out to any willing woman—for pay. This is not a farfetched idea. Using artificial insemination, a woman in Michigan has already rented her womb to a friend, borne a child fathered by the friend's husband, and delivered it to the wife. The family has received thousands of inquiries from others.

With *in vitro* techniques rather than artificial insemination, a much more attractive result—full genetic offspring—could be achieved by such means. New, more partial, and detached forms of motherhood become possible for busy or preoccupied women. The very role of mother and the profound biological tie with her child become optional. This development threatens to diminish further the perceived and felt authority of the basic connections of human life.

Individuality is far more deeply threatened, though, in cloning. The first clones will likely be done for a few rich experimenters or for the scientists themselves. But eventually the state would probably intervene to determine which persons were most suitable for copying. If artificial wombs were achieved, the state could assume increasing control over the genetic future of the race. With government at last controlling both production and reproduction, the dreams of the social planner could at last be fulfilled. But it would not likely turn out as Marx en-

But the long-run social implications remain dire for the human species as we know it.

In sexual terms, the nature of the change is easier to define. Although some analysts have predicted the liberation of women or the redundancy of males, the technology in fact most profoundly threatens women. Ultimately the womb could be made obsolete. Not only could the female body become a

twelve weeks of manhandling, often including violent physical abuse, gladly and voluntarily making large financial gifts to the instructors.

Under less intense control and training, homosexual impulses can arise in such a sequestered all-male group. In prisons, for example, the dominant men often want and extort sexual services. But their victims, surprisingly—even when exclusively heterosexual in

The alternative to the system of men and marriage is usually the system of men and misogyny.

strange combination of otiose spaces and appendages, not only could man become the exemplary, utilitarian physique, but the power of women over men could gradually pass away. First, with time, her sexual powers would decrease. For when we break the tie between sexual intercourse and procreation, destroy the childhood memory of the nurturing and omnipotent mother, banish the mystique of the breasts and the womb and of the female curves and softnesses, we could remove as well much of the special attraction of heterosexual love. We may liberate men to celebrate, like the ancient Spartans or the most extreme homosexuals today, a violent, misogynistic, and narcissistic eroticism.

Millions of American men know something about the spirit and feasibility of such a masculine, not even homosexual, society. The men who have been to war have told their story.

outside life—can sometimes feel a powerful psychological and even physiological change. Contrary to their every expectation, some may become willing partners in homosexuality.

The bonding process that occurs in the military, however, has no homoerotic content. It is a powerful example of the male ties that Lionel Tiger explored so fruitfully in his book *Men in Groups*. The system has its uses in protecting a society from enemies or in abetting the performance of crucial group activities. But it can be deadly to individuality and civilization. It is deadly to the sentiments that women evoke from men: love, creativity, nurturance, commitment to the future. Above all, it is perfectly barren. The male group, separated from women, is the male solidarity. There is no real love, little individuality, and no procreative instinct.

The male group treats women ex-

symbolic authority to the male command of other instruments of power. The technocracy, a dominantly male creation in the first place, would remain in the hands of a male minority.

The system of marriage that tames men and evokes their love is the chief obstacle to this technocratic future. If marriage endures, the realm of the state and the development and use of the technology can be limited, while the maintenance of human individuality can be assured. If the family should widely break down, then the world of artificial wombs, clones, and child-development centers can become an important reality rather than a laboratory curiosity. Norman Mailer was thus most profound when he defined the movement of women's liberation as the fifth column of the technocracy. He might have added that it is also the fifth column of true patriarchy: the sterile solidarity.

Human biology, however, may well obstruct the biologists and their schemes of technocratic sex. Although ideologues persist in their dreams of transcending gender, the evidence of profound differences between the sexes has now been widely accepted even by many sexual liberals. Under normal circumstances, biology is destiny. Men and women grow up in different ways, seek different goals, and transcend their biological separation chiefly through the mystery of love and marriage. But the new circumstances are not normal. We can no longer retreat to automatic affirmations of biological destiny. We are approaching a time when our destinies can be bioengineered. The question is whether we

AMONG THE INTELLECTUALOIDS



THE ABOUT MEN MEN

by Andrew Ferguson

Late last year, the Playboy organization announced that it had hired its first male bunnies. They'll work at a new Playboy club in New York City. Jeff Rector, one of the thirty-five novice bunnies chosen from nearly 1500 aspirants, said this transformation in his life process was "an awesome responsibility. We represent all of mankind, of manhood." The sad truth is that Mr. Rector is quite close to being correct. Consider these other developments:

- The League of Women Voters has announced that its new executive director is one Grant Thompson, a biological male.

- Senator Joseph Biden, whom my fellow Democrats often point to as the model of the new Democratic leader, rising up and striding boldly forth from the ashes of the Mondale-Ferraro campaign, speaks often of his heroes. Martin Luther King and the Kennedys are among them, he says, for the rather simple reason that "they made me feel good about myself."

- After ending a "relationship" with a former secretary, Dave Durenberger, a Republican senator from Minnesota, recently left his wife and moved into an all-male retreat—actually a large colonial mansion—in Arlington, Virginia. Senator Durenberger was giving enough of himself as a person to share the news in front-page stories in the *Washington Post* and the *Minneapolis Star and Tribune*. He blamed what had heretofore been his personal troubles on the fact that "I didn't love myself well enough." Although "I'm a married person—I believe in the sanctity of marriage and the whole business," the Senator didn't know when he'd go back to his wife. "I'm not at that point yet," he shyly told his millions of readers. "The good news is that I'm not at the point so many people get to at the beginning of one of these things when they say it isn't even worth doing."

I could go on, but my point should be clear: no matter what they tell you,

these are tough times for the old-fashioned American male. Alan Alda may have gone into semi-retirement, but the flowers he planted in the 1970s continue to bloom. For all the dedicated trampling of Chuck Norris and Rocky, Rambo and Reagan, the brightly colored blossoms sprout thickly around our ankles, entangling ever more of our number, causing them to tumble softly into the comfy poppy field of the New Age man, where self-absorption equals sensitivity and compulsive confession is mistaken for candor. The signs are everywhere—even in America's newspaper of record, the *New York Times*.

More specifically, I'm referring to the *Times* Sunday magazine, and its "About Men" column. Tucked neatly between four-color, bled-to-the-edge ads for Waterford crystal and clothes designed by the rugged Ralph Lauren, "About Men" has for several years now

been a soapbox for the sort of man who is forever given to the minute, infinitely loving examination of his favorite subject: himself. I can scarcely believe that when the *Times* editors launched the column—presumably as a companion to the equally horrific "Hers" column that appears each Monday—they realized they were opening Pandora's trunk. Since then every freelancer in the country has lunged forward, eager to spill his guts. An avalanche of confession has poured in over the transom. But whatever their original intention, the editors apparently decided, as an "About Men" man might put it, to feel the flow and go with that.

The typical "About Men" contributor is not hard to define: he is between the ages of 25 and 45; he is successful in his work; he is vaguely

uneasy; he is divorced, with kids who teach him more about life than he ever dreamed possible; and he is extremely eager to talk—so long as the monologue doesn't stray too far from his favorite subject. Of course, there are exceptions to this profile of the self-possessed chatterbox. The occasional World War II vet, reflecting on the disappearance of civility, or the former Golden Gloves champ, remembering his blue-collar father's pride, can turn out columns that are witty and even affecting. But far more often "About Men" is about newspaper column as public therapy, where the patient rises from the couch and struts and preens.

The result is a series of amazing documents, a gushy diary produced by many different hands. Reading "About Men," you can imagine the manuscripts as they arrive at the *Times* office, adorned with loopy *l*'s and *i*'s dotted with enormous circles, a cute caricature of a snuggly bunny rabbit crouched in the corner of the page, a smiley face below the signature at the bottom. Gushy diaries are no longer the private preserve of insecure school girls; today they are written by wealthy men and published in magazines. David L. Dworkin, the president of Neiman-Marcus, recollects a littoral stroll with his daughter, whom he likes because she has given "tremendous validity to my life." The girl is only twelve and shouldn't be blamed for not knowing any better, but she makes the huge mistake of asking Dad whether he's happy. If you ask a guy like Mr. Dworkin a question like that, you'd better sit back and get ready for the long haul. It was, he writes, "a question I have never forgotten." Eight hundred words later, he's telling us that "there are nights—many nights—when I am awakened by disturbing thoughts that do not seem to retire with the rest of my mind/body functions. Nightmares of a sort. Images of a world not right. The future perhaps. . . . They make me ask, in the face of a life dedicated to achievement, 'Is this all there is?'" Like most "About Men" columns when they hit their confes-



Andrew Ferguson is assistant managing editor of *The American Spectator*.

sional stride, what Mr. Dworkin's lacks in originality it makes up in obviousness.

Then there is Wayne Kalyn, the managing editor of *World Tennis* magazine. Mr. Kalyn tells us how his wife left him (she needed "time and space"; he lumbered into the bedroom and cried); he then tells us how he went to his wife's apartment to surprise her with flowers and was himself surprised to discover her with another man. Instead of "being noble enough to have respected my wife's right to determine the direction of her life," Mr. Kalyn got steamed. He was a brute. He has gone to "About Men" to ask forgiveness from himself. It is granted.

You would think that confessions such as these would be better told to a bartender in the wee hours, when most of the other customers have stumbled home. Or maybe given man to man—say, to a best friend. Unfortunately, as Professor Michael McGill, author of the indispensable *McGill Report on Male Intimacy*, makes clear in his contribution to "About Men," this is no longer possible. He has discovered that men make crummy best friends because we "use interaction with one another to prove ourselves, following conventional rules of commerce and competition, ever aware that if we get too close, confide too much, it may be used against us." Quite a problem! He has hit on a solution. "Women," he writes, "use interaction as a way to improve relationships." Ergo, get yourself a woman for a best friend. Professor McGill himself has Sharon. "Sharon and I are intimate but sexually innocent; our interest in each other is relational, not romantic." That innocence comes as a great relief, he tells us, to his wife Janet, although from time to time she still suspects that Professor McGill plans, in fact, someday to jump Sharon's bones. "I have some more explaining to do," he says.

Professor McGill's situation, by the way, is an "About Men" anomaly, in that he has charged headlong into the New Age while his wife is the one who has lagged behind. More often the reverse is true; the writer is the dolt, and his wife/ex-wife/daughter/homosexual son has to drag him down the bumpy road to wisdom. These journeys are the stuff "About Men" is made of. John Dunne, for instance, says his daughter Nicole allowed him "to return to my childhood, to see things through her eyes, to giggle and be as silly as I wanted to be." And in a mild variation on this theme, the literary critic Benjamin DeMott records that he was taught how truly to enjoy an apple by a horse named Terence. (The details are numerous and, for our purposes here, insignificant.)

It is, then, a central contention of most "About Men" pieces that men aren't what they used to be—they are softer and gentler, more contemplative and refined. The column in that sense is self-evidential. Left a bit foggy is the question of whether this is a good thing; as an ethical matter, "About Men" writers strive to be nonjudgmental. But sooner or later they tip their hand. Many of the pieces have a tendentious, even exhortatory, flavor. Dr. Zick Rubin, a professor of social psychology at Brandeis University, worries that American men are too quantitative, and celebrates the fact that in his son's Little League games no score is kept ("The important thing... is the playing and the building of skills, not the winning"). Nevertheless, he scowls: "One can always find a father or two on the sidelines who is surreptitiously but scrupulously recording every run that scampers across the plate." Dr. Rubin shudders at the kind of example this must set for the kids.

"My sons may be better off in a country in which 'Manhood' will mean little more than, say, the name for an after-shave lotion," says Leonard Kriegel, who is moreover aware of "the price exacted" in our national life for the idea that a man should be "tough, resilient, independent, able to take it." Owen Edwards realizes that "medals are atavistic, mere archaic mementoes impressive to those who need to believe in a man's worth. Without the weight of tradition and the reflex of retrograde machismo, a chest full of medals is nothing more than a résumé in 3-D and Technicolor." After lamenting that fewer and fewer Italian men hold hands in public, Roger Youman sadly takes note of "the terrifying problems of a planet whose political leaders... seem to believe that their first priority is to prove their manhood. Nevertheless, at a time when the survival of the human race may depend on the willingness of men to walk hand in hand metaphorically, I see evidence that they are drawing apart physically. I take that as an ominous sign."

But this is just fretfulness on Mr. Youman's part. "About Men" writers are always seeing ominous signs, even when it is clear that the battle is won—even when, *pace* Eastwood and Stallone, most men have already defected to their side. Every Sunday my papergirl delivers fresh evidence, in the form of the *Times* magazine, that this is so.

Why then the fretfulness? Perhaps it's because of the insatiable nature, the remorselessness, of the Master the "About Men" men—and, in truth, all men—struggle to serve. This morning

I saw a religious talk show on television. The host, a mild, extremely solicitous man, was interviewing a woman theologian. After a couple of minutes she castigated him for using the masculine pronoun when he referred to God. In abject apology he twisted his mouth into a grotesque grin and began talking very fast. He had not long ago enrolled in a seminar on "the female component of the divine," he

recalled, and he was the only man there. "Talk about process and getting in touch with your own prejudices!" he said, but the woman theologian merely forced a thin smile and said nothing. In the silence that followed the host ran his fingers around his collar, squirmed a bit in his chair, and cleared his throat, ready to try again—ready to say whatever was necessary. □

**Guaranteed
the most
comfortable
socks you've
ever worn...**

FREE!



A 2-layer construction cushions feet & wicks away perspiration.

We'd be the first to admit there are no free lunches and that socks aren't given away for the price of a postage stamp. So what's the catch? The truth is, we're convinced our Sport-Dry® socks are the finest socks of their kind. Yet, getting people to buy their first pair from us is rather difficult...so we're making this offer and betting that once you try them, you'll be back for more.

MOST OF OUR PRODUCTS ARE CONSIDERABLY MORE EXPENSIVE!

When we send your socks, we'll also send our "ESCAPE from the ordinary"® catalog...filled with classic fashions for men and women, and the most unique gift items you'll find anywhere. We make some pretty strong claims about our products...and back these promises with an unconditional guarantee that's just as strong. Not everyone recognizes the value of this. Not everyone should fill out this coupon or receive our catalog. But if you're a discerning individual who expects and demands quality, we think this could be your first step towards becoming a happy and loyal Norm Thompson customer.



Norm Thompson®

Dept. 135-04, P.O. Box 3999, Portland, OR 97208

Name

Address

City State Zip

Send FREE Sport-Dry® socks (regularly \$3.75 a pr.)

☐ Men's Regular (fits 10-12)
☐ Men's King (fits 13-15)
☐ Women's (fits 8½-11)

Signature X (required) Offer good thru June 5, 1986 & valid only with coupon (no copies accepted). Limit 1 per address. U.S. only; no foreign orders.

☐ Send FREE "ESCAPE from the ordinary"® catalog.

AMONG THE EDUCATIONALOIDS



GLOBALONEY

by Chester E. Finn, Jr. and Gary Bauer

The California state board of education recently sent tremors through the education and publishing establishments by rejecting an array of school science textbooks on grounds that they lacked balance and rigor. And there is more to come, insists schools chief Bill Honig, the sagest state education official in the land. "It's not just science books," he said. "It's history, literature. We're raising the ante."

Wait till he looks at the "global history" texts. We recently examined six of them, all new (written or revised since 1983), and all peddled to the secondary school market by major education publishers.

The books have much in common. All run 700 to 900 pages. All are generously illustrated and mapped in many colors. Virtually all start with "early man," work their way through Sumer, Egypt, Greece, and Rome, dash across the Middle Ages, slow down for the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, include a chapter or two on contemporary "revolutions," pay an extended visit to the Third World, lament the Cold War, and wind up with a unit on "your changing world."

To be sure, this subject is inherently impossible to organize in satisfactory fashion, much less to master in a year of junior (or senior) high school. Though "world history" has long been attempted in the schools, the effort has grown ever more awkward: there's more world history each hour; diverse interest groups insist on "equal time" for every obscure civilization and former colony, however modestly related to the American experience; the prior knowledge (of geography as well as history) that students bring to the course with them is skimpier; and most teachers are confined, either by their own limited educations or by curricular red tape, to whatever the textbook contains.

Our own interest was triggered by the maudlin one-worldism that has seized

the social studies establishment. One of us has a child enrolled in a mandatory ninth grade global history course with a teacher who explained on parents' night that the course was an effort by the school to do something about the arms race. One of us was struck by a recent bulletin of the National Council for the Social Studies that found equivalency among Western devotion to "civil and political rights," the Asian-African interest in "social and cultural rights," and Eastern Europe's alleged commitment to "economic rights." In this telling, the "right to a vacation" counts for as much as freedom of speech.

So we scrutinized these half dozen textbooks to see how they handle issues of contemporary geopolitical significance—to see just what it is that a fourteen year old who doesn't know much else is supposed to end up thinking about problems besetting the world. In fairness, we should note that most of these books look reasonably accurate up through World War II, marred only by the inevitable trade-off between coverage and depth and the resulting odd amalgam of superficiality and selectivity.

But when we get to modern times,

the books falter badly. Herewith some examples:

- What happened in Vietnam after the war? Several texts described the atrocities visited upon neighboring Cambodia by Pol Pot, and all mentioned the "boat people." But only one explained that these were refugees from a brutal, totalitarian regime. In several books, they just happened to set sail. (A recurrent problem in these books is that where explanations may be controversial, causation is omitted. Events simply occur.)

- Why did Russian troops move into Afghanistan in 1979? One volume got it right: "The Soviets invaded Afghanistan to bring that country under their complete control. The U.N. and the United States condemned the invasion. Soviet forces in Afghanistan were only 250 miles from the Persian Gulf." In the other books, however, the Soviet goal was simply to shore up the government in Kabul, to "keep Muslim nationalist groups from regaining control," to fend off guerrilla attacks, or—remarkably—to quiet a fear "that an uprising among the Muslims of Afghanistan might spread to . . . the Soviet Union." In short, five out of six books give the impression that Moscow's move was essentially defensive or vaguely compassionate.

- What is the U.N.'s track record? Every volume waxes eloquent about the founding of the United Nations and its intended role in world affairs. Several also indicate that it has not been hugely effective as a peacekeeper. Only one, however, acknowledges that "some people" say that "many members use the U.N. as a place to denounce the policies of the United States" and that "many U.N. countries openly violate the charter of the U.N." None of the others casts even a shred of doubt on the innate virtue of the United Nations.
- How is life inside the Soviet empire? Most books discuss persecution of religion and the tribulations of dissidents. Solzhenitsyn turns up in five volumes, Sakharov in three. Yet it is easy to derive the impression that ordinary Russians face no real difficulty so long as they don't do odd things like pray or speak out. One book lauds Soviet successes in bringing about "equality for women" and widespread literacy. ("In fact, reading has become a national pastime.")

More is at stake here than what is or isn't mentioned. Consider these two hugely divergent descriptions of the current Libyan strongman—in each case the only appearance he makes in the book:

[Idris] ruled until 1969 when he was overthrown by military officers led by Muammar el-Quaddafi. Quaddafi supported various terrorist activities in other countries and was in conflict with the foreign policy of the United States. He also launched attacks against Egypt and Chad.

North African nations have close cultural ties with the Arab nations of the Middle East and often support Arab causes. For example, Colonel Qaddafi, who became the leader of Libya in 1969, has strongly supported the Arab nations in the Middle East that oppose Israel.

What is a ninth-grader to think?

As for Israel, here is one book's entire account of its early history: "In 1948, the British-controlled territory of



Chester E. Finn, Jr. is assistant secretary for research and improvement in the Department of Education. Gary Bauer is undersecretary of education.

Palestine became the new Jewish state of Israel. Jews from all over the world, the new Israelis, poured into the new state, stirring up great hostility among the Arab Palestinians who had occupied the land for centuries." The same book, it must be noted, devotes seven pages to the history of "early western African empires" including such consequential ones as Songhai and Kanem-Bornu.

It's not just that events occur for no apparent reason, that people simply wind up in power, or that some minor episodes in our planet's past get greater—and perhaps fairer—attention than important ones. It's also the tone of moral equivalency that keeps entering. In one volume, for example, the account of Solzhenitsyn appears in a brief essay on modern poetry and novels, in a paragraph on the "literature of protest," in which he (and Pasternak) appear as counterparts to James Baldwin and Günter Grass.

Here is another book's entire paragraph on Caribbean adventurism:

Castro has been accused of sending military aid to the guerrillas in El Salvador and aid to the Sandinista government in Nicaragua. In 1983 the U.S. invaded Grenada when it learned that Cuba and the USSR had provided weapons to the country.

So far as our hypothetical teenager knows, the U.S. still occupies Grenada, and Castro is merely accused, not convicted, of arming the Managua regime.

In some ways the most telling messages of all are contained in those final chapters on "challenges facing the modern world." In virtually every instance, one finds adoring treatments of science and technology, oddly coupled with "limits-to-growth" warnings against pollution and resource exhaustion. The economic development ambitions of the Third World routinely loom large, as do "changing cultural patterns." There is much talk of the nuclear threat and of global interdependence. But there is rarely any mention of human rights issues; of repression and savagery; of freedom and tyranny; of the tension between democracy and totalitarianism; or of the tiny fraction of the globe's citizens who live under regimes of their own choosing.

Unevenness coupled with relativism, bad history joined to ideology, events without causes or consequences. No doubt a crackerjack teacher can improve upon the textbook; a prudent one might simply call a halt around 1945. A well-run school system might abandon the whole futile effort to cram world history into a single year, substituting instead a sequence of courses that organizes the material in-

to eras, civilizations, or continents and that give each its due.

But for now we must assume that these courses are going to continue to be taught and that many teachers will continue to be text-bound. No textbook that we've ever seen is perfect, nor is any without merit. But they do vary greatly and it therefore matters which are used. We do not share the widespread view that textbook publishers

are engaged in some sort of conspiracy to "dumb down" the material that children read. Rather, we believe that publishers produce whatever they find their customers wanting to buy. What is more, they respond to market changes; all the publishers of the science textbooks that California rejected set about promptly to bring their products up to the new standards imposed by this major customer. The

burden of such standard-setting, quality control, and selection properly falls on those—typically at the state level—who "approve" textbooks for purchase, and on those—usually local—who decide which of the approved books actually to buy. By and large, they haven't been doing a very good job. That is why the textbooks aren't yet what they should be. It's time, as Honig says, to raise the ante. □

LibertyPress

ORIGINS OF THE COMMON LAW

By Arthur R. Hogue

First published in 1966 by Indiana University Press, Arthur R. Hogue's *Origins of the Common Law* looks at the deep medieval roots of our legal system during the early formative period of the common law. Between 1154 and 1307, from the reign of Henry II to that of Edward I, common law experienced a spectacular growth as a legal system enforced in the English Royal Courts. Paraphrasing Professor Hogue: in the form of writs, judicial decisions, treatises, royal ordinances, and parliamentary statutes, the common law, in large part the definition of established customs, emerged into explicit written form and formal procedure to order better such ordinary relationships among Englishmen as those between landlord and tenant, merchant and money lender, and buyer and seller.

In his final chapter, "From Medieval Law to Modern Law," Hogue concludes, "The rule of law, the development of law by means of judicial precedents, the use of the jury to determine the material facts of a case, and the definition of numerous causes of action—these form the principal and valuable legacy of the medieval law to the modern law." And one might add, to the growth of the concept of liberty as well.

This thoughtful, lucid account is a work of history, not a technical legal treatise, and should be of interest to the general reader and the specialist alike.

Hardcover \$10.00

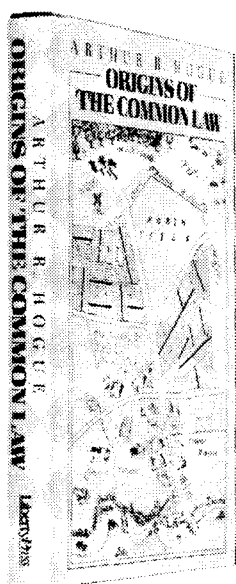
ISBN 0-86597-053-X

Paperback \$ 4.50

ISBN 0-86597-054-8

Prepayment is required on all orders not for resale. We pay book rate postage on prepaid orders. Please allow 4 to 6 weeks for delivery. All orders from outside the United States must be prepaid in U.S. dollars. To order, or for a copy of our catalogue, write:

LibertyPress/LibertyClassics
7440 North Shadeland, Dept. S101
Indianapolis, IN 46250



THE NATION'S PULSE



SHANTY TALK

by Gregory A. Fossedal

Stanford, Calif.—Late this January, half serious and half just curious, I spent several hours at a group of shanties, erected to oppose South Africa's apartheid regime. In fact, I signed a petition calling for the university to divest of holdings in companies dealing with South Africa; chanted at an anti-apartheid rally; attended an exciting evening capped by a speech by Bishop Desmond Tutu; and held a mutual and constructive dialogue with leaders of the campus divestiture movement.

My reasons for infiltrating this movement were twofold. First, the crusade to eliminate apartheid may be the only progressive crusade currently on the map. Oh, the loyal opposition has plenty of issues: the deficit, over-

priced Pentagon toilet seats, Reagan's war in Central America, the Philippines, homosexual rights, Star Wars, and on and on. But the deficit is fading fast; even the mandarins at the Congressional Budget Office certify shrinking shortfalls as far as the eye can see. The Philippines was not a movement but a press event, and an event at that only until Reagan adeptly handled the transition to democracy. Pentagon coffee makers will be with us for some time, but are conversation fodder mainly for Gary Hart, Les Aspin, pointy-headed people at the Brookings Institution, and other cerebral fellows. Star Wars is too popular with most young people to attract a resistance effort. And "gay rights" was last seen entering the local AIDS clinic.

South Africa, by contrast, is a cause. It elicits *aficion*. You meet students who camp out night after night in cardboard shanty huts over apartheid. You

see people devoting hours, days, weeks, years to a democratic South Africa: chanting, marching, sitting in, breaking the law. When was the last time you encountered a college student protesting "the imbalance between fiscal and monetary policies," or demanding that "the Sergeant York anti-tank gun must go"?

My second reason for joining in the apartheid opposition movement is my conviction that conservatives have been in error (admittedly, "conservative error" has an oxymoronic flavor) about South Africa. We are right about more important things: about the far greater tyranny of the Soviet Union, most notably, and how to combat it. But, as we are for democracy in Russia and Vietnam and Nicaragua, we may as well be for democracy in South Africa. And, as we favor concrete pressures on those governments, we ought to favor them on Pretoria.

Conservative support for economic sanctions and other pressure to end apartheid is not only justified on abstract philosophical merits: our belief in the Declaration's dictum that "all men" are created with the right to self-government. It also brings pragmatic political benefits. By supporting democratic movements everywhere, one claims the moral high ground, something which does exist even if it is located several thousand miles from where Arthur Schlesinger stands. The road is then clear for what *TAS* readers will recognize as an "additive compromise," in which Reaganites support freedom fighters in places like South Africa—but the opposition supports them in places like Nicaragua.¹

Are these flighty notions? Will a collection of people who nominated George McGovern, Jimmy Carter, and Walter Mondale really back the contras? And is the "democratic" opposition to apartheid even democratic to begin with? That's what I hoped to find out.

¹See my article, "The Art of Additive Compromise," *TAS*, October 1985.

Any doubts that I was entering a strange new world were removed hours after my enlistment. It was the day after Martin Luther King Day, Bishop Tutu night at Stanford. As a hybrid group of students, faculty wives, and affluent Silicon Valley types lined up in front of Memorial Auditorium to wait for seats, I mixed with the crowd to hear what some of my fellow divestiture advocates were saying.

"Reagan in Nicaragua, Namibia, to hell with that shit," chanted a large, muscular black man with fierce eyes. "We gotta embrace Superman, the Easter bunny. The only answer is violent revolution. . . . There's anger in Harlem, in Philadelphia, South Africa. Kill Reagan. Kill Botha. Kill 'em."

As he chanted on, a middle-aged woman, wearing faded jeans and a Bishop Tutu T-shirt, moved through the crowd, soliciting subscriptions to "The Militant: A socialist newsweekly published in the interests of working people." Two items in the paper struck me: they described a Seattle rally to explain "What's behind Reagan's slander campaign against Libya and the Palestine Liberation Organization," and a West Virginia forum designed to "combat Zionist lies."

Still other cans and handouts were passed around to promote Stanford Out of South Africa, or SOSA, the local divestiture group. A young black with a Cambridge accent solicited for the African National Congress, a group with professed Marxist leaders and alleged ties to the Soviet Union.

Somewhat chagrined, I asked some of the mainstream SOSA leaders if all this didn't trouble them. "Oh, there are Marxists in every country and every movement," said Will Masters, a graduate student handing out literature in support of divestiture. "That's why we need to apply economic pressure now, before they get stronger."

An SOSA supporter named Cathy explained, "You have to remember, most of the people in South Africa aren't interested in either capitalism or socialism. That old dichotomy doesn't have any meaning for them." I

Gregory A. Fossedal is a media fellow at the Hoover Institution and a contributing editor of Harper's.



IF YOU LIKE CUBA, YOU'LL LOVE NICARAGUA.

For President Reagan and all Americans who support aid to the Nicaraguan freedom fighters, this slogan summarizes the real and present dangers associated with Nicaragua's Communist Sandinista regime.

Join the President, members of Congress and thousands of freedom loving Americans and wear the campaign-style button which clearly proclaims this message.

You can order this cleverly

designed, two-color celluloid button for \$2 each or three for \$5. Send a check or money order payable to: Council for Inter-American Security
122 C Street, NW
Suite 330
Washington, DC 20001
Order now. The supply is limited. Price includes postage and handling.

explained that my objection was not that these other groups don't support capitalism, but that they don't support democracy. "I guess what I'm saying is that you have to look at the situation there," she answered.

Even Bishop Tutu, who tends to speak cautiously for fear of arrest by the South African government, was less than reassuring in his public remarks. In fact, he was downright irritable in answering charges that the ANC and other groups are becoming progressively more violent, eschewing the tactics of Gandhi and King in favor of armed struggle. "These people speak to us of violence as if we were virgins," he said. "We have already experienced the terrorism and violence of apartheid."

Tutu's comments sounded like an endorsement of the ANC, which had been raising money outside the hall. I asked Tutu's assistants several times before and after his talk, by telephone, if he wished to comment on the ANC's presence. He would not, they said. I told them, after Tutu's talk, that persons soliciting funds for the ANC and the Stanford divestiture group, SOSA, both claimed Tutu supports the ANC. ANC members said they had coordinated travel plans with Tutu's staff, and SOSA members handed out lists of Tutu quotations, including Tutu's comment to the *Picayune Times Tribune* that he is merely "standing in" for ANC leaders who are in prison. Still no comment from Tutu, who was of course on a tight schedule.

The reluctance of apartheid's opponents to comment on such unsavory groups is understandable. Most political movements, including the right-to-life cause, are a mix of calm men and uncalm fanatics. The fanatics supply the energy, the calm men focus it and keep it in line. It does not seem reasonable to me that support for the contras in Nicaragua should be contingent upon the removal of every former leader of Somoza's national guard, or that aid to El Salvador requires the lynching of every politician who Ray Bonner may once have claimed is "linked to the death squads." What does count is that these movements be composed generally of honest, democratic men, who demonstrate their sincerity over time in a hundred smaller actions and statements.

One way to measure that sincerity is to test people's reaction to other, similar causes—causes on which they can comment freely. Despite their concern for one group of people, blacks in South Africa, however, most anti-apartheid activists at Stanford voiced little support for such movements as Solidarity or the freedom fighters in Afghanistan. "I don't think it's our

business" to support freedom in Afghanistan, Poland, or Nicaragua, said one student collecting petition signatures across from the shanties.

Nor did Bishop Tutu have any kind words for Solidarity in Poland, for UNITA rebels in Angola, for the contras in Nicaragua. While Reagan "rushed" to support Solidarity and UNITA, Tutu said, the President approved sanctions against South Africa only when he was "forced." "It is enough to say you are anti-Communist, and then this country doesn't care [how oppressive you are]," Tutu said.

As he spoke, I recalled a conversation I'd had with a Stanford activist, Cindy, several days before, out by the shanty huts where petition signatures were being collected. A rugged, football-player type had been asking why anyone should really care about South Africa.

"It isn't just South African blacks who are suffering," Cindy said. "It's you. Your freedom is on the line, too. When one man is not free, all freedom is threatened. Freedom," she concluded, "is indivisible."

It so happened she was paraphrasing, almost quoting, one of my favorite speeches: John F. Kennedy's "Ich bin ein Berliner" address. But she didn't believe me: "No," she said, "I believe it's something Nelson Mandela wrote from prison."

"Do you really believe what he said?" I asked.

"Well, yes," she said, sensing a trap.

"Well then, what about people in Poland or Nicaragua? Shouldn't we be interested in them too?"

"I think that's a pretty strained analogy."

It seems, as others have observed, that liberalism has become less liberal: less broad, less catholic, in its concerns. Perhaps, as the editor of this journal hypothesizes, we are witnessing "The Liberal Crack-Up," the disintegration of a once confident, progressive movement into a cranky collection of causelets. My own theory is that liberalism is doing just fine; it's just that liberals are doing rather badly, and those who are doing well are now labeled "neocons."

All of which would seem to punch a hole in my hopes for a grand domestic alliance, a foreign policy that opposes all dictators. After all, if only Ronald Reagan is willing to reach out—on the Philippines and South Africa, for example—then there can be no deal, only unrequited concessions by one side.

And yet, happily, there is evidence that even such unilateral gestures, by a strong President to a demoralized domestic opposition, work. As I write,

it is well before the House vote on aid to the contras—an advantage, since I may therefore predict that Reagan will win solidly. Even if the initial vote fails, he will win aid later this year. And the reason, in my opinion, is that he has already stood firmly against repression in South Africa and the Philippines.

What we have is the Reagan-doctrine plus: the opposition to dictators not just in Moscow but everywhere, announced in Mr. Reagan's bold statement of the principle in early March. This foreign policy revolution stands as the third great leap of Reagan's presidency, the first two being his program of supply-side tax cutting in early 1981, and the Star Wars defense initiative of 1983. Both programs frustrated many old-style Republican sentiments. Yet for every crusty conservative Reaganism offends—the GOP austerity school of economics, the fans of nuclear weapons and Mutual Assured Destruction, and the die-hard South Africa defense brigade—he has

reached out to millions of Americans who are now Reaganite converts.

The real tipoff that Mr. Reagan is on to something, though, comes from the reaction of such writers as Michael Kinsley and Anthony Lewis. They were not just skeptical of Reagan's linkage of the Philippines and South Africa to Nicaragua. They went berserk. Lewis dragged out the ghost of Senator McCarthy once again, while Kinsley announced that "the analogy is preposterous," outlining at length the many differences between the Philippines and Nicaragua. The more these people scream, the more Mr. Reagan should hammer the point home.

The only wonder is that some Reaganites resist the impulse to join in the fun and support concrete action against apartheid. You meet some interesting people at your local anti-apartheid shanty. □

WASHINGTON STORY Behind the Scenes in the Federal Government



An Official under Civil Service
Describes His Experiences

The Struggle to Make Improvements During
The Depression, World War II, and Peacetime

by A.C. ROSANDER

546 pp.
paperback
\$9.95

... those who do the work ...

Tales of the Federal Civil Service.

High Level opposition to improvements.

Whistle-blowing is not the answer.

Feuds, jealousies, favoritism, warfare, pressures.

What Nixon wanted the author to do ...

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

AS

Send a check or money order for \$9.95 to:

National Directions, 500 26th St., Greeley, CO 80631.

THE HOOSIER PULSE



DEATH OF A REPUBLICAN

by Kent Owen

Plutarch would have found the late Charles Abraham Halleck, former Republican member of the U.S. House of Representatives, an apt subject. Although the landscape of northwestern Indiana that was the Hoosier congressman's district for thirty-four years might have struck him as unrelievedly dull, the Greco-Roman moralist would have been compensated for his attentions by the texture of Halleck's career. But Plutarch's custom was to align "Parallel Lives" for the edification of his readers, and Charlie Halleck stands almost by himself in the modern annals of Congress.

Halleck died on March 3, at the age of 85. Americans of long memory will keep him in mind as the sometime House majority or minority leader, the orator who nominated Wendell Willkie in 1940, and the straight man who, vaguely resembling W.C. Fields, partnered Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen during the long-running "Ev and Charlie" show, which Republicans used to stage for the befuddling instruction of the press. Dirksen was, of course, so picturesque and flamboyant that anyone who shared the platform with him, let alone Halleck, seemed drab. Nonetheless, Halleck held his own, presenting his views on the Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson years with plain-speaking trenchancy. Yet with his bulbous, flanging nose, circumflexed brows, warily hooded gaze, and squatty frame, he looked like a farm-club manager in the Philadelphia Athletics system. This was plainly not the image the younger House Republicans wanted, and in 1965 they chucked him for Gerald R. Ford, their idea of what a modern Republican ought to look and sound like.

Charlie Halleck accepted this ingratitude with restraint, declining to complain about the Republicans he had supported in their public endeavors and private ambitions. He ran for one more term, then stepped aside to let the rising generation have its turn, con-

vinced he should not overstay his usefulness, as had his predecessor in the GOP House leadership, Joe Martin of Massachusetts. Through it all, Halleck kept whatever bitterness he may have felt to himself, for he had too much respect for the House of Representatives as an institution to let personal pique hamper its work.

In a sense Charlie Halleck, as much as anyone of his day, made the position of representative a profession. Despite the fact he was from a "safe" district (the loamy soil that was fine for cattle and even better for corn and soybeans produced bumper crops of Republicans from the Civil War on), he considered his seat a tentative and temporary trust he had to earn again every two years—and, for that matter, all the days in between. From his home town, Rensselaer, seat of Jasper County, he would go off to scour the countryside in search of constituents, often tramping across muddy fields in his cracked waders, old rumpled sack suit, a sweat-stained fedora jammed on his head. And he usually got there in a jalopy driven by one of his lieutenants, say,

Lew Dellinger of White County, the only professional man ever to graduate from Idaville High School. (Thus Lawyer Dellinger was invited to deliver the commencement address for almost thirty years until the school closed.) With his operatives splayed over the Second District, Halleck stayed informed about local, even neighborhood concerns and could on short notice retrieve whatever information he needed. Yet for all his years in Washington, he never came to regard the folks back home as ill-informed, dim-witted yokels he could use at will for his own designs. Not much of a sentimentalist about politics, Charlie Halleck didn't labor under the illusion of "vox populi, vox dei." But he did keep his ear to the ground without getting it full of mud.

This is to say that Halleck took his duties seriously and discharged them responsibly. Which, perhaps, is no more than what hundreds of congressmen have done over the years. Nothing extraordinary about that, you

say. But what made the difference was Halleck's determination to represent the interests of his district and at the same time to advance beyond them in the national interest. This he was minded to do perhaps because he had so often stood in the minority; in fact, when he first went to Congress in 1935, Halleck was the only Republican in the Indiana delegation and one of only eighty-eight in the entire House. He soon got used to cooperating with Democrats because without their help he had little hope of gaining anything of substance. There was no use in kicking against the pricks, or to put it in the Hoosier idiom, "Never kick a turd; it might be your uncle."

There was no mistaking that Charlie Halleck was as stalwart a Republican as the party could muster, exacting proofs of loyalty from himself as well as others. All the same, the Hoosier conservatism that influenced his notions about man's ornery nature and the mutability of political arrangements made him leery of doctrinaire ideology. From his years at Indiana University ("the roughest politics I ever saw," he often said) through his four terms as prosecuting attorney in Jasper and Newton counties, Halleck learned that the rigid application of abstractions to concrete problems resulted in divisions, not in useful resolutions. Hence he set his course according to the beacon of reasonableness—the attainment of the best possible good in light of the most serviceable principles—and then went about persuading others to see things his way, really "their way," as he took pains to make clear.

For his troubles, Halleck was sometimes criticized in the press and among the GOP's seagreen incorruptibles for his "pragmatism," which to them meant his readiness to work with the Democratic leadership and to compromise on such issues as civil rights and Social Security, instead of opposing them to the bitter end. In point of fact, Halleck had a firmer grasp of what William James had intended pragmatism to mean: namely, the



Kent Owen is Indiana editor of *The American Spectator*.

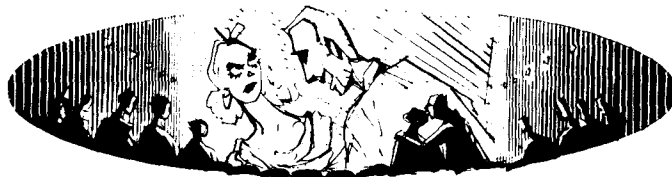
This came back to haunt him in 1948 when Halleck supported Thomas E. Dewey over Robert A. Taft for the presidential nomination. He was assured by the Dewey camp that he would receive the candidate's endorsement for the vice presidency, but Dewey chose Earl Warren. In the Indiana political tradition, no matter how fierce the fighting, a politician kept his word; it was as much a matter of professional ethics as of personal integrity. Still Halleck held his tongue and chalked it up to experience. Then in 1952 he was one of the Republican leaders who prevailed upon Dwight Eisenhower to run for the presidency. Again he was given to understand that his time had come for the vice presidency. But now the party elders wanted a younger, less puffy face with a shadowy toughness to offset Ike's grandfatherly and benign manner. So Halleck was passed over for Richard Nixon and with that gave up his ambi-

Plutarch would have said it was a matter of character, both of the man and the institution. He did say in "Lysander": "Moral habits, induced by public practices, are far quicker in making their way into men's private lives, than the failings and faults of individuals are in infecting the city at large." If that be true, then as now, he would surely have approved of the public practices of Charles A. Halleck, a statesman whose example the House would be wise to honor. □

MIDWAY
The Battle
That
Doomed Japan
By Mitsuo Fuchida and
Masatake Okumiya
An honest and factual account of the battle from the Japanese point of view by two former officers in the Imperial Japanese Navy. 266 pages. Illus.
#372-5 \$14.95

Naval Institute Press Books

THE TALKIES



GAG ME

by George Sim Johnston

At the end of his 1979 film *Manhattan*, Woody Allen, who naturally has been depressed since the opening credits, lies down on a sofa and dictates into a tape recorder a list of things which make life worth living, whether or not there is a God. The list, as I recall it, includes such items as Cézanne's rendition of apples and oranges and Flaubert's *Sentimental Education*—it is a kind of consumer's guide to the higher culture. Apart from making it clear that he didn't know how to end the movie, Allen was, in effect, admitting that he could not quite make the artistic leap from gag writer to the Real Thing. If you really want a profound treatment of Love and Death and the other subjects I have been joking about for the last two hours, he seemed to be saying, go

George Sim Johnston is a writer living in New York.

to your local museum or bookstore.

In *Hannah and Her Sisters*, Allen, in the character of Hannah's ex-husband Mickey, is once again on the case, looking for the meaning of life. One afternoon he comes close to blowing his brains out; he takes a walk instead and ends up in an Upper West Side movie house morosely watching a Marx Brothers movie. Then comes the epiphany. The antics of Groucho and company, like Cézanne's apples, persuade Mickey that life is worth living after all. But the message that Allen should have gotten from watching *Duck Soup* (or is it *Horse Feathers*?) is that, like the Marx Brothers, he should stick to gag writing and stop trying to make movies like Ingmar Bergman's.

Hannah and Her Sisters is a direct descendant of Allen's most explicit homage to Bergman, *Interiors*, a knock-off of *Cries and Whispers* which accomplished the difficult feat of mak-

ing the latter seem a cheerful movie. Once again we have three desperate sisters; but, unlike *Interiors*, there is a plentiful supply of one-liners, vintage Allen, to relieve the deep neurotic gloom in which they move. If Allen had excised the gags, we would be left with a depressing film indeed. Eliot (Michael Caine) is married to Hannah (Mia Farrow), but lusts after her sister Lee, played by Barbara Hersey, who in turn lives in Soho with a lugubrious artist played by Max Von Sydow. Von Sydow, of course, is a Bergman regular, and the stridently misanthropic lines Allen has written for him only underscore how far Allen is from the master's more nuanced command of his material. The third sister, Holly, is a depressed, and depressing, professional woman pushing forty and frantically looking for a husband. (Dianne Wiest is superb in the part; she should get some sort of Oscar for best portrayal by an actress of clinical depression.) Finally, we have Hannah's ex-husband, Mickey, played by Allen, who has nothing whatever to do with the plot until the very end, when he improbably accosts Holly in a record store and ends up marrying her. But although Mickey has only the most tenuous relation to the other characters, we spend a lot of time following him and his *angst* around Manhattan.

In a recent interview, Allen said that a major inspiration for the film was a rereading of *Anna Karenina*: "... I thought, it's interesting how this guy gets the various stories going, cutting from one story to another. I loved the idea of experimenting with that." Allen was particularly intrigued by Levin, who "can't seem to find any meaning to life, he's terribly afraid of dying. It struck home very deeply. I thought it would be interesting to do one story about the relationship between three sisters, then one story about somebody else and his obsession with mortality."

Here we have the crux of Allen's problem. He is not satisfied with be-

ing one of our best gag writers; he wants to possess the vision of the great novelists, as well. But he is, and always will be, a mere tourist among the Great Books. It would be one thing if Allen were trying to slip a banana peel under writers like Tolstoy, as he often does in those humor pieces he writes for the *New Yorker*; but no, he is deadly serious. He wants to give us *The Human Condition*, as it occurs a few blocks from Central Park. Unfortunately, he can't work it even an eighth of an inch below the surface of his screenplays. Allen illustrates his problem in the most graphic way by actually flashing a quote from Tolstoy onto the screen in the middle of *Hannah*, whose gist is that the only thing we can know about life is that it is meaningless. (Tolstoy only believes this on his off days, but that is another matter.) But when we turn from Levin in *Anna Karenina* to Mickey in *Hannah and Her Sisters*, it becomes clear that Allen should be issued a highly probationary visa for his excursions onto this sort of terrain.

Levin, first of all, is fully integrated into the action of *Anna Karenina*. Mickey is the plot equivalent of a hangnail. But we are obliged to follow him anyway in his Tolstoyan search for the meaning of life. After a false scare of a brain tumor, he is overcome with the notion of his own mortality and turns first to Catholicism, then briefly to Buddhism (the former perhaps because Allen watched *Brideshead Revisited* on television). Mickey is in earnest—but Allen the gag writer quickly takes over; he selects the easy targets (the Hare Krishna chanters, the tacky religious icons sold around Times Square), and so allows Mickey to reject religion by trivializing it. This always happens when Allen approaches a big subject like religion—he gets nervous and grabs for the nearest one-liner. He would do well to read *Brideshead Revisited* and see how a grown-up writer handles precisely the same theme, that of a despairing man trying to find God.

With the search for God resolved

We're not crying Wolf.

Disinformation Forecast alerts you to Soviet attempts to influence us before they happen. The *Forecast's* authoritative analysis—by leading American and European experts and former Soviet bloc intelligence officials—cannot be found anywhere else. Find out why the *Forecast* is read in the White House as well as in the Kremlin.

Copies available at a special introductory subscription rate of four issues for \$65, or \$20 per single issue. Call or write:

REGNERY GATEWAY

1815 H Street, N.W., Suite 600, Washington, DC 20006
800-448-8311

DISINFORMATION

*Soviet Active Measures and
Disinformation Forecast*



(appropriately) at a Marx Brothers matinée, we are left basically with a Jewish intellectual soap opera. Allen once told an interviewer that when he was making *Interiors* he kept watching soap operas to make sure that he wasn't producing one himself. But he seems not to have figured it out. Having characters exchange knowledgeable tidbits about classical music and mention that

they have been reading Nietzsche and Socrates (yes, Socrates who never wrote anything; a legpull—maybe) does not redeem a film from the condition of soap opera. A soap opera is schematic; moral ambiguity does not mingle with the organ music; and the characters, as they go about their philandering, are not meant to transcend their assigned indiscretions, even if provided

with a compensating dose of guilt.

Hannah and Her Sisters is in this class of picture. The characters are well observed and often come out with marvelous lines, but when they actually begin to react to one another—well, we might as well tune into “The Young and the Restless.” Eliot’s philandering with Lee and subsequent reconciliation with Hannah are utterly predictable.

The other characters are so shallow that Allen has no trouble landing them all in a happy ending—an ending which belies the whole tenor of what has gone before. The only difference between their messy lives and those depicted on afternoon television is that Allen’s characters have to work off heavy doses of Upper West Side *angst* along with their sex drives. □

THE GREAT STAMBOULI SALOON SERIES



THE ÇİÇEK PASAJI

by Paul A. Rahe

An American doing a pub crawl through Europe would be well advised to give Istanbul a miss. The city has many virtues, but its bars are not among them. Turkey is a far cry from Saudi Arabia and Iran, but the influence of Islam over its semi-secular regime is still strong enough to keep respectable Stambouli women off the streets and their menfolk, for the most part, at home after dark. One can, of course, search out a bit of New York if one has a mind to. Some spend their idle hours in the plush establishments inside the Hilton and the Sheraton hotels, but the more discerning lounge lizards make their way to the Plaza Bar in the Manny Hanny building and while away their evenings listening to the lovely Şafak Yaprak sing “As Time Goes By” and other ballads of yesteryear and today.

But whether they sip their double martinis, guzzle their Glenfiddich’s, and seek the palace of wisdom by the proverbial road of excess, those who frequent the Plaza Bar will never—while there—be tempted by the suspicion that they are, in fact, in Istanbul. To get a proper drink in this increasingly Anatolian city, you have to journey in a manner of speaking abroad: that is, unless you drive out to the Bebek Bar to gaze upon the Bosphorus and hob with the Stambouli knobs; or doff your coat and tie, don dirty blue jeans, an old shirt, and a filthy jacket, and make your way into old Beyoğlu—where, if you slip past the serried ranks of mustachioed men who march down İstiklâl Caddesi, you can

enter the one establishment that no pub crawler stranded on the boundary between Europe and Asia can afford to miss.

I have in mind the Çiçek Pasajı. Here, in Istanbul’s infamous “Passage of Flowers,” a *kaldırım mühendisi* can feast his eyes on a passing *kaldırım süpürgesi* and, if he has a mind to, accost a *kaldırım çiçeği*—which is to say, here “a sidewalk superintendent” can consider the merits of “a sidewalk broom” as she sways her hips rhythmically to and fro, and then ponder whether to seek the services of a chunky professional seductress of the sort that the Turks call “a sidewalk flower.”

The Çiçek Pasajı is a collection of emporia to which the learned, late, and much lamented H.L. Mencken would have extended his wholehearted approval. In their justly popular guidebook *Strolling Through Istanbul*, Hilary Sumner-Boyd and John Freely call it

the liveliest and most colorful spot in Beyoğlu, or in all of Istanbul for that matter. The Pasaj is lined with boisterous *meyhanes*, raffish curbside taverns where one can enjoy a tasty snack washed down with draft beer or raki, that powerful and intellect-deadening national anise drink. In good weather the customers drink at marble-topped beer barrels in the alley itself, dining on nuts or shrimp bought from passing peddlers, occasionally serenaded by a wandering street-musician. Since the Pasaj is common ground to the local fish and flower markets, it is a museum of Istanbul sights and sounds and smells, and every odd and interesting character in Beyoğlu is sure to pass through there in the course of an afternoon or an evening.

I do not frequent the Çiçek Pasajı, but I will confess to having deadened my intellect there a time or two, and I can vouch for the fact that in warm weather this description is apt. Never, however, have I seen it as animated as it was one particular evening last May when I visited the Flower Passage in the company of a visiting fireman who had come to Istanbul to recover from untold debauchery committed in the bars of Alaska.

At the soccer match held that day to determine the city championship, Fenerbahçe had tied Beşiktaş, and the fans had descended on the Pasaj to celebrate the fact that this noble struggle would have to be continued yet another day. Across from our table, an old man played a violin. When he finished his tune, a gypsy cut in with a wind instrument while his companion danced about with a tambourine. No one seemed to pay much attention to the artist who offered to draw pencil sketches of the customers—but when the well-endowed blonde at the next table stood up to shake her ample belly, you could almost hear those sitting nearby mutter the old Ottoman saying: “She is so beautiful that she has to go through the door sideways.” As some of the besotted rose to dance around her, a street acrobat entered and began to defy the force of gravity and good sense.

As the evening progressed, the revelers gathered courage and the volume rose. We tried the raki, found it watered down, and switched to beer, all while munching *şiş kebab*, *arnavut ciğeri* (“Albanian liver”), and other Turkish delights. That day, I had been trying to satisfy myself that I finally understood the relationship between

religion and politics in modern Turkey. The subject had almost become an obsession—but it, and nearly everything else, soon slipped my mind. It was almost more than I could manage, just keeping afloat on the tidal wave of sight and sound.

By the time we left, we were filled to the gills with the good stuff. It was not going to be easy for either of us to get up the next morning. The wandering Alaskan was, if anything, in worse shape than I was. He had flown in the night before on the Yugoslav airline JAT. On this occasion, as so often before, that airline had justified the prejudices of those who argue that JAT is really an acronym for *jamais à temps*. Though he was scheduled to reach Istanbul before 10 p.m., my friend actually arrived well after three in the morning. His physical clock was still set on Anchorage time to the extent that it was set on any time at all.

Our condition may explain why I failed to grasp immediately that something was amiss. We were making our way down İstiklâl Caddesi and then through the backstreets of Beyoğlu to my apartment in the neighboring district of Cihangir. It was 10:30 p.m. Ordinarily, at that hour, İstiklâl Caddesi is filled with throngs of Anatolians. That night there was no one. A hush had descended over the city—a hush rendered all the more dramatic by contrast with the raucous setting that we had just left. It was as if Istanbul had become a ghost town—or so it seemed up to the moment when we came upon what might have been termed a gathering of the ghosts.

Istanbul is a city of mosques in

Paul A. Rahe is living in Istanbul on a fellowship from the Institute of Current World Affairs.

precisely the way that Rome is a city of churches. Within the confines of ancient Constantinople, just across the Golden Horn from Beyoğlu, stand seven hills; atop each sits a grand and commanding Muslim place of worship—with all but the Byzantine Ağya Sofya Camii (until 1453 the mother church of the Greek Orthodox faith) constructions thrown up by the Ottoman Sultans for the greater glory of Allah. Scattered through the side streets in between these hills, there are hundreds of smaller structures built with the same end in mind.

Beyoğlu on the opposite shore is a

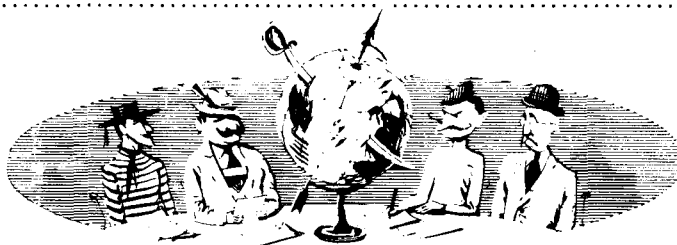
rabbit warren of tiny streets littered with mosques. One of the simplest of these—the Muhyiddin Molla Fenari Camii—was built in the sixteenth century on the boundary between Beyoğlu proper and Cihangir by Sinan, the greatest of the Ottoman architects. As we approached this small, square, green building, I noticed that the lights were on. Inside we could see virtually the entire population of the neighborhood, all on their knees being led in prayer. Within a stone's throw and in Cihangir itself sits yet another small mosque—the Beyoğlu Firuzaga Camii-i Şerifi. Here again, the lights were on. And, as

we passed, we noticed young boys kneeling on the stairs leading up from the street.

It was then that the whole thing made sense and I remembered what I should have had in mind from the start: The month-long, Muslim festival of Ramazan had begun at sundown that day; and as a consequence, the entire tone of life in the city had changed. That night and each succeeding night, the drums would sound through Istanbul and every city in the land to remind the faithful to rise and eat—for they were barred from all food and drink through the daylight hours. This

year, the fasting from dawn to dusk would be particularly difficult: Ramazan stretched from late May until a day or two before the summer solstice and included a good many of the longest days in the year. Few Turks seem to have been deterred from performing what was required. The restaurants were deserted during the day; and, at night, after the evening meal, the mosques were full. In Istanbul, however much one may try, one cannot escape the theologico-political question for long—not even by getting sozzled in the Çiçek Pasajı. □

POLITIQUE INTERNATIONALE



GOVERNOR GARLIC

by Taki

I think it was about six years ago that I wrote in the *London Spectator* about a match at Wimbledon that was won after a long struggle by Pat Dupre, an American college student, against the all-Italian boy of the time, Adriano Panatta. The match has stayed in my mind because of the reaction of one prominent Italian to my article. (No, it wasn't Mario Cuomo—Flushing Meadow is his turf.) While describing the disgraceful behavior of Panatta's supporters (this was before McEnroe had reduced the hallowed atmosphere of Wimbledon to that of a female wrestling hall) I had referred to them as "the spaghetti brigade." I had also complained that their shouting in the middle of a point had filled the air with garlic smells that made some of the ball girls ill.

Well, to judge by the Italian ambassador's reaction to the story, you'd have thought I had accused Sophia Loren of wearing falsies, or called Joe DiMaggio a Puerto Rican. First the ambassador threatened to sue me, but after he was assured that it is not libelous to say someone smells of garlic, he asked my editor to fire "that greasy little Greek" (which I think is libelous as hell). Everything was finally settled amicably, however, especially after His Excellency was informed that some of my richest friends happened to be Italians.

Taki Theodoracopulos is a European editor of The American Spectator.

The Italian diplomat's sensitivity to garlic came to mind recently when the Capo of the Empire State uttered his by now famous remark that there is no Mafia, and that to suggest there is, means that one is anti-lasagna and therefore won't be voting for him for President in the near future. Now the last thing I want to do, dear *American Spectator* readers, is to try and prove to you that the governor of New York is speaking through his Mezzogiornian hat. Or with a macaroni-forked tongue, for that matter. There are enough Mafia trials going on at this very minute to convince even Mario Cuomo that the Mafia was not invented by Hollywood fascists trying to discredit him, nor by central casting either (who are the ones Cuomo should be angry with, and not my friend Joe Sobran). No, what I wish to do is simply point out that here is a man who has won one election in his lifetime, and who owes his position in the forefront of Democratic politics to a speech he gave a couple of years ago on how awful America was under Herbert Hoover.

Not that Cuomo is that naive, mind you. He has a hypocritical and opportunistic streak in him reminiscent of that other great spender of other people's money, the senior senator from the only state McGovern carried, and has as well a propensity for appealing to the lowest common denominator, envy. He is also totally dishonest when

he poses as a political centrist. If you look at his record, he is the biggest of spenders, squandering with a profligacy that would have put Nelson Rockefeller to shame.

But it is Cuomo's total ignorance of the world generally, and foreign affairs in particular, that has me already looking into Swiss real estate. As recently as last December he dodged questions on Nicaragua by saying he was not too well versed on Central America. (They make coffee and bananas, Mario.) But he knew enough, I gather, to declare that he was opposed to Administration policy there, and to suggest that he would not allow New York National Guardsmen to be trained in Honduras.

To be fair, I should give him the benefit of the doubt where Europe is concerned. After all, he has visited Italy once, and purportedly stopped to refuel at Shannon airport on his way back, where I assume he inhaled some pizza, washed down with a Guinness.

People who know him speak about how insular our Mario is, a man who concentrates his mind on the tiniest details. Can you imagine how he would organize White House softball games? Like Jackass Carter, he trusts almost no one, and his closest adviser is his son, Andrew. Handy Andy is an attorney with a lucrative practice in New York City.

But I digress. The Ancient Greeks, in their infinite wisdom, always believed

that one reveals his true character during a crisis. Cuomo certainly revealed his when—as a fellow politician put it—"he invented a moral crusade to justify his out-of-control ambition to be President," an out-of-control ambition that allowed him to build up a \$9 million campaign chest for 1986, most of which came from the kind of people he has always ridiculed the Republicans for dealing with: lobbyists, investors, big-time shysters, and *real estate developers*. And did honest Mario apologize or give the slightest explanation as to why all those special interests were suddenly funneling money to his campaign? Of course not. He was worried that people might begin to think he's full of tortellini.

As my granddaddy used to say, honesty and integrity do not begin and end in one's wallet. There are also intellectual honesty and integrity, and the creation of conditions that breed honesty and integrity in government. Which Cuomo has not done, but then neither have I. Because I, too, have misrepresented myself to you. The heading *Politique Internationale* is as misleading this time around as some of Mario's pronouncements. There is nothing *internationale* about the Capo of the Empire State, and I don't care if I'm not allowed to write the word pasta or catch another whiff of garlic for another six years. □

BOOK REVIEWS

Ten years ago the United States threw itself a party to mark the two hundredth birthday of the Declaration of Independence—and to help forget Vietnam, Watergate, and Richard Nixon—in the course of which President Gerald Ford visited Old North Church, flags and fireworks bedecked our skies, and stately frigates sailed into New York harbor. It was great fun to watch, but like Ford's presidency, not much to think about. The Tall Ships were majestic, and splendidly out-of-date; was the Declaration supposed to be, too?

By a typically American miracle, however, we get a second chance to turn two hundred, though this time we celebrate the bicentennial of the Constitution rather than of the Union. This commemoration will stretch out over at least three years, honoring the drafting (1787) and ratification (1788) of the Constitution, as well as the commencement of government (1789) under it; and a case could certainly be made for extending the observance to the ratification of the Bill of Rights (1791). The official national commemoration of these stirring events will be directed by the Commission on the Bicentennial of the United States Constitution, comprising twenty-three (part-time) members and about twelve million dollars' worth of staff, who will direct (in the first year) five million dollars' worth of programs, no doubt along the lines of preliminary staff proposals for bumper stickers, I kid you not, announcing "I Love the Constitution" and "Thank You, Founding Fathers."

In short, the serious commemoration of the Constitution is not likely to be the work of the Commission. It is more likely to come from private sources—whether the researches of good scholars (often sponsored by the National Endowment for the Humanities) or the faithful and voluntary efforts of good citizens; from municipal and state ceremonies that honor local heroes; and perhaps even from the speeches of our leading politicians. Although it hasn't been widely noticed, there is a boomlet of sorts in the making of serious speeches by national political figures—speeches that tackle, howsoever rashly, issues that are fundamental to American constitutionalism: think of Reagan and Cuomo on

Charles R. Kesler is assistant professor of political science and associate director of the Henry Salvatori Center at Claremont-McKenna College.

NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM: THE INTELLECTUAL ORIGINS OF THE CONSTITUTION

Forrest McDonald/University Press of Kansas/\$25.00

REMEMBERING WHO WE ARE: OBSERVATIONS OF A SOUTHERN CONSERVATIVE

M. E. Bradford/University of Georgia Press/\$15.95

Charles R. Kesler

religion and politics, or Meese and Brennan on judicial activism. To be sure, Webster and Hayne need have no fear for their reputations, at least not yet; but the Bicentennial season is just dawning, and with it the realization that the 1988 elections will be conducted right in the middle of the commemoration. What we have seen lately, then, is simply the opening round of the battle over the interpretation of the Constitution that will, one way or another, color the entire 1988 campaign.

The Democrats, to put it bluntly, are going to pose as the saviors of the Constitution from those right-wing radicals who would subvert religious freedom, judicial independence, and the equal protection of the laws for the poor and disadvantaged, as well as for the long-suffering middle class. They will appeal for support to the great army of liberal historians, political scientists, and constitutional theorists ensconced in the

universities and long-practiced in the arts of political power. The Republicans will rally around Attorney General Meese's call for a return to the "jurisprudence of original intention," but this will quickly lead to confusion in the ranks, for whereas the liberal academics are nearly unanimous in their advocacy of the "living Constitution"—i.e., the Constitution that has no fixed ends or principles save its infinite adaptability to the dictates of the *Zeitgeist*, as interpreted by the divining class of judges—conservative thinkers are divided over not only what the original intention of the Framers was, but whether they had an original intention at all.

Case in point: *Novus Ordo Seclorum*, the new book by Forrest McDonald, certainly the leading conservative historian of the Founding

period. Like all of his works, this one displays at once an encyclopedic learning and a biographer's sense of character that make his retelling of a familiar story always new, vital, and unexpected. Somehow he finds angles to work that no one else has seen or seen so well; and his prose never fails to engage, even if it has a quirk or two. The book is subtitled "The Intellectual Origins of the Constitution," and true to his title, McDonald takes us on a tour of the intellectual background of the Framers—the principles of English law, "systems of political theory" and "systems of political economy" that were familiar to them, as well as the lessons they had learned from the experience of the Revolution and of life under the Articles of Confederation. There are many things to be savored in these overviews, not the least of which are the telling corrections he makes to Garry Wills's attempt to read John Locke out of the Founding; to Bernard Bailyn and Gordon Wood's exaggerated emphasis on the Opposition tradition; and to the notion of the supplanting of citizen virtue by bourgeois self-interest that numerous scholars, from Herbert Storing to J.G.A. Pocock, have proclaimed as the moral of the story of the Constitution.

Still, there is a certain asymmetry between McDonald's expansive intellectual history and his cramped interpretation of the Constitutional Convention, which forms the second half of the book. It is difficult to convert intellectual history into political history, and that is the problem with his account of the convention: he has already boxed James Wilson, George Mason, James Madison, and the other Framers into intellectual corners—Wilson is a "court-party nationalist," a disciple of Hume, Smith, and Blackstone; Mason is a "republican ideologue," a follower of Bolingbroke and Montesquieu; Madison is midway between the two, "an ideologue in search of an ideology"—when suddenly they are brought on stage and asked to think and act on their own, rather than as captives of an intellectual inheritance.

Not that ideas are not important; but how much do we really learn about the Convention by being told, for example, that "the Randolph plan had called for a fundamentally Montesquieuan separation of powers, and on one occasion Randolph cited Montesquieu in support of his argument for proportional representation, and on another he ut-



tered a dictum of Montesquieu's without attribution"? As McDonald himself recognizes, "the political theories and ideologies at the command of the Framers were . . . of limited practical use"; indeed, "they used political theorists to justify positions that they had taken for nontheoretical reasons." Then why take the trouble to present such an elaborate catalogue of "systems" of political and economic

theory? In any event, what were the "nontheoretical reasons" that guided the Framers? To construct an answer, McDonald shuttles back and forth between "principles" and "interests," only to decide that the compromises between them were governed mostly by "experience, both their own and that of the mother country," inasmuch as experience was, in John Dickinson's words, "a better guide than reason." In

some areas, of course, such as the distribution of powers between the national and state governments, there was no experience to go on, and the Framers had to rely on "common sense, their collective wisdom, and their willingness to compromise." But this wisdom did not amount to a theoretical "system," and so McDonald concludes that "it is meaningless to say that the Framers intended this or that

the Framers intended that: their positions were diverse and, in many particulars, incompatible."

So much, it seems, for the "jurisprudence of original intention." If a leading conservative historian cannot find any support for it, who can? And if the Framers were entitled to draw their own lessons from experience, why aren't our newfangled judges? But what we have here is a logical fallacy—the false dilemma—for it is untrue that the alternative is either "experience" or a "system" of theory. What McDonald—as well as most of the parties to the debate over the Supreme Court—overlooks is the virtue of prudence, the practical (not theoretical) wisdom of the political man who knows how to deliberate well, that is, who knows what is the best thing to do under the circumstances. To figure this out, he must know what is the best thing to do simply, so that he may discern how best to get there, insofar as it is possible, from here. For the delegates to the Constitutional Convention, the ends of government were well known, and had been proclaimed, in lapidary prose, in the Declaration of Independence. All that was wanting was a form of government that would achieve those ends. The weakness in McDonald's otherwise fine book is that it wants a consideration of those ends (as *ends*, i.e., not as intellectual background).

Given that omission, it is understandable that his volume stops well short of an interpretation of *The Federalist*, the greatest exposition of the "original intention" of the Constitution; for it is in that famous series of essays that "Publius" defends the principal institutional contrivances of the Convention not as mere products of experience or as jury-rigged compromises or as deductions from a systematic theory—but as "inventions of prudence." Without the ability of practical reason to deliberate on such means to moral ends, it is impossible to have any moral or political intention properly so called, much less an original one.

M. E. Bradford's new book is something else again. *Remembering Who We Are* is a collection of essays spanning twenty years, on subjects as various as Abraham Lincoln, Southern agrarianism, William Faulkner, and federal support for the arts and humanities. It is in many ways a scrappy and courageous book: Bradford has never been one to back away from a fight, and there is a zest to his polemics that shines through even when he (rarely) does not seem to be enjoying them. To be sure, Bradford is not known for dwelling on the conventional pieties, and in this as in his other books he

"Bristles with wit and intellectual energy" —CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

NOVUS ORDO SECLORUM The Intellectual Origins of the Constitution

Forrest McDonald

"A masterpiece . . .

McDonald's status as an interpreter of the Constitution is unequalled—magisterial. . . . Conservatives in particular should . . . salute his achievement as not merely an intellectual feat but also an unparalleled act of service to the Republic."

—M. E. Bradford, writing in
The National Review

"An important, comprehensive statement

about the most fundamental period in American history. It deals authoritatively with topics no student of America can afford to ignore."

—Harvey Mansfield, author of
The Spirit of Liberalism

"This is vintage McDonald.

He is learned, but wears his learning lightly. He is assertive without being combative. . . . This is a realistic, tough-minded book about the role of ideas among practical men of affairs at a pivotal and difficult moment in human history."

—Michael Kammen, author of
A Season of Youth: The American Revolution and Historical Imagination

"A magnificent recreation . . .

The next two years will see the publication of literally dozens of books on the history of the Constitution. If even a single one of them matches this one in insight and clarity, that will be an occasion for national rejoicing. No book is more likely to demonstrate . . . the sheer excitement that can still be generated when a first rate mind confronts one of the monumental events of modern history."

—Sanford Levinson, coauthor of
Processes of Constitutional Decisionmaking

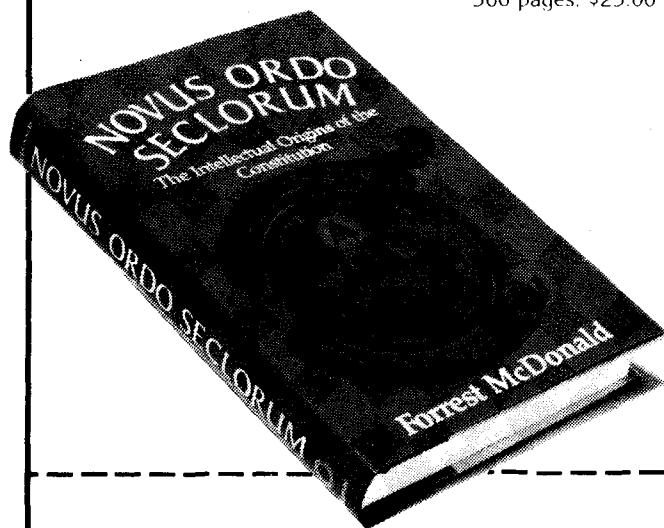
"What a splendid book!

And what a pleasure to read history that gets to the heart of the ideas directly."

—J. H. Hexter, author of
On Historians: Reappraisals of Some of the Makers of Modern History

A History Book Club selection

360 pages, \$25.00



Publisher of the American Presidency Series

University Press of Kansas

329 Carruth, Lawrence KS 66045

**20% discount to
American Spectator readers**

List price \$25.00

Special price with this coupon \$20.00

Send _____ copies of *Novus Ordo Seclorum* @ \$20.00 plus \$1.50 for postage/handling. (Orders must be prepaid or charged to VISA or MasterCard. Make checks payable to University Press of Kansas.)



University Press of Kansas
329 Carruth, Lawrence KS 66045

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

_____ MasterCard _____ VISA

Expires _____

Account no. _____

Signature _____

Charge it by phone: 913-864-4154

DSPE

philosophizes with a hammer, smashing away at the most sacred idols of the American political tradition—Lincoln, he “myth” of equality in the Declaration of Independence, the apocalyptic strain in American presidential rhetoric. He glimpses only tarnish in the “shining city on a hill” of Puritanism, and has no truck with “ideology” of any sort; his politics is an appreciation of the American tradition as it existed before the Great Emancipator “derailed” it, to borrow Willmoore Kendall’s term. Although the book’s subtitle is “Observations of a Southern Conservative,” Bradford’s point is that the original intention of the Framers embodied the highest traditions of antebellum Southern conservatism, and that by “remembering who we are,” Southern conservatives may direct the country as a whole back to its Founding principles.

This willingness to take his own tradition seriously, to see it as the indispensable starting point for political reflection, is a healthy reminder of the political philosophy of the classics, of that inheritance of thought that antedates America by two thousand years and that stands today as the principal antidote to the nihilism that begins in rootlessness and ends in cosmopolitan tyranny. But the classics, although they began with their own city or their own political tradition, were not content to remain there, because the claim that their tradition made to be respectable, to be worthy, to be right, required for its own validation an inquiry into the universal question of right. In the same way, the American Declaration of Independence justifies the freedom of our own people on the basis of a universal principle, that “all men are created equal” and are therefore endowed with certain natural rights.

Bradford refuses stubbornly to leave the horizon of his own tradition, and rather than following the Declaration’s prudent path from America to universal principles and back to America, he rejects any attempt to justify conservatism on universal grounds. Or rather, he fancies that he does; for while saying he will ne’er consent, he consents. To justify his refusal to appeal to universals he must make a universal argument: he appeals to the distinction between “nomocratic” and “teleocratic” politics, between politics that live by, and for, their customary ways, on the one hand, and those that are “purpose-oriented,” that have abstract or universalistic ends, on the other. But this distinction—a theoretical martini that is two parts Oakeshott, one part Voegelin, but that can be made drier—would itself be completely foreign to a genuinely traditional polity, which

would not know that its tradition is not true, i.e., that it is only one among many traditions.

In the end, memory is no match for reason because men want to know that what they remember—their tradition—is good, not just that it is theirs. And besides, there are contradictory elements in every tradition, and memories are always faulty and partial. This is certainly true of Bradford’s recollections of Roman history, for example, which need to be refreshed by some attention to Roman texts, and of his reading of the Declaration of Independence, which is so glaringly par-

tial that even he seems weary of squinting at it. If he is right, however, a return to the “jurisprudence of original intention” would mean returning to the view that only white, property-owning free men are citizens under the Constitution, or in fact are equal human beings under the Declaration. If so, the Republican party had better either rethink its commitment to original intention, or abandon its tradition as the party of Abraham Lincoln. In either case, until it can find a reasonable way back to the principles of the founding, its prospects for the future do not look good. □

THE OUTSIDE STORY: HOW DEMOCRATS AND REPUBLICANS REELECTED REAGAN

Richard Brookhiser/Doubleday/\$16.95

Terry Teachout

Modern American journalists have had trouble finding a *via media* between grimness and frivolity when it comes to covering presidential politics. H.L. Mencken wrote brilliantly on the subject in *Making a President*, but it is increasingly hard for readers to sympathize with a point of view so comprehensively nihilistic as to dismiss the entire political process as a peculiarly virulent species of buncombe. (The making of Presidents is necessarily a weightier affair in the age of The Button.) And the alternative has previously seemed to be that starchy, humorless species of liberal punditry of which Theodore White and Elizabeth Drew are the most flagrant practitioners.

In *The Outside Story: How Democrats and Republicans Reelected Reagan*, Richard Brookhiser has taken as his model a more modest brand of political journalism: the kind of colorful, personality-oriented writing of which A.J. Liebling’s *The Earl of Louisiana* is exemplary. And Mr. Brookhiser is very nearly up to the supremely high standards of his model. His set pieces on the various Democratic candidates, for example, are consistently sharp and amusing:

Fortune gave Mondale baleful, fishy eyes; fortune and high school football (at which he excelled) a nose that looked like a failed design for a can opener. The nose was also the place from which his voice emerged, about a quarter of the way down the bridge by the sound of it, where the bone ends and the cartilage begins. Mondale made it up

on his hair—brown gone gray, smooth and handsome as a badger-tail shaving brush. On his hair and on his grin, which could light up his face—except when he was trying to be funny. Mondale recited his speech solemnly, like someone explaining the facts of life.

On the whole, though, Mr. Brookhiser’s sense of humor is more a matter of overall lightness of tone than vigorous one-on-one headknocking. Sometimes it inheres in an essentially serious piece of analysis. (“Ferraro pegged her discussions of Lebanon and Central America to trips she had taken there as a congresswoman. . . . She referred to them for the same reason Baudelaire wrote about sin, or Thomas Wolfe about Asheville: it was all they knew.”) More often it is simply a single component of his first-rate journalistic skills, a not-so-simple matter of taking in the obvious and finding it revealing.

But this lightness never obscures the integrity of Mr. Brookhiser’s argument. His title, for example, is charming, but the point it makes is perfectly straightforward: presidential campaigns are ultimately about issues and action rather than image and manipulation. (“Four achievements, one flop, a million draws: what could the Democrats offer instead?”) Beneath the fluffy meringue of an adroit journalist at work, *The Outside Story* is actually predicated on a vision of American politics which sounds at times uncannily like the rational-choice models of James Q. Wilson or Charles Murray:

In the course of the 1984 campaign, eight men sought the nomination of one of the major parties. The winner and his running mate then took on the incumbents, the nominees of the other major party. In the last year of the campaign alone, they spoke millions of words and made thousands of appearances. Surely they meant something by it? . . . People don’t take it all in uncritically. They choose, which means they choose differently; because they are, in fact, different.

It is this view of the political process that has led Mr. Brookhiser to write a book about the 1984 campaign based not on background interviews and astonishing revelations *à la* Deep Throat but on the simplest method of all, “to focus on what the candidates and their supporters say and do in public; to leave the green room and the wings and go out front, and attend, with respect, to the performance.” And (Mr. Brookhiser modestly omits) to sit down and write about it afterwards with the kind of deconstructionist zeal that penetrates the woozy surfaces of stump rhetoric to isolate the hard nubs of fact within. Witness this cogent analysis of Mario Cuomo’s Notre Dame speech on abortion:

There was only one weak spot. Consensus was the glue that held his position together. Who provided the consensus on abortion? Two hundred million Americans, ultimately. But wasn’t Governor Mario Cuomo a prominent and respected one of them? When, before Notre Dame, had he made a resonant statement of his personal opinion of abortion? . . . Cuomo had found, in consensus and prudence, a way of having religion when he wanted it and not having it when he didn’t.

AUDIO-FORUM® offers the best in self-instructional foreign language courses using audio cassettes — featuring those used to train U.S. State Dept. personnel in Spanish, French, German, Portuguese, Japanese, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic, Chinese, Italian, and more. **Learn a foreign language on your own!** Free Catalog

Call (203) 453-9794, or fill out and send this ad to —

Audio-Forum
Room 230, On-the-Green
Guilford, CT 06437

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State/Zip _____

I am particularly interested in (check choice):

☐ Spanish ☐ French ☐ German ☐ Polish

☐ Greek ☐ Russian ☐ Vietnamese

☐ Bulgarian ☐ Turkish ☐ Hausa

☐ Other _____

The Outside Story is unusual, perhaps even singular, in the civility which its author brings to the analysis of partisan politics. Mr. Brookhiser's frame of reference, unlike that of so many of his contemporaries, is remarkably wide. (Liberalism, he observes casually at one point, "hasn't contributed anything first-rate to art or philosophy—to beauty or thought—since Swinburne or Mill.") He recognized that the making of a President is a mere epiphenomenon of the larger *philosophy* of conservatism. His discussion of the pro-life heckling of Geraldine Ferraro, for instance, is worlds away from the narrow vulgarity of those misguided young conservatives who, emulating the worst excesses of the sixties, take to the streets in search of instant resolution:

Civility is not the same as politeness, or manners. They express unthinking convention, what is done or not done, because everyone does or fails to do it—the morality of head counts. Civility is self-conscious;

it knows what it does. In the case of abortion, it recognizes that the gulf between contending sides is fundamental and irreconcilable, *and yet* that the partisans of both positions have more in common, as Americans, than the sum of their differences. . . . Politicians should not be silenced, and the abuse directed at them must not seek to expel them from the human community. No pigs; and no Mafia-murdered fetuses.

Perhaps Mr. Brookhiser is naive in his belief that the public is more or less rational, that politics is a genuinely serious business in which ends and means must be balanced judiciously. Mencken would certainly have thought so. "The truth," he once remarked, "to the overwhelming majority of mankind, is indistinguishable from a headache. After trying a few shots of it on his customers, the larval statesman concludes sadly that it must hurt them." But Richard Brookhiser is having none of it. "It is impossible," he observes at the end of *The Outside Story*,

to write about the carryings-on of American politicians without irony. But whenever it feels impossible to write about them with anything else, a mental glance at Washington (the scene of their worst outrages!) is a useful and necessary relief. Who best understands the principles that inspired those clean structures, and who is best able to sustain them, are ultimately issues of every presidential elec-

tion, and themes of its outside story.

It is, at any rate, nice to think so, nicer still to read so witty and compelling an argument for the good sense of the American public. If there is a better book on the 1984 presidential elections than *The Outside Story*, I have not yet read it. □

FAMILY AND NATION

Daniel Patrick Moynihan/Harcourt Brace Jovanovich/\$12.95

Allan C. Carlson

We Americans owe Daniel Patrick Moynihan a large debt. During the 1960s and early 1970s, he labored almost alone to place the family on our political agenda. As early as 1965, he had noted the serious erosion in the value of the tax exemption for children and urged corrective action; only in 1985 did an increase in the personal exemption from \$1,040 to \$2,000 become the pro-family centerpiece of the Reagan tax reform plan. Moynihan's famous 1965 report, *The Negro Family: The Case for National Action*, reported on the emerging linkage of poverty to family structure within urban ghettos. Through progress in civil rights, he said, blacks in intact families were moving toward income equality with whites. In contrast, blacks from female-headed families were increasingly trapped in a hopeless tangle of pathologies. This insight earned Moynihan the "racist" and "sexist" epithets, and left him for a time a political pariah. Twenty years later, though, prominent blacks such as William Raspberry and Glenn Loury are acknowledging Moynihan as a prophet. Even the "Nixon-Moynihan" Family Assistance Plan of 1969-1970, flawed and ill-fated though it was, focused some attention on the troubling economics of modern family life, a subject which now promises to dominate domestic policy debates of the latter 1980s.

In April 1985, Moynihan reviewed his career in family policy as Harvard University's Godkin Lecturer. His three talks have now been published as *Family and Nation*, which, like Moynihan's earlier books, is entertaining, provocative, and often maddening. The

book's title is a variation on the *Nation and Family* label used by Swedish social democrat Alva Myrdal in 1941. Between 1934 and 1939, she and her husband Gunnar devoted their considerable energies to constructing family and population policies for Sweden. While their comprehensive proposals aimed, in essence, at the socialization of child rearing, their analysis of the components of family policy was without equal. In 1968, Moynihan wrote the introduction to a new edition of *Nation and Family*. Without adopting the Myrdals' full social democratic perspective, Moynihan clearly learned from them how to "think about" the family. He came to understand that no large modern government, whatever its intentions, can avoid having policies that heavily influence family formation, structure, and relationships. He also learned, particularly from Gunnar Myrdal, that good social-science research helps only to clarify options: social policy itself must flow from moral judgments, which social science cannot create.

Moynihan makes many telling points in *Family and Nation*. He emphasizes that the disorganization of family life has spread beyond blacks and other minorities to white society as well. Between 1970 and 1984, for example, the proportion of white families with female heads doubled from 10 to 20 percent. He shows also how the Social Security system has been used quietly over the past two decades as a massive income redistribution scheme to reduce poverty among the elderly. Yet this state-enforced transfer of resources from the young to the old has produced an unintended result: The poverty rate of children in the United States is now seven times that of the

Allan C. Carlson is editor of *Persuasion* at Work, published by the Rockford Institute.



SARKES TARZIAN INC

WRCB CHANNEL 3, CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

KTVN CHANNEL 2, RENO, NEVADA

WTTS 92.3 FM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WGTC 1370 AM, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA

WAJI 95.1 FM, FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

CORPORATE OFFICE, BOX 62, BLOOMINGTON, INDIANA 47402
TELEPHONE 812 332 7251

derly, an unprecedented situation among modern nations. In the contemporary American welfare state, he concludes, parents and their children are big losers.

Moynihan castigates those social work therapists who have emphasized the individual to the exclusion of the family and those "social scientists" who have flirted with "alternative lifestyles." Honest social research, he correctly notes, tends to have a strong conservative bias, raising obstacles to, rather than encouraging, social reform and otherwise telling liberals things they would rather not hear. The height of political folly, he admits, came in Jimmy Carter's 1980 White House Conference of Families, which degenerated into an acrimonious dispute over the definition of "family." The lesson was that without a theory of society, including a clear method of measuring family health, political action is worse than useless.

Yet Moynihan is also the senior senator from New York, a Democrat, and regrettably he couldn't resist dragging politics into his analysis. His treatment of Charles Murray's *Losing Ground*, to begin with, is less a dispassionate critique than a full-blown assault. The Senator also levels cheap shots at the Reagan Administration, accusing the President of holding "white, male, and Protestant" biases, laying on him full blame for the growth in the size of government since 1980, and so on. Democrats, the author implies, are almost blameless in accounting for Washington's excessive girth; at one point, he even suggests that his party stands for a small federal government. Of course, Moynihan knows better.

Even in these areas, though, the Senator does offer some useful insights. He acknowledges that the Democratic party of the 1965-1984 era was drifting away from the ideas of church, family, and community. He is also correct that the Reagan Administration's concern for family well-being has not extended much beyond the rhetorical, and that there are libertarian-styled minions within the White House who view children as mere "consumption goods," of no greater intrinsic worth than a dog.

But deeper problems haunt the book. By the end Moynihan edges close to the notion that "family policy equals welfare policy." Forgotten are his promising earlier references to the Catholic theory of the family wage (in which compensation for work is skewed in favor of heads-of-households with children) and to the failure of U.S. policies to take into account the very different burdens borne, for example,

by the father with nine children and the unmarried male. The Senator's central formulation—"The essence of family policy is that it focuses on the outcomes of other policies"—allows him simply to advance standard liberal cure-alls (more AFDC, more Medicaid, more federal job training) without giving attention to specific family questions.

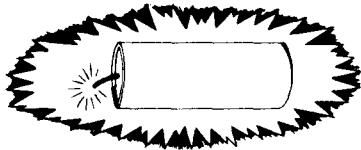
Moynihan, the modern Democrat,

also quails before the feminist movement. He refers constantly to the "feminization of poverty," to the rapid rise in the number of female-headed families locked in poverty, and to the new American underclass. He dismisses Murray's argument that these are products of government welfare policies, but offers no systematic explanation for their cause. Nor does he account for the failure of federal pro-

grams to halt the disintegration. These things just sort of happened.

Wholly ignored is the systematic campaign of the feminist movement against the family unit, which began in the late 1960s, ran into the early 1980s, and found an institutional home in the Democratic party. The basic feminist goal was to secure economic equality with, and independence from, men. Feminism's political triumph meant the

Help us explode myths about Catholics!



Harvard historian Arthur M. Schlesinger Sr. once said that prejudice against the Roman Catholic Church is "the deepest bias in the history of the American people."

There is a tenacious myth among Americans generally that says Catholics are stupid, lazy, and superstitious.

Among fundamentalists there is that whopper of a myth that the Pope is the Anti-Christ and the Catholic Church is the Whore of Babylon, a hideous and many-tentacled pagan cult.

Among evangelicals there is a more sedate myth that Catholicism is a numbing religion riddled with dead formulas, empty rituals, and rigid prohibitions — a legalistic religion which fears the Bible and freezes out the grace of Christ.

Among secular humanists there is a politically handy myth that only Catholics regard abortion as murder, and that no one in his right mind who is not a Catholic would object to legalized abortion.

Secular humanists also purvey the myth that Catholics call abortion murder because they are puritanical and hate sex. Moreover, it is said, Catholics opposed to abortion don't really care about the sanctity of human life, as they claim to, because they are utterly indifferent to the threat to innocent life posed by nuclear weapons.

Then, there is the abiding myth that Catholics can't really explain why they are Catholic, that when Catholics are challenged their convictions crumble, and hence Catholics fear democracy, the open circulation of ideas, and freedom of religion.

Oddly, myths about Catholicism have even worked their way into the Catholic Church her-

self. Hence, among modernist Catholics there is a corrosive myth that Catholics who believe in the creeds and the Church's magisterium are both narrow-minded ignoramuses who self-righteously cling to the letter of the law and mean-spirited bigots who fear Protestants and fail in charity toward their neighbors.

This is an intimidating syllabus of myths — but happily, each myth is inaccurate and erroneous, and each one is disproved by the existence and insistence of the NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Actually, we at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW don't waste much time fretting about the myth-makers; rather, we are content to be living witnesses to the truth about Catholicism and the falsehood of all the myths.

The established media have duly noted us: *Time* finds us "conservative" (true enough, when it comes to doctrine, morality, and ecclesial authority), *Newsweek* says we're "cheeky" (probably more true than we realize), and *The New York Times* thinks our editorial policy is "curious" (probably very true, at least from the *Times's* perspective).

The point is: if you want a Roman Catholic magazine that confounds the conventional stereotypes, then the NEW OXFORD REVIEW is for you. Consider the words of Francis X. Maier, Editor of the weekly *National Catholic Register*: "The NEW OXFORD REVIEW is simply the best publication of its kind in the United States — always provocative, always interesting, always solidly Catholic." If that's what you've been looking for in a Catholic monthly magazine, then help us explode myths and prejudices, and subscribe today!

(Please allow 2 to 8 weeks for delivery of first issue)

SPECIAL DISCOUNT RATES FOR FIRST-TIME SUBSCRIBERS

- ☐ One-year subscription \$14 (regularly \$19)
- ☐ One-year student, unemployed, or retired person's subscription \$12 (regularly \$16)
- ☐ Two-year subscription \$23 (regularly \$35)
- ☐ One-year Canadian or foreign subscription US\$17 (regularly \$22) Payment must be drawn in US Dollars
- ☐ Sample copy \$3.50

Send coupon or letter. Make check payable to NEW OXFORD REVIEW. Mail to:

NEW OXFORD REVIEW
Room 381
1069 Kains Ave.
Berkeley, CA 94706

NAME (Please print or type)

STREET ADDRESS

CITY STATE ZIP CODE

PAYMENT MUST ACCOMPANY ORDER

hijacking of the civil rights movement by white middle-class women, which effectively scuttled attempts to create jobs for lower-class black males.

Moynihan is fully aware of the problem. For example, he does note that in Project Head Start "we were . . . paying women . . . up to \$9.20 an hour to look after the children of men who couldn't make \$1.50 an hour." Unintentionally echoing George Gilder,

he suggests that if job programs in the 1960s had concentrated on male employment, the "underclass" problem might have been nipped in the bud. There are hints that he's aware of recent research showing that \$80 billion worth of federal job training and job creation programs since 1960 have produced *no positive results* among black males. These same programs, though, did accelerate family breakdown by also training black women, who have proved able to translate their training into successful employment and—with their "independence factor" enhanced—quick divorces. Moynihan's lengthy quotation from British anthropologist J. D. Unwin's *Sex and Culture* also reveals full understanding that the male-female issue—the question of gender roles—lies near the heart of the poverty problem.

Yet Moynihan chooses to ignore the implications. He actually buys into one of the great myths of modern sociology, that "*as such*, youth from female-headed households are not necessarily more likely to have difficulties than other children" (emphasis added). Secondary factors are the important elements, he says. By this, Moynihan means that if someone, presumably the state, would provide female-headed families with greater income, more "parental contact time," male role models, the means of stronger discipline, and so on, the children in such families would function with few difficulties. Of course, it is no coincidence that this list of needs suspiciously resembles those traditionally met by a father: a perfect example of circular reasoning. As critics of sociology long ago explained, the use of terms such as *per se*, *as such*, and *in itself* in social research almost invariably signals serious logical difficulties.¹ Moynihan knows this, but the feminist beast must be appeased.

Indeed, he goes on to adopt the feminist solution to family breakdown: punish the men. Moynihan concludes that "a credible family policy will insist that responsibility begins with the individual." While this is certainly a worthy principle, he translates it exclusively into a federal campaign to track down illegitimate daddies and make them pay. As part of a comprehensive effort to re-create families with employed fathers at home, this effort would have a place. Alone, it seems merely punitive.

In the end, Senator Moynihan resigns himself to the inability or inap-

propriateness of government to adopt a single model of family health. This is an unfortunate conclusion coming from one of our nation's few authentic politician-philosophers, particularly one who argues that a clear theory of family must lie at the heart of effective policy. The opportunity now exists to create an American family policy that might actually help families. Social conservatives are eager to translate the "pro-family" label into policy, par-

ticularly in the area of tax relief. Liberals such as Bill Moyers and Ellen Goodman have also recently discovered the plight of the family, and are searching for ideas.

Moynihan has the knowledge, background, and sense of conviction to become a leader of this emerging coalition. It would be tragic if his recently acquired ideological shackles left him crippled at the very moment he was needed the most. □

PLAYING GOD IN YELLOWSTONE: THE DESTRUCTION OF AMERICA'S FIRST NATIONAL PARK

Alston Chase/Atlantic Monthly Press/\$24.95

William Tucker

When I was in college I spent two wonderful weeks in a remote Yellowstone cabin where a friend was working as a smoke ranger. It felt like the Old West. One day I saw a senior fire warden head off into the woods with a horse and packmule for a two-week patrol of the remote wilderness. As I was walking back to the cabin one night, a bear crossed my path about ten feet in front of me.

Although we tend to think of such images as eternal, we know they are not. Fifteen years ago, for example, Yellowstone gave up fighting forest fires altogether and adopted a "natural burning" policy that is supposed to rejuvenate vegetation more quickly. Smoke rangers are now a thing of the past.

Still, it is astonishing to pick up Alston Chase's *Playing God in Yellowstone* and realize that the very "ecology" of Yellowstone has become as malleable as the Washington political landscape. In this thoroughly troubling account, the animals of Yellowstone emerge as a species of low-level political appointee, subject to every change of administration. If the party of the elk gets the upper hand, the Northern Yellowstone Elk will thrive, perhaps too much for their own good. If the party of the bear loses power, the grizzlies may be out of luck.

Primarily, Chase believes, the animals of Yellowstone have been caught in a squeeze between a sluggish Park Service bureaucracy and a misguided, other-worldly environmental movement. The service, dominated by rangers whose main background is law enforcement, has long resisted the ad-

vice of knowledgeable scientists. Environmentalists, who might have supplied the missing expertise, have concerned themselves only with "separating man from nature." As a result, a series of disastrous policy decisions has brought about radically adverse changes in Yellowstone's natural environment.

The most tragic episodes Chase recounts concern the fate of the Yellowstone elk and the grizzly bear. The elk—now the dominant species in northern Yellowstone—are apparently not even native to the park. Although they may have summered there during prehistoric times, they regularly left Yellowstone's high plateau during the winter for lower pastures. The elk were never more than one group among large populations of mule deer, mountain sheep, beavers, antelope, moose, bison, wolves, coyotes, mountain lions, and other wildlife.

During the 1920s and 30s, however, the Park Service became obsessed with "predator control." Wolves, coyotes, and mountain lions were dubbed "Nazis of the forest." The rangers carried out a brutal extermination campaign that was largely successful. All this foolishly upset the natural balance. Ungulates like elk and deer, formerly kept under control by predation, began multiplying beyond all reasonable proportions.

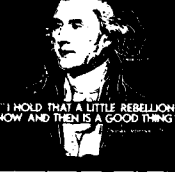
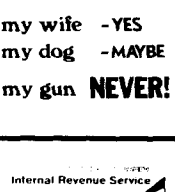
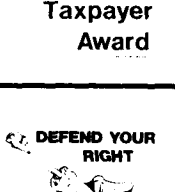
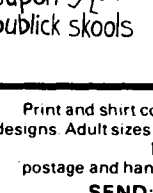
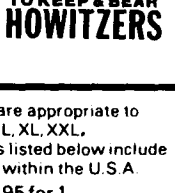
Realizing its mistake, the Park Service has still found it impossible to re-establish the lost populations of wolves and cougars (although it apparently faked a "comeback" of the original wolf population during the 1970s). By the early 1960s, the rangers were forced into the painful task of thinning the elk herds through entrapment and slaugh-

William Tucker is The American Spectator's New York correspondent.

LIBER-TEES®

A collection of somewhat outrageous T-shirts

All designs copyrighted by B.M.G.

Print and shirt colors are appropriate to designs. Adult sizes S, M, L, XL, XXL. Prices listed below include postage and handling within the U.S.A.

SEND: \$ 7.95 for 1
\$14.95 for 2

To: Blue Mt. Graphics
125 Liberty St. Allentown, PA 18102

T-SHIRTS ARE GREAT GIFTS!

ter. Resistance came almost at once from the new environmental movement. Forced out of these attempts at human intervention, the Park Service has settled on a policy of "letting nature have its way." As a result of this noninterference, the burgeoning elk herds are now stripping the ranges bare. "Exclosures"—small patches of land fenced in for scientific comparison—are now lush oases in the midst of a sea of disappearing vegetation. Soil erosion has become a serious problem.

The hard-grazing-and-browsing elk have pushed out the mule deer, antelope, and beaver, and have put severe pressure on the moose and mountain sheep. Yet still the Park Service persists in "letting nature have its way." When a pink-eye infection spread recently among mountain sheep, the rangers elected not to make simple inoculations, even though the disease results in temporary blindness that causes the animals to fall to their death. In another typical incident, Chase describes a scene where four men with snowmobiles tried unsuccessfully to rescue a buffalo that had fallen through the ice near a park hotel. All the while, a young ranger stood by doing nothing. Drowning, she said, was just "nature's way."

Even sadder is the fate of the Yellowstone grizzly. When tourism first came to the park in the late nineteenth century, the bears quickly adapted to the human presence by feeding on human garbage. Because grizzlies can be dangerous, park officials set up out-of-the-way dumping grounds where the bears could feed. Some of the sites eventually became tourist attractions.

This peaceful coexistence lasted until the early 1970s, when environmentalists decided it was "unnatural" for grizzlies to be "hooked on garbage." Under a new policy, garbage was incinerated, and the bears were driven back into the wild. The result, by Chase's account, has been a disaster. Forced out of their adopted habitat, the grizzlies began pushing into human settlements. Hunger made them more aggressive; there have been more maulings and deaths in recent years than at any time in Yellowstone's history. While the bears had previously remained in the park, they have now invaded surrounding towns. (The grizzlies, after all, do not know that Yellowstone's boundaries define the limits of their "ecosystem.")

In order to deal with this new "population problem," the Park Service has been quietly slaughtering bears in large numbers—even though the grizzly was on the endangered-species list until recently. A few maverick scientists—whose books have been

banned from Yellowstone's bookshops—have continually urged the service to go back to feeding the bears, arguing that there is not enough "wild" in the park for the bears to inhabit. Still, environmental purity remains the standard. As one exasperated nature-lover told Chase, "If we can't have wild bear, we're not going to have any bear at all."

Chase recommends a greater profes-

sionalism among park rangers and an environmental vision that makes room for man's place in nature. His history of the Park Service is a fascinating account of one of the many turf wars that have taken place among blue-collar and white-collar workers over the past twenty-five years. The Park Service, originally manned by retired U.S. Cavalry officers, fought off participation by scientists for decades, and is

still very good at shrugging off criticism.

Environmentalists, on the other hand, have contributed little more than an over-romanticized view of nature. They have idealized American Indians as "early ecologists," for example, but have forgotten that the Indians' main hunting technique was to set fire to forests and prairies in order to flush wildlife and make room for more game.

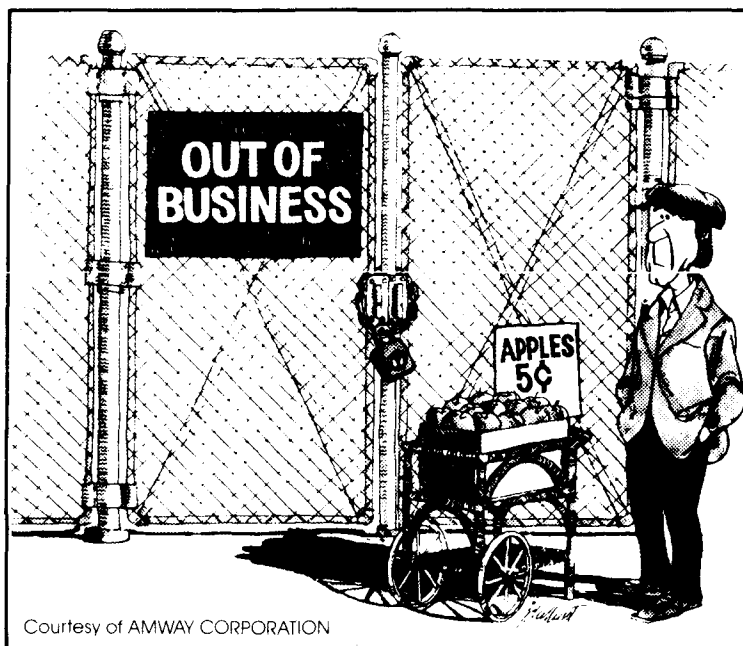
Good News/Bad News

First, the good news, "Business profits are up." Now the bad news, "Business profits are up."

Every time a corporation issues a new, glowing profit statement, people respond in one of two very different ways. One group—chiefly stockholders and management—is pleased. Another group—mainly workers and consumers—is angry and resentful. They feel that profits are made through sharp business practices and exploitation. And so it may seem at first glance.

A second look, however, reveals how profits serve employees and consumers.

- Profitable companies can offer greater job security, better conditions, and higher wages to workers than unprofitable ones. Successful firms reinvest profits in expansion, generating more jobs for more people.
- Profits made in an industry lure companies from less-profitable sectors of the economy. This new competition generates more and better products at lower prices for consumers.
- Profitable companies pay more in taxes to support schools, services for the needy, and other state, local, and fed-



Courtesy of AMWAY CORPORATION

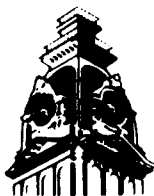
If you think profits are bad news... think of the alternative.

eral activities. They are also able to contribute generously to cultural and recreational programs and charities.

The average business receives under 5 cents profit per dollar of sales—hardly an obscene or exploitative figure. In fact, that figure is less than could be earned in interest by depositing the invested money in a risk-free bank account. So why do investors risk all in the business world?

The answer is, they hope to receive a larger-than-average profit. And out of this admittedly selfish pursuit of gain they promote the economic well-being of all.

That's the good news we seldom hear.



Hillsdale College
Hillsdale Michigan
49242

For a series of 36 of these award-winning essays, send \$10.00 to *Alternatives*, Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan 49242. As a bonus, we will also send you a free subscription to our monthly journal *Imprimis*.

Instead of sticking with scientific realities, environmentalists have gone off into mystic cosmology, Eastern religions, and "deep ecology" (apparently ecology for "deep thinkers"). They prefer to see nature, Chase concludes, as "too complex and too sacred to be defiled by manipulation or analysis."

Chase himself is a strong preserva-

tionist, and his demands for the park systems are high. But he has pierced the shrouds of superstition that now surround much of the environmental movement. His independent perspective bores right through the bureaucratic bungling and sentimental idealism that has characterized so much of our approach to nature in recent years. □

HENRY JAMES: A LIFE

Leon Edel/Harper & Row/\$24.95

George Sim Johnston

Henry James is the only great American writer who was also a great man. His native country was slow to appreciate him on both counts. As is often the case, his reputation reached its nadir around the time of his death in 1916. H. L. Mencken dismissed him as an overly fastidious gentleman who, instead of going to Europe, should have traveled in the opposite direction and taken a good whiff of the stock yards. Van Wyck Brooks and V. L. Parrington seemed downright embarrassed by James in their influential (and facile)

George Sim Johnston is a writer living in New York.



WHO DO YOU TRUST?

The Marxist Sandinista government of Nicaragua and its allies are conducting an intense propaganda campaign in the United States in an effort to discredit President Reagan's foreign policy initiatives in Central America.

This classic Soviet "disinformation" network and its effects on Congress and American public opinion are exposed in two important publications now available from the Council for Inter-American Security:

The Revolution Lobby by Allan C. Brownfeld and J. Michael Waller
Consolidating the Revolution by J. Michael Waller

Both can be ordered by sending a check or money order for \$10 payable to:
 Council for Inter-American Security
 122 C Street, NW
 Suite 330
 Washington, DC 20001

Price includes shipping and handling.

surveys of American letters. James, of course, always had his champions, but their writings only seemed to play into the hands of his detractors. It is not too much to say that T.S. Eliot's two essays on James, written in 1918, are the most snobbish ever written by a major American critic. "It is the final perfection, the consummation of an American to become, not an Englishman, but a European—something which no born European, no person of any European nationality, can become." In other words, there are only James and Eliot himself in the inner circle . . . everyone else, you see, being a trifle gauche.

By the late forties, however, James had achieved the widespread critical appreciation he had craved during his lifetime and never received. F. R. Leavis, Philip Rahv, F. O. Matthiessen, Stephen Spender, and R. P. Blackmur were among the many who became card-carrying Jamesians. (Rahv later turned in his card for political reasons.) Many of these critics were on the political left, and, as Leon Edel has pointed out in an introduction to a collection of essays about James, the fact that the Hitler-Stalin pact preceded the James centenary by a few years may have contributed to the revival. In any event, a lot of Marxist critics suddenly had no quarrel with a novelist who could write of the "black and merciless things that are behind great possessions."

Once the revival got going, criticism of the novel in general came to be dominated by a Jamesian calculus. The writer who had once been dismissed as an elegant trifle became the measure of the literary genre of modern times. But the image of the man himself remained incomplete. James was always the over-refined, baffled aesthete whose quiet life, apart from the "pilgrimage" to Europe, had no intrinsic interest. With

the publication of the first volume of Leon Edel's magisterial biography in 1953, however, whose five large volumes have now been compressed and to some extent rewritten, James emerged as a fascinating personality in his own right, a large-souled man whose career was one of the noblest and most courageous of any American.

James was born in 1843, nominally in New York City, but actually in "the country of the James family," as his brother William once put it. Henry and his four siblings were the ultimate "hotel children." Their father, an amateur theologian of independent means, shuttled them all over Europe and the Eastern seaboard to expose them to as many cultures and ideas as possible. Family life was an ongoing pedagogical experiment; everything was open to question. "We wholesomely breathed inconsistency and ate and drank contradictions," Henry remarked of his childhood. Erik Erikson, writing about William's prolonged identity crisis, once referred to Henry Senior's method of bringing up his children as a "tyranny of liberalism." In any event, the results were dramatic; of the five children, three cracked up and two became geniuses (not a bad average, when you think about it). Both father and children were participants in the epidemic of invalidism which broke out in the cultured environs of Boston after the Civil War. Dr. Howard Feinstein, in his brilliant *Becoming William James* (1984), thinks that this plague of neurasthenic disorders was related to the problem of vocation. For those who did not know what to do with themselves in work-oriented America, invalidism "provided social definition, sanctioned pleasure, and protected from premature responsibility." The iron will that William and Henry displayed throughout their lives—William in pursuit of his sanity, and Henry in pursuit of his art—was a necessary propellant to free themselves of their background.

Like his brother William before him, Henry James first visited Europe on his own in 1869 to recover from an illness. Henry's eventual choice of Europe as his residence was for a long time regarded as a criminal act by America's literary politicians. But no one reading Edel's account of James's astonishing career there can argue with James's own account of his decision in 1881:

My choice is the old world—my choice, my need, my life. . . . It is an inestimable blessing to me. . . . My work lies there. . . . [The American writer] must deal, more or less, even if only by implication, with Europe; whereas no European is obliged to deal in the least with America. . . . The painter of manners who neglects America is not

thereby incomplete as yet; but a hundred years hence—fifty years hence—perhaps he will doubtless be accounted so.

James *lived* in Europe—felt, thought, learned, produced—to a degree that would have been impossible for him in post-Civil War America. His nervous system was not wired for the America of Mark Twain and Frank Norris; if he had stayed he perhaps would have kept writing the crude melodramas with which he began; he certainly would never have written anything like *The Portrait of a Lady*—or, for that matter, *Washington Square*. In Europe he availed himself of an astonishing education. He met everybody: Flaubert, Maupassant, Zola, Turgenev, Browning—as well as public figures like Gladstone and Rosebery. He submitted to the rigors of the London "Season" and found his way into the penetralia of English society. And he brought to his travels through France and Italy a generosity of impression which would have startled Goethe. There is something to Eliot's remarks about James, in that by becoming so saturated with Europe, James was able to *see* America in novels like *The Bostonians* in a way that no American writer of that age could, just as, as an outsider, he was able to understand England (and not just its upper classes) in a way that eluded English writers of the time.

In the six to eight hours a day he spent at his writing desk, James transfigured this life of observation into art. His development was not rapid. His early stories were derivative and melodramatic. By the time he came to write *The Portrait of a Lady*, however, he had found his way into the company of the greatest. The debate over whether James took a wrong turn later in his career will never be resolved, because one's judgment of the late James is primarily a matter of temperament. There are those like F. R. Leavis and Van Wyck Brooks who consider his late manner to be nothing more than the blowing of baroque air bubbles; and then there are those like Percy Lubbock, Louis Auchincloss, and Graham Greene (all practicing novelists) who feel that novels like *The Golden Bowl* represent the summit of James's art. I suggest that those who have trouble with James's late novels try reading them to someone the next time the VCR breaks down. James dictated these books, and the serpentine sentences become remarkably lucid when read aloud.¹

James is the only American writer whose work as a whole gives the impression of an *imperium* in the manner of great European writers like

Goethe. There are not only the novels and tales, but superb travel-writing, biography, criticism, memoirs and epistolary remains. His influence has been enormous. His direct effect on writers like Conrad, Edith Wharton, and F. Scott Fitzgerald (Daisy Miller begetting Daisy Buchanan), and thus on later writers like Cheever, Updike, Naipaul, and Salinger is obvious. His influence on the course of English and American poetry has never been sufficiently appreciated. English poetry, despite Thomas Hardy, had softened to the consistency of bread pudding by the early twentieth century. It took two Americans, Pound and Eliot, to put some fiber back into it. Both of these men would not have written as they did if it were not for the example of James's art. Academic scribblers have spent decades tracing antecedents and allusions in Eliot's poetry. None, so far as I know, has noticed that several lines of *The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock* were almost directly lifted from James's tale "In the Cage," or that the eerie lines about the formal garden in *Burnt Norton* derive from "The Turn of the Screw." And has it been noted that the indirections of speech in the work of modern playwrights like Harold Pinter, with their subtle omissions and veiled allusions, closely resemble the pattern of dialogue in James's late novels, written when the plays of Shaw and Arthur Wing Pinero dominated the boards?

But if you cannot read James for his own sake, or for the sake of his influence, you should read him for the sake of reading Leon Edel's biography—just as a good reason to read Proust is to read Painter's biography. A year or so ago, Joseph Epstein made two points about Edel's biography in the *New Criterion* that are worth repeating: first, that, despite its enormous length, it is the only modern literary biography that we might wish longer; and second, that, along with Walter Jackson Bates's biography of Samuel Johnson, Edel's work seems to prove that the most satisfactory modern biographies are written about good men. Given Epstein's first point, it may be asked why we now have this

'May I here make a protest against the editors of the Library of America who, in their estimable reissuance of the American classics, have decided to print James's novels as they were originally printed and not as he revised them late in life for the New York Edition of his works? There is a common impression in academia that James rewrote his early works in his late, difficult style. He did nothing of the sort. He made his early prose crisper, more colloquial, more highly charged. The dust jacket of the Library of America's edition of Faulkner reads, "Here for the first time are the novels as Faulkner wanted you to read them." Might they not have given us James's novels as James wanted us to read them?

abridgement of the original five volumes. Edel has discovered nothing new about James that is important. The one major find—and it is interesting—is the literary source of "The Turn of the Screw," which turns out to be an 1855 serialization in a middlebrow New York journal which James must have read as a young boy. Unfortunately, discussion of this find meant cutting much of Edel's intelligent criticism of this baffling novella in the earlier edition.

The other major change is the franker discussion of the psychosexual side of James and some of his friends like Morton Fullerton. Edel has not found the smoking gun people like Gore Vidal probably hoped he would. There is no evidence that James was anything but celibate, or that his relationship with people like Hendrik Andersen and Hugh Walpole was anything but platonic. Edel nevertheless spends too much time in this new edition plying his Freud. It is incredible that the longest entry in the index under "Henry James" is "Psychosexual Problems." There are slight changes in emphasis in this new edition which are not corroborated by anything new Edel has dug up. For example, in describing James's first meeting with the sculptor Hendrik Andersen, Edel wrote in the first edition, "He [James] was much taken with his ingenuity, his sincerity, his seriousness, and his handsome blond countenance." This has been changed to: "He was much taken with his sincerity, his seriousness—and his handsome blond countenance."

Still, Edel has written the literary biography of our age. He has mastered an enormous archive and treated his subject with exquisite literary tact. He has found what James himself, in referring to Saint-Beuve, called "the seam as it were between the talent and the soul." His subject was one of the most charming of men, both in his writing and in his delicate personal relations, and Edel lets this quality infuse the entire work. But what most comes through is the courage with which James pursued his vocation in spite of the indifference of the public and the bafflement of critics. "The port from which I set out was, I think, that of the essential loneliness of my life—and it seems to be the port also, in sooth, to which my course again finally directs itself," James wrote to a friend at the end of his life. The alienation of the artist was to come into fashion a few years after James's death and still remains with us. But how much more noble was James's course than the absurd posturing of his successors. □

THE PRICE OF THE TICKET:
COLLECTED NONFICTION 1948-1985
James Baldwin/St. Martin's Press/\$29.95

THE EVIDENCE OF THINGS NOT SEEN
James Baldwin/Holt, Rinehart and Winston/\$11.95

Herb Greer

In 1981 in Atlanta, Georgia, Leopold and Loeb were reincarnated, doubled, and redoubled in the person of one Wayne Bertram Williams. He was convicted on an indictment that did not technically cover all the child and teenage bodies (there were twenty-eight of them) in the case. It so happened that Williams was black. So were his victims; and, in a manner of speaking, so was the administration of Atlanta where he was caught and tried. This seems to have given Walter Lowe of *Playboy* the idea of calling in James Baldwin from his expatriate eyrie in St. Paul de Vence to write up the case—that is, to write it up *black*.

The product of Baldwin's labor was published last year under the title of *The Evidence of Things Not Seen*. The words are by St. Paul, but the book's epigraph does not specify where the quote comes from. In fact it is Hebrews

Herb Greer is an American writer and playwright living in England.

11:1, and the words are apt enough for both title and epigraph, though not in the sense given them by St. Paul. He was trying to explain the nature of faith, whereas Baldwin is perverting the quotation in order to moot a conspiracy against Wayne Williams and all other blacks by all American whites. Judging from the text, remarkably little research went into this remarkably large theme. Baldwin has been to Atlanta before to write about racism. This time he seems to have done a modicum of prowling about, had sundry interviews, not in great depth, and engaged in what might be called a deal of brown study. Apparently Baldwin did not attend the trial, and gives no sign that he asked Wayne Williams whether or not he was guilty. He asserts that the prosecution case has a great hole in it, but since he gives no comprehensive account of that case, and almost none at all of the defense, it is impossible to gauge what he says with any precision. Actually Baldwin shows very little



detailed interest in the case. The real people caught up in it—the few that he does refer to, almost in passing—sit on his pages like cardboard dummies, polemical ghosts used to adumbrate Baldwin's own wide thesis: It does not really matter whether or not Williams killed all of those kids, or some of them, or any of them; he and his victims were black, and the carnage was a moral extension of white America's oppression of blacks; therefore Williams cannot be guilty.

The brief in support of this implied proposition is almost unreadable. It is cast in a comma-ridden neo-euphuistic syntax, rather like Henry James gone to pot. To the United States and its people Baldwin applies a sciolistic holism that would insult the intelligence of a schoolchild—black or white. In a typical sentence he says: "North Americans live in a country [sic] that, in the generality, and, emphatically, in action, believes that nothing is more important than being White." Rhapsodizing

vacuously about subjugation, he equates it at one point with liquor laws, and thinks (I use the word loosely) that "crime in the streets" is seen by all white Americans as purely a "black" phenomenon. More comprehensively, he says that "a stranger might find the fact that there are any black people at all still alive in America something to write home about."

Rodomontade like that goes far beyond the ordinary exaggeration that characterizes polemical style. Time and again it brings to mind a comment of Baldwin's quoted on BBC television, to the effect that he likes to tell outrageous lies in conversation, and thus expose those who agree with him as racists. Conversation is one thing; it is quite different to go on record in print with this slabby racist tract, which could easily have been written by Arthur de Gobineau in blackface, or appeared in a "black" version of *Der Stürmer*. It would not rate notice in a respectable publication if it did not

come from a serious writer of good reputation, a man who is praised as a *litterateur* both in the United States and abroad. Of course there are politically pathological writers of real talent, but you would have to dig into the nastier chapters of Céline's career to find the sort of malignancy that infects *The Evidence of Things Not Seen*.

How does a genuine literary gift degenerate into an engine for bigoted stultiloquence? The process can be seen in another book published at about the same time: *The Price of The Ticket*, 690 pages of Baldwin's "collected nonfiction from 1948 to 1985." From the very outset, in a 1948 report on Harlem for *Commentary*, Baldwin gives evidence of two distinct personalities. One is an acutely sensitive writer who belongs to the black community and has a sharp eye for telling detail. This is the artist who will go on to become a successful novelist. The other is a malicious dilettante who writes from some metaphysical point outside, trading in abusive generality. This is the figure who will assume a raging propagandist role in convoluted mandarin prose, uttering shallow political bromides and bombastic rubbish about America, about history, and about almost anything else he touches. He makes his first appearance in an aside dealing with a 1947 *Ebony* editorial, in which the magazine condemns black racism, notes that American blacks are better off than many starving Europeans, and that in any case they have "come a long way." Baldwin's sour response is to brush these points aside with the assertion that the very existence of *Ebony* "gave the lie to this effort to make the best of a bad bargain."

When the first persona is engaged in a subject with sympathetic imagination, the power and urgency of the writing transcend the "color" aspect; this is an artist coming to terms with human beings rather than waving a set of minstrel puppets. The non-abstract human connection between Baldwin the writer and the real people and real things he knows at first hand predominates in the first part of the book, keeping the ranting public spokesman in second place, and incidentally showing Baldwin as a literary "natural" of superb and authentic talent, whose style at its best achieves a fine dignity and verbal grace.

Nevertheless, under the elegant surface the hectoring orator is always there, popping up to display a narrow obsession with the big "black" picture for which Baldwin's education (apparently picked up from friends, family, the street, and the public library) has not equipped him. In writing about literature he solemnly presents *Raintree*

County, of all things, as the serious "ultimate defense" of the American dream (like everyone else who uses this term pejoratively, Baldwin is vague about its meaning). Naively he attacks *Uncle Tom's Cabin* as bad literature, commenting sniffily on the "protest novel" as a mere ritual while quite missing the great virtue of this one, which was the amazing power and success of its stereotypes as agitprop. He appears to believe that racist cruelty is special to black victims in America, because blacks were once slaves. His ethnocentric bias allows no awareness that, for instance, the Chinese peasants who built America's railways lived more horribly than slaves, or that in Baldwin's own time the Nisei were suffering in America's Western concentration camps.

Baldwin's flight into an expatriate life in France shows him deliberately writing for the first time beyond the limits of his racial obsession. As an alien in a foreign land he stands on common ground with black and white Yanks, one more *Amerloque* like all the others trying to use the old world for a new womb. In this setting he begins to explore his national identity, writing about the concerns which tie him to other Americans in the expatriate community:

From the vantage point of Europe [the American] discovers his own country. And this is a discovery which not only brings to an end the alienation of the American from himself, but which also makes clear to him, for the first time, the extent of his involvement in the life of Europe.

This is not much more than a rewriting of T. S. Eliot's old statement (about Henry James) that the apotheosis of an American is to become a European. But the stereoscopic vision of an expatriate gives new breadth to Baldwin's accounts of his former ghetto life. Describing his father's funeral and the almost simultaneous birth of his baby sister, he fuses emotion and thought into a touching vision:

... The dead man mattered, the new life mattered; blackness and whiteness did not matter; to believe that they did was to acquiesce in one's own destruction. Hatred, which could destroy so much, never failed to destroy the man who hated and this was an immutable law.

He looks back into France, and realizes that "what can happen to an American Negro writer in Europe simply illustrates... what can happen to any American writer there." He also tries to come to terms with the experience of the writer in America:

American writers do not have a fixed society to describe. The only society they



NEW PUBLICATIONS

Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis, Inc.



Decision-Making in Communist Countries: An Inside View. By Jan Sejna and Joseph D. Douglass, Jr.

An inside look at the communist decision-making machinery by General Jan Sejna, who served at the highest levels of the Czech Communist Party before defecting to the West in 1968. The authors examine the roles of the Politburo, "Elected Secretariat," Defense Council, Central Committee, and other Party bodies and government ministries; and they devote considerable attention to the communist short- and long-term planning process, the Operation Plan, the system of nomenclatura, and the development of Party cadres. 1986. xii, 75pp. \$9.95. ISBN 0-08-033651-5.

National Security: Ethics, Strategy, and Politics. By Robert L. Platzgraff, Jr.

The five essays in this layman's primer attempt to broaden public understanding of the relationship between ethics and a wide range of strategic and political issues on the international scene. The author examines such topics as arms control and the deterrence of war in the nuclear age; defense and Soviet expansionism; the arms race and the causes of conflict; collective security and the balance of power; the closed society versus the open society; idealism versus realism; revisionist states and terrorism; and the Soviet Union's offensive buildup and the Reagan Administration's Strategic Defense Initiative. 1986. v, 37pp. \$9.95. ISBN 0-08-033976-X.

Please send your orders for books to the Institute for Foreign Policy Analysis, 675 Massachusetts Avenue, 10th Floor, Dept. S-1, Cambridge, MA 02139-3396.

Payment must accompany all orders. Postage and handling charges: U.S. and Canada, \$1.00 per book; all others, \$2.00 per book.

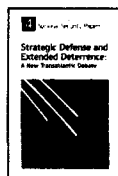
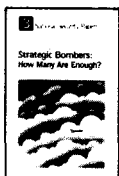


U.S. Strategic Airlift: Requirements and Capabilities. By Jeffrey Record.

Strategic mobility, or the capacity to move military forces in a timely fashion from one continent or theater of military operations to another, is indispensable to the United States, which is separated from its primary defense commitments by thousands of miles of water. In this study, the author briefly discusses the three basic forms of strategic mobility—prepositioning, seafight, and airlift—and then carefully analyzes U.S. requirements for strategic airlift and current and future plans to acquire sufficient capabilities to meet U.S. commitments overseas. 1986. vi, 37pp. \$6.00. ISBN 0-89549-068-4.

Strategic Bombers: How Many Are Enough? By Jeffrey Record.

This study shows how the Reagan Administration, concerned about a U.S. long-range bomber force of fewer than 300 obsolescent B-52s, took two crucial decisions in 1981: to initiate production of the B-1B, which began in 1985, and to accelerate development of an Advanced Technology Bomber (ATB) purportedly "invisible" to radar. Although the plan to build 100 B-1Bs and 132 ATBs will afford the United States a modern bomber force by the late 1990s, the author contends that this force may not be large enough to fulfill the mounting strategic and nonstrategic bombing requirements now facing the air-breathing leg of the strategic triad. 1986. vi, 22pp. \$6.00. ISBN 0-89549-069-2.

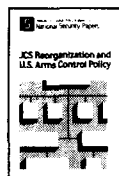


Strategic Defense and Extended Deterrence: A New Transatlantic Debate. By Jacquelyn K. Davis and Robert L. Platzgraff, Jr.

In this study of President Reagan's Strategic Defense Initiative, the authors examine the relationship between SDI and air defense in the NATO-European security environment; the potential inherent in SDI technologies for conventional defense missions; the participation of allies in the American SDI program; the interest in Western Europe in the construction of alternative European frameworks within which to develop anti-tactical ballistic missile defenses; and the Soviet Union's own substantial research program in strategic defense. 1986. viii, 51pp. \$8.00. ISBN 0-89549-070-6.

JCS Reorganization and U.S. Arms Control Policy. By James E. Dougherty.

Since none of the recent military reform studies calling for the reorganization of the Joint Chiefs of Staff addresses its potential impact on U.S. arms control policy, the author reviews the record of the JCS in the arms control policymaking process, with special attention to the nuclear test ban, the ABM debate, SALT I and II, START, and INF. He finds the present JCS structure compatible with equitable and verifiable arms control agreements, and urges Congress to proceed cautiously with changes in the JCS structure which would centralize the power and authority of the top military echelon. 1986. xiv, 27pp. \$6.00. ISBN 0-89549-072-2.



know is one in which nothing is fixed and in which the individual has to fight for his identity.

The following year, back in the United States and speaking to students at Kalamazoo College, he rounds off his insight:

The one thing that Americans have in common is that they have no identity apart from the identity which is being achieved on this continent. This is not the English necessity, or the Chinese necessity, or the French necessity, but they are born into a framework which allows them their identity. The necessity of Americans to achieve an identity is a historical and present personal fact and this is the connection between you and me.

American writers from James Fenimore Cooper through Mark Twain and Henry James, and many since have grappled with the peculiar distinction between Europe and the United States as an experience for Americans. In relation to the individual the discourse has seldom got beyond the suggestion that, because of shallow national roots in history, Americans do not quite know who they are. But this is not really true; because our society has been open in ways that others have not, the identity of an American is *normally* subject to a type of change that rarely if ever occurs elsewhere. With an unerring instinct Baldwin caught the essence of this process without resort to stale clichés about class mobility, which are in any case beside the point.

Among other things this openness means that the American has had a scope for creating his own identity—not merely as a poseur or con man, but as an ordinary citizen—which is far wider than in other countries. But this entails constantly renewable commitment to achieving who and what you are, resting on faith in the proposition that nothing in our society is fixed and immutable. That is why, for example, a black boy preacher from the Harlem ghetto was able to forge for himself a new identity as a quintessentially middle-class literary artist. This was not like the case of the moorish slave Terence, who by learning and writing perfect Latin became a famous playwright. In Baldwin a different and more complex transformation took place, clearly visible in *The Price of the Ticket* and sealed in *The Evidence of Things Not Seen*. From becoming an artist who was a witness to what he described with a tragic sense rooted in the common humanity of all people, he metamorphosed again, into a shrill and thin-voiced political agitator, using words as a tool to manipulate rather than to inform, to destroy rather than enhance his reader's

understanding of human experience.

The change has to do with the negative aspects of the fight for identity which is a bond between Americans of all colors. This struggle can be and often is the occasion for ruthless competition between individuals—and for a flight into some non-national collective. Growing up in America, and returning there for visits, I have noticed how American non-conformists are prone to seek out other people who nonconform in the same way that they do—and, as we saw with the hippies, in the same uniform. Years ago the poet e.e. cummings remarked that when Americans stop being themselves they start behaving like one another.

Baldwin's fall into this pathology took a fascinating and tragic course. Having left America because he "wanted to find out in what way the specialness of my experience could be made to connect me with other people instead of dividing me from them," he had managed to discover a tie with all other Americans which transcended the barriers of color and race. But the accomplishment remained an intellectual exercise; he could not put it to use in the real world. On a trip to America in the real world. Visiting America to report on the South for *Partisan Review*, he slips again into the uniform of ethnic obsession:

It must be said that the racial setup of the South is not, for a Negro, very different from the racial setup in the North. It is the etiquette which is baffling, not the spirit.

This is fair enough as observation, but Baldwin is not really interested in the journalistic *aperçu*. He slips into the moody bromides of Southern gothic fiction, writing of private unspeakable longings, the watching night which is made for desire (he is referring to miscegenation); and the passions which can be unleashed on a Southern road at night, where everything seems so sensual, so languid, and so private; and of course the Southern day which comes up to find a black man hanging sexless from a tree.

Eleven years before, Baldwin could be excused for rejecting *Ebony's* claim that blacks had progressed since emancipation. He was provoked by the misery around him in Harlem, he was a young man in his early twenties of severely limited education, and he was strongly moved by a wish to help the suffering people he knew. In such a context his twisting of history did not matter. But in 1959 he had been years and an ocean away from Harlem, he had seen more of the world, and, moreover, had written eloquently about the destructive power of hatred, and the truth that some things are stronger and more important than color prejudice. In Atlanta as *Partisan Review's*

token black he appears to change his mind about all that. He sets up his picture of black misery and of white hatred not as a symptom of a crumbling order in the South, but as a permanent, massive, and generally American falling away from "the standards of human freedom with which we began." Written from a part of the United States where slavery was legal "when we began," this showed Baldwin's continuing failure to grasp history; and it showed the hatred which was beginning to seep through his literary talent like ink through a blotter. Noting the moral support given to a black girl who is hounded out of school by racist bullies, he sneers: "Several white students, I was told, had called—not called *on*—Miss Counts, to beg her to stick it out."

Baldwin's melacentic bigotry grows worse as the essays succeed each other, whether he is writing in America or France. He may review a book, discuss films, offer advice on writing fiction, but these are sidesteps from his central *manie*, temporary excursions like his passing tribute to a white schoolteacher, or the mention of his white "buddies" like Ava Gardner. With ever increasing intensity Baldwin moots a great historical scenario of unchanging white oppression of blacks, not just in America but everywhere. Concrete facts and people lose their interest to him except as they can be used to construct this scenario. As the element of abstraction grows, another change takes place in the writer's persona,

more strange than either one we have seen so far. With cadences and a tone borrowed from Henry James, Baldwin tries to fathom what it is to be a nigger (his word); as it were he strains to *become* a nigger; apparently conscious of the white middle-class flavor of his literary mask, he struggles to climb down and out of it. But he has written this: →

HERO Books

Recent releases, available at all good bookstores, or order direct, using coupon below. Add \$2.00 postage and handling.

Terrorism as State-Sponsored Covert Warfare.

Ray S. Cline and Yonah Alexander
ISBN 0-915979-19-5, ppbk \$12.95.

Terrorist organizations and supporting nations identified and documented by Center for Strategic and International Studies Researchers. Based on a Senate Security and Terrorism Subcommittee report, this important book proposes countermeasures for the U.S. and other free nations.

Flawed Victory.

Trevor N. Dupuy and Paul Martell
ISBN 0-915979-07-1, hdbk \$24.95

Renowned military historian's readable and detailed analysis of 1982 Lebanese war, with maps. Outline of Lebanese history—the illusion of stability and progress. Cases of erroneous and biased news coverage. A must for true understanding of the war and its causes.

Lexicon of Soviet Political Terms.

Ilya Zemtsov
ISBN 0-915979-08-X, ppbk \$14.95

The New Soviet Language as an instrument of social control: fictions as realities and realities as fictions. Not just a glossary of Soviet terms—a guide to how Soviet society actually works. Zemtsov, formerly a high-ranking Soviet academic, is now Director of the Israel Research Institute of Contemporary Society.

HERO Books
8316 Arlington Blvd.
Fairfax, VA 22031
703/560-6427

Name: _____

Address: _____

☐ Please send current catalogue.

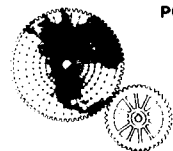
"ambitious and non-ideological...the Guide's loudest bang will be that of the exploding egos of the 300 journalists who are rated from poor to the best."
The Washington Times

"Mr. Wanniski's guide is great fun and his insights into the fourth estate make the *MediaGuide* a hard book to put down."
Journal of Commerce

1986 MediaGuide

Jude Wanniski's
Critical Review of the
Print Media

- A survey and evaluation of the major political economic press
- Ratings of the leading political, foreign, financial reporters and columnists
- A critical look at the big news events of 1985



AVAILABLE FROM
POLYCONOMICS, INC.
86 Maple Ave.
Morristown, NJ 07960
(201) 267-2515

\$12.95
plus \$1.50
postage and handling

[The Negro] is a racial and not a personal or a human problem; to think of him is to think of statistics, slums, rapes, injustices, remote violence; it is to be confronted with an endless cataloguing of losses, gains, skirmishes; it is to feel virtuous, outraged, helpless, as though his continuing presence among us were somehow analogous to disease.

NB: Among us. With these words, written early in 1951, Baldwin is ironically speaking through the mask of a (collective) white man. But in the next decade this is the actual view of real white folks: Marlon Brando, Leonard Bernstein, Vanessa Redgrave, and others are seeing blacks exactly in the manner of that quote.

And despite the gaudy *entre-nous-noires* rhetoric of *The Fire Next Time*, so is James Baldwin. His oppressed blacks are less and less the genuine people he knew and loved in Harlem. These real individuals are slowly being submerged in a grand mass of abstract blacks over whom Baldwin, like the white liberals (one is tempted to say, *other* white liberals), expresses virtuous outrage and helplessness. As for the abstract white oppressive masses, Americans "are the most violent and dishonorable people in the world." As for democracy, in America, the ballot "cannot create autonomy," which means that a white electoral majority and racist white supremacy are identical and that being white automatically entails guilt for "destroying hundreds of thousands of black lives." This is a collective guilt, overriding any mere personal innocence. Like Brecht condemning the victims of Stalin's show trials¹ Baldwin thunders, "It is the innocence which constitutes the crime."

As for blacks and American politics, well:

... blacks may be using the vote to outwit the final solution. Yes. The Final Solution. No black person can afford to forget that the history of this country is genocidal from where the buffalo once roamed to where our ancestors were slaughtered (from New Orleans to New York, from Birmingham to Boston) and to the Caribbean to Hiroshima and Nagasaki to Saigon. Oh, yes, let freedom ring.

Carefully he sketches out a theory that the "Christian world" is an anti-black conspiracy, and takes it to a spectacular peak of self-contradictory arrogance, equating anti-black prejudice with the "sin against the Holy Ghost ... which cannot be forgiven." Lest anyone grow uneasy about these extremes, it is made clear that suffering has conferred a special nobility of soul upon blacks, and that "the powerless,

¹What Brecht said, when told these people were innocent, was: "The more innocent they are, the more they deserved to die."

by definition, can never be racist."

Despite his self-imposed exile and his white racist mask, Baldwin is still an American, citizen of a country where the racist obsession is no more fixed than other ideas about society, and where the possibility of dispersing it still exists, even for those who, like Baldwin, have committed themselves for the present to this nightmare. His raving about genocide might have been tempered by the realization that American black influence is not just a matter of white guilt over slavery, black suffering, and so on. Racism became a highly charged factor in Western democratic politics only after the Second World War, and primarily through the sacrifice of white men: the millions upon millions of Jews, gypsies, and others who were slaughtered in the

Holocaust. Blacks and other ethnic groups have had the benefit of this sacrifice. The greatest tragedy of Baldwin's racist ferocity is that it turns out to be unnecessary. He might have taken more heed of his own warning against hatred. And he might still take note of these lines from William Blake's great prophetic poem *Jerusalem*:

It is easier to forgive an Enemy than to forgive a Friend. The man who permits you to injure him deserves your vengeance: He also will receive it ...

Over sixty now, Baldwin has indeed received that vengeance, and in a bitter, cruel form: his own conversion to racism. I hope he can bring himself to take his American chance to escape it at last. □

WHERE DID OUR LOVE GO? THE RISE AND FALL OF THE MOTOWN SOUND

Nelson George/St. Martin's Press/\$17.95

Joe Mysak

It happens at every party I throw. That moment when The Awful Truth comes out, revealing the apparently inexcusable lacuna in my record collection. It's 11 p.m., and we get down to the Rachmaninoff, the boxed "Jerry Lee Lewis: The Sun Years," and the *Bang the Drum Slowly* soundtrack, and

Joe Mysak is assistant managing editor of the daily *Bond Buyer*.

someone nails me. The Tough Al, an otherwise demure Delawarean prep, once topped them all when she observed, "You know what's wrong with your record collection? There aren't enough Negroes. No *Motown*. Come on."

Such is the importance of vintage sixties Motown to my generation. The Motown classics must be played, at every party, barbecue, day at the beach,

and wedding. Not only that, but it is a rare rites-of-passage movie nowadays that does not feature Motown.

Only a fabulist would have predicted that it would have such staying power. But consider a few episodes. At a wedding in Milwaukee, "The Way You Do the Things You Do" gets even the drunks barking at each other at the bar to hit the dance floor like Marines hitting the beach at Iwo, making life unsafe for saucy 17-year-olds and blushing maiden aunts who ask, "How old do you think I am?" At a Columbia reunion, "Just My Imagination" sparks a debate of almost Talmudic attention to detail and nuance. At a Boston party that is dragging, the Great Gustavson plays "Stop! In the Name of Love" no less than 27 times, and every girl in the place follows in imitation his boozy yet inspired choreography with misty, half-closed eyes. This is music with power.

In *Where Did Our Love Go?* (the title taken from a Supremes hit of 1964), Nelson George, whose previous credits include a biography of Michael Jackson, tells the story of Motown, and why it is just not the same anymore.

He has subtitled his book, "The Rise and Fall of the Motown Sound," and he answers questions that nobody asked, to wit: Where did the Temptations go? What happened to processed hair? and Why doesn't Motown turn out hits like "Baby Love" and "I Heard It Through the Grapevine"? He does not, and perhaps cannot, answer the question of what was the Motown Sound, and why is it magic to this very day? The answer must be more than nostalgia; yet one cannot define Motown in the same way one can define surf music or the Phil Spector Wall of Sound.

What Mr. George has written in great part is a morality play about the evils of ambition. He tips his hand in the preface:

Motown Records is a triumph and a contradiction. It is a testament to the power of black music and an example of how soul-stifling success can be when its fruits are not shared. The myth of Motown is that it is the eternal family, where singers and executives, clerks and bass players, shared ideas and energy all for the common good. To a remarkable degree, from the late fifties to the mid-sixties, that myth rang true. Motown was a "family" in the best sense of the word, with founder Berry Gordy, Jr., the undisputed father figure.

Well, you can see what's going on here. By 1971, when Motown leaves Detroit for its current quarters on the West Coast, entrepreneur Gordy becomes an impossible monster, discarding studio musicians, breaking up



great songwriting teams, destroying the Supremes, and inflating Diana Ross's ego to the size of the Grand Canyon. He succumbs to the awful commercialism of Los Angeles and, if you can read between the lines, to the Powerful White Record Companies.

Mr. George writes, "There are no heroes in this book. There are no villains. There are just ambitious people." The most ambitious of them all, Berry Gordy, Jr., becomes a "big dog," as he put it, but loses his soul.

Or something like that. What Mr. Gordy did, in fact, was to bring together singers, songwriters, and musicians in Detroit under one roof, and under stringent contracts giving him almost total control over their development. He created a sort of black music hothouse, and was catapulted to the top.

He was a shrewd and creative businessman who "preached success—not black success," and who hired white men when he thought they could do something better than he could, the author notes with just an air of disapproval. He turned Motown into a finishing school that turned out some slick and sophisticated products. He drove his workers: "The whole thing at the company was about competition, and competition breeds giants," one of his writers said.

What happened then was inevitable. After over a decade of speedy success, creative enterprise flagged, top talent left for money, new talent went unsigned. Gordy turned his attention to other areas, notably movie-making, and relaxed his intense management style. There is nothing mysterious in any of this, of course. No souls were sold, and no love was lost. The bloated Motown of today does not consistently put out hits, but it is axiomatic that small, independent operations turn out the best, most creative work. Such is the explanation for Motown's golden age, but it does not make for a moving yarn.

Mr. George does manage to include a number of details and little-known anecdotes about his subject in *Where Did Our Love Go?* He describes the antics of a pair of euphoniously named free spirits, incidentally studio musicians, Benny Benjamin and James Jamerson. He tells what Junior Walker said at the end of "Shotgun," and tells why, during Stevie Wonder's "Fingertips-pt. 2," you can hear a musician shout "What key? What key?" And he gives the vitally important details of how the Temptations and the Four Tops learned all those funky dance steps.

The author tends to write in an idiomatic style, referring to "cats" and "chicks," but he avoids most of the

silly drivel so characteristic of popular music writers, who when they do not write in clichés like to describe rock and roll in terms usually used for Bach's fugues. And he does include some first-class photographs, of Smokey Robinson crooning, Martha and the Vandellas singing in the back of a Cadillac, and one in particular that shows exactly why the Temptations were superfine. □

CORRESPONDENCE (continued from page 9)

only OASDI (which I believe could have no financing problems for at least the next twenty-five years). However, in other places it is used to mean OASDI plus H.I.—as, for example, in referring to A. Haeworth Robertson's criticisms.

The National Commission on Social Security Reform (whose recommendations led to the 1983 Amendments) had the assignment of only looking at OASDI, which was the immediate problem. The National Commission did, however, recognize the problem for H.I.

Mr. Bandow superficially criticizes the assumptions underlying the actuarial estimates. He does not realize that the assumed level of the inflation rate is not important, but rather that the excess of the assumed rate of increase in wages over the rate of inflation is controlling. He criticizes the fertility assumptions without recognizing that, if natural fertility remains below the replacement level (or even falls from the present level), this will very likely be counterbalanced by increased immigration, legal or otherwise.

As to the mortality assumptions not containing sufficient allowance for future improvements, Mr. Bandow states that life expectancy has increased 14 years since 1935 and that this proves that the projected improvements are too low. First, the increase in the expectation of life at birth from 1935 to 1984 was only 13 years (74.7 vs. 61.7). Second, most of this increase was due to reduction in infant mortality and in mortality at the younger ages; the increase in life expectancy at age 65 from 1935 to 1984 was only 4 years (16.8 vs. 12.6). Moreover, the actuarial estimates assume that significant increases in life expectancy will occur in the future.

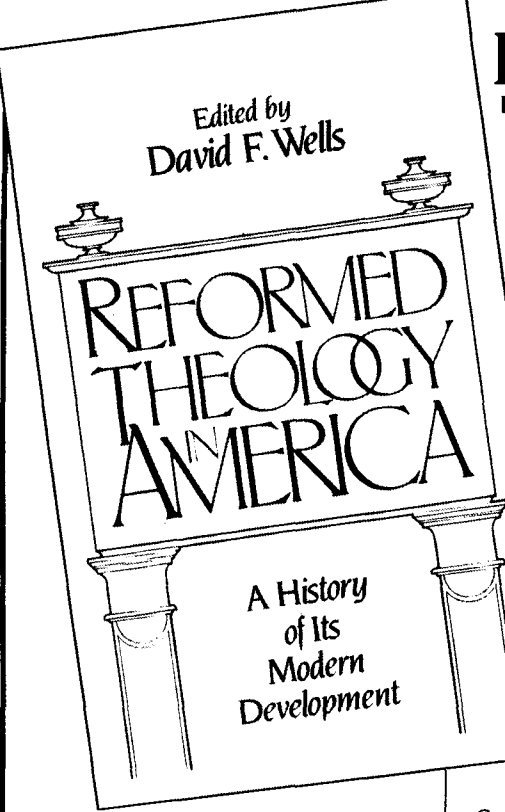
The criticism of the accuracy and integrity of the actuarial estimates is unfair. Mr. Bandow seems to imply that political forces have been at work to make them show a rosy picture for the future. It is most important to note that the actuaries of the Social Security Administration have, over the 50 years of operation of the program, always attempted to do the highest level of professional work in making these esti-

mates. They have never succumbed to any political pressure—and only rarely has there ever been any—either to make the costs look low so as to present a favorable picture or to make the costs look high so as to discourage benefit liberalizations. Almost without exception, the SSA actuarial estimates have been accepted by members of Congress of all political and philosophical views as the appropriate basis for considering the financial status of the Social Security program and any proposed changes therein.

Mr. Bandow points out, as an example of possible pressure for costly benefit liberalization, the action taken in late 1984 (not 1983, as he states) to waive the 3-percent COLA threshold. Although this was legislated, it did not become effective, because the measured increase turned out to be 3.5 percent—well above the trigger point. More important, however, was the fact that such a waiver would not have increased the cost of the program over the long run. Beneficiaries on the roll at the end of 1984 would have received less in 1985 if the waiver had not been in effect, and

the threshold had not been reached (but the same in 1986 and after, because the measurement of the COLA under the previous basis was cumulative). However, offsetting the increase in cost due to the waiver, those who came on the roll in 1985 would—due to the previous law being incorrectly drafted—have received too large benefits in the absence of the waiver (by getting the 1984 COLA at the end of 1985 in addition to the 1985 one—and this excessive amount would carry on to all future years).

The author then goes on to assert that Medicare (by which term he really only means the Hospital Insurance portion of that program) will "face an estimated \$250 billion cumulative deficit by 1995." This was the case according to the estimates made in 1983. However, the benefit experience since then has turned around, and it is now estimated that the H.I. program will have sufficient income to meet outgo completely until mid-1998 according to the intermediate estimate and until early 1992 according to the pessimistic estimate (with the cumulative deficit



**Edited by
David F. Wells**

**REFORMED
THEOLOGY
IN AMERICA**

*A History
of Its
Modern
Development*

REFORMED THEOLOGY IN AMERICA provides penetrating analysis of these five traditions and the two leading theologians of each. The result is an important advance in our understanding of what being Reformed has meant and what it should now mean in the late twentieth century.

CONTRIBUTORS to this volume are

- George M. Marsden
- Mark A. Noll • David F. Wells • W. Andrew Hofferker • W. Robert Godfrey • W. Stanford Reid • Wesley A. Roberts • James D. Bratt • Henry Zwaansra • C. T. McIntire • Morton Smith • Douglas Floyd Kelly • Luder G. Whitlock, Jr. • Dennis Voskuil • Gabriel Fackre • Malcolm Reid • James Montgomery Boice

Paper, \$19.95

At your bookstore, or write:
**WM. B. EERDMANS
PUBLISHING CO.**
255 JEFFERSON AVE. S.E. / GRAND RAPIDS, MICH. 49503

MODERN REFORMED theology in America has shown astonishing variety in its expression. Grouped under the name "Reformed" are, in fact, five diverse traditions—The Princeton theology, Westminster Calvinism, the Dutch schools, Southern Reformed thought, and Neoorthodoxy.

thereunder up through 1995 being about \$150 billion).

I do agree with Mr. Badow that the accumulation of large balances in the OASDI Trust Funds in the 1990s and early 2000s (if the intermediate estimate turns out to be correct—as I believe it will) is undesirable. This should be prevented—when it is obvious in the late 1980s that it will occur—by lowering the scheduled tax rates after 1989, so that a fund balance of only about 50-60 percent of annual outgo will be maintained. Such lowering could be done by ad hoc measure or, preferably, by automatic-adjustment procedures.

I shall not go into any details as to why I believe that the Ferrara Super-IRA proposal is not feasible. As the author points out, the big stumbling block of huge amounts of general revenues needed is present. And this would, over the long run, be paid for largely by those high-paid young persons who opt out because they believe that they will receive larger benefits in that matter.

—Robert J. Myers
(Chief Actuary, Social Security
Administration, 1947-70)
Silver Spring, Maryland.

Doug Badow replies:

Mr. Myers has spent most of his professional career promoting the Social Security system. Therefore, it is not surprising that he refuses to acknowledge that another, likely fatal, crisis is inevitable. Unfortunately, however, it is today's young, and not

Mr. Myers, who will shoulder the burden when the system collapses.

It is true that the \$165 billion bail-out in 1983 included a COLA delay. The bulk of the package, however, was made up of a variety of tax hikes.

If the system survives to the end of the decade, which now seems likely, we can thank not the national commission's package, which Mr. Myers helped put together, but Reaganomics and the resiliency of the American economy. For when the bail-out bill was passed the system's cushion was no greater than after Congress passed the 1977 legislation. If previous economic trends had continued—high inflation and periodic recessions—the system would have run out of money before the end of the decade.

As it is now, if you use Social Security's current pessimistic projections, the disability fund will be depleted in 1988, the hospital insurance fund will run dry in 1992, and the retirement fund will go negative after the turn of the century. With full inter-fund borrowing, the three will not have enough money to pay full benefits in 1998, just 12 years from now. It behooves us to begin, now, searching for ways to avoid such a political and economic disaster.

If the inflation rate really is unimportant for the solvency of the fund, as Mr. Myers contends, then why does Social Security bother issuing predictions? In fact, all other things being equal, higher inflation worsens the system's financial troubles because it increases obligations.

The growth in real wages is more important, but let's consider the official estimates of that variable. The intermediate assumptions, which, as I pointed out in my article, consistently exceed actual experience—a point Mr. Myers does not contest because he cannot—show real growth of 1.5 to 1.6 percent through the year 2060. The pessimistic forecast is for one percent annual real growth over the same period.

But how does this compare with recent trends? Over the last thirty years real wage growth has been significantly less than one percent a year; over the last fifteen years growth has been negative. I certainly hope Mr. Myers's optimistic assumptions are correct, since strong real wage growth has many benefits, most unrelated to Social Security's solvency. However, if past experience is any guide, the estimates will bear little relationship to reality.

As for the projected amount of immigration, Social Security increased those projections last year, incorporating them into its ever-optimistic future assumptions. And with continuing political pressure for draconian immigration "reform," it is speculative at best to assert that increased immigra-

tion will make up for any decline in fertility.

As to the mortality forecasts, Mr. Myers's discussion is disingenuous. Obviously the number of people living, as well as how long they live, affects Social Security's finances. The reduction in infant mortality rates has had a seriously negative impact on the solvency of Social Security because when beneficiaries receive up to five times as much as they and their employers contributed—as do current beneficiaries—every additional participant increases Social Security's net liabilities. Only as the "investment return" has dropped toward zero for new workers have changes in infant mortality had less financial impact.

Moreover, current longevity assumptions at age 65 are significantly lower than what has actually occurred in recent years. Over the last 43 years, for instance, the life expectancy of women has increased 5.4 years; the intermediate assumptions forecast an increase of only 4.4 years between 1984 and 2060. Since 1943 men at age 65 now live 2.6 years longer. The intermediate projections for future 40-year periods are for increases of 1.4 to 1.5 years. The growth in life expectancies may slow down, of course, but the opposite seems more likely as the pace of technological growth and medical advance accelerates.

Mr. Myers defends the integrity of Social Security's forecasters, which is all well and good. But, as my article reported, the system's estimates have been consistently optimistic. Assuming Mr. Myers and company are not incompetent, the only other logical explanation is that they cannot accept the possibility that their handiwork is headed for disaster, and therefore put off recognition of reality as long as possible. That members of Congress continue to accept ludicrously optimistic estimates should come as no surprise: elected officials don't like to deal with unpleasant problems any more than does Mr. Myers.

Despite Mr. Myers's protestations to the contrary, the 3 percent COLA waiver is the perfect example of the politicization of the system. The original law was passed to take benefits out of politics, but congressmen stumbled over themselves to demonstrate their concern for retirees who might not otherwise receive a COLA increase. Once the idea was proposed Congress spent virtually no time worrying about the cost involved.

The turnaround which Mr. Myers ascribes to Medicare is hardly something to make one particularly cheery: the system will run a cumulative deficit of only \$150 billion instead of \$250 billion over the next nine years, running out of money as early as 1992. More-

over, the new estimates may prove to be unduly optimistic. (So what else is new, right?) For Medicare spending has been reduced through a series of what are in effect price controls; whether the limitations will, first, survive increasing complaints of premature patient discharges and, second, do anything more than just temporarily slow the growth of outlays is not clear.

And even under the new intermediate estimates, the ones preferred by Mr. Myers, by the year 2035 the Medicare fund will be collecting only enough money to pay 40 percent of the projected benefits. Under the pessimistic assumptions, Medicare will be able to cover only 17 percent of its costs. In the intermediate case, the financing gap to be filled is one-third greater than the entire deficit faced by the retirement program before the 1983 amendments; with the more realistic scenario, the shortfall is three times as great. One would think that Mr. Myers, having held a responsible position with Social Security, would encourage efforts to find solutions to financing problems which everyone agrees are inevitable.

Finally, Mr. Myers's support for lowering tax rates after 1989 is really quite touching, since he is one of the architects of today's rapidly escalating rate schedule, as well as the overall financing structure of a system that will eventually require tax rates on the magnitude of 40 percent to maintain its solvency. As generous as is his proposal, it would merely accelerate the tidal wave of red ink that now is expected to hit the retirement fund next century and all the funds combined as early as 1998—for which his only solution presumably would be to increase taxes massively.

So I can only assume Mr. Myers offers no arguments against the super-IRA proposal because he has none, other than a nostalgic attachment to the purity of Social Security, for which he labored so long. And while that may be reason enough for Mr. Myers to reject fundamental reform of the program, those of us who will pay the price of Social Security's coming demise cannot afford to be quite so sentimental. After all, it is our retirement futures that are at stake. □

"What man would be consoled at the loss of an arm by the knowledge that he could buy his shirts 40 percent cheaper?"

THE NEED FOR A NATIONAL INTEREST TRADE POLICY

DR. JOHN M. CULBERTSON, Professor of Economics at the University of Wisconsin, argues that "Balanced, mutually advantageous trade between nations" is the valid goal that must replace the false goal of "free trade."

PROFESSOR WILLIAM R. HAWKINS argues the conservative case for a selectively mercantilist trade policy aimed at protecting strategic/basic industries.

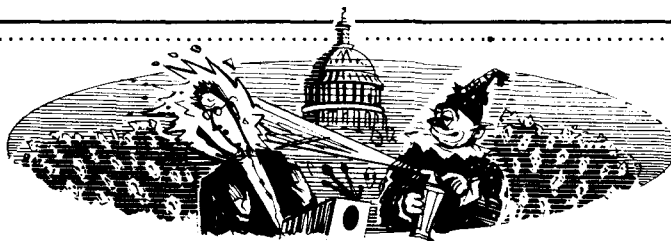
To order: send \$2.00 to: **USIC Educational Foundation**, 200 Waverly Building, Brentwood, TN 37027, 615/377-4792.

**UNITED STATES INDUSTRIAL
COUNCIL EDUCATIONAL
FOUNDATION**

COMING

Shirley Robin Letwin
on
Sexual Desire

THE WASHINGTON SPECTATOR



No lunches this month, but I did get a call from Senator George Mitchell's press secretary who said he was "appalled" and "really disappointed" by the "incredibly condescending" treatment his boss received in this space last month. After all, Mitchell is a former federal judge and one of the Senate's most respected members. And if I found him little-known, well, he also happens to be a member of the Senate Finance Committee (which, if I didn't know it either, is handling tax reform). But I knew about that, including the Senator's standing as the eighth of nine Democrats on the committee. Bowing to pressure nonetheless, I've done some additional checking and now I'm ready to admit that Senator Mitchell deserves to be even better known. Turns out he's what one source terms a "lefty": his image is respectable enough, but you should see how he votes!

...

The idea of devoting an entire museum to the potato is not that crazy, if you think about it. The problem is, you have to think about it for a real long time. It helps also if you talk to Tom Hughes. Tom, a mild, friendly man happily unburdened by the fevers of a zealot, has devoted not only a museum but a life—his—to the potato. The museum occupies the dining room and spills over into the kitchen and the den of his two-story townhouse on Capitol Hill. "There are things here you won't see anywhere else," Tom says, and he's right. I closely examined a mint condition Mr. Potato Head set (first toy marketed on TV); the prototype—not a copy, but the prototype—of the Two Tater Time Clock; a rare bar of Idaho Spud Candy; a potato necklace; a potato sack sport coat; potato money; and sundry less exotic items, such as a potato sack wire twister, a potato picker's belt, record albums, postcards, and several rubber potato fingers (for picking). I didn't have time to watch the video Tom has put together about how the potato has figured in movies and television (remember Marilyn Monroe dunking potato chips in champagne in *The Seven Year Itch*?), but he did get a chance to explain, as we sat at a table with a wicker bowl of potatoes between us, how you "begin to think of potatoes in this way." Tom began in 1979,

when he was teaching fifth graders at the International School in Brussels. It struck him, of a sudden, that there were "no museums or libraries preserving the heritage of the potato." He got his class involved, and after a few years of travel to shore up his data base, he and his wife decided to settle the museum in Washington. "Here everyone deals with hot potatoes every day," he says. "It seems to me that Washington needs an identity. New York, of course, is the Big Apple, but the potato is far more nutritious and versatile than the apple. Why can't Washington be the Hot Potato? Yet you go into the Smithsonian, you won't find anything about spuds. That's why we have the museum. We're the focus of potato-eaters all over the world. We're the voice of the potato."

...

Like a Communist system, the *Nation* magazine operates on two levels. In theory it exists to serve the masses, as in the 120th anniversary party it threw for 3,000 blind followers in New York on March 18. In reality it serves the interests of its *nomenklatura*, as in the \$1,000-a-plate dinner it threw for its real backers right before the big event. Apart from anything else, that's a lot of self-congratulating for a political sheet that in this town is read with interest only inside the FBI building. As one local wag explains, "They have only two good writers, and they're both commies." Clearly, he's never had a chance to sample the magazine's charm. I had that chance last spring, at a *Nation* party when the magazine had just turned 119. The occasion was a USC conference on opinion magazines, specifically a Saturday evening reception for select participants hosted by *Nation* Southern California stalwart Stanley K. Sheinbaum at his Brentwood dacha. I had entrée into the secret world of the *Nation*'s inner circle: Valley-girl valet parking, a Henry Moore *painting* hung over the living room mantel, a study lined with photographs of Stanley with George McGovern, Warren Beatty, and Raul Alfonsin. Ed Asner was there, skulking between the buffet and a VCR showing an anti-contra documentary. There was a woman who was leaving at midnight for Managua. A poet from Cuba proved a special hit when it

became apparent she was on special assignment for Fidel. But the highlight came near the pool, where a nice old man asked me to sit down with him. He was Jack Fields, Hollywood agent to Asner and other stars. He knew Reagan in the old days, when they played bridge and did charity events together. Lately Fields was feeling a bit down; an operation was keeping him off the tennis courts, and, more important, his political travels weren't much fun anymore, especially to China where things just haven't been the same since Mao's death. His face lightened, however, when he started in on Meredith Baxter Birney, the lovely star of TV's "Family Ties" who he said is his daughter. She was obviously his prize, not only because she was a wonderful mother of five and a loving wife to David Birney, but because she felt so bad about making so much money when all around there is so much starvation and unemployment. I hope it helped when I assured him she's worth every penny.

...

Going on and on in this column about Washington's extremely active animal rights movement may seem like flogging a dead horse, but when I heard that PETA, People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, was picketing the circus, I felt duty-bound to have a look. Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey blew into town on a delicious spring evening, and though the big top has now been replaced by the Armory, the festive air that everywhere attends the circus was unmistakable. On the grass outside kids did cartwheels and climbed trees as their parents told them to *come here right now!*, while teenage girls sat cross-legged by the entrance, smoking cigarettes (in the warm night air you could smell their perfume). Vendors with booming voices hawked pennants and balloons. The PETA people walked in circles amidst the crowd and the noise, carrying signs and shouting at the parents and kids as they passed: "Animals are suffering for your entertainment!" "Boycott the circus! There's no excuse for animal abuse!" I asked Adelle, PETA's Media Relations Coordinator, how people were responding. "Oh, we get a negative reaction at best.

But maybe this will stick with them, you know? Especially the kids. Kids don't want to see animals suffer." (Adelle apparently never met the kids in my old neighborhood, but I let it pass.) Chas, who is PETA's Outreach Director, was not quite so gentle in tone, perhaps because he's a veteran of the animal rights circuit. "I've been doing the circuses for years, mostly in Miami," he said. "This is my first one in D.C., but I've done rodeos here, animal labs, what have you. It's the same everywhere. There's this kind of mentality—a rodeo mentality, a circus mentality—that makes you subjugate animals, that tells you animal abuse is fun." He picked up his megaphone and aimed it toward the kids on the grass: "The circus is a child's fantasy, but it's an animal's nightmare!" I wandered over to talk to a clown who was chanting, "Come and watch animal abuse, fun for the whole family!" A brassy little boy echoed his chant, and then dismissed the clown with a wave of his arm. "You crazy, man," he said. "You funnier looking than me. The circus is *fun*, man." As he wandered off with his parents the clown said to him, "Have a nice time tonight. The animals won't." The clown told me his name was Staś. He said he'd just gotten out of jail in New York, where he'd been arrested for protesting at Macy's fur department. "They had me in jail for three days, man. They said I had, quote-unquote, resisted arrest. All I did was go limp when they tried to carry me out. But the cops in New York . . . it doesn't matter. Three *days*. And did you know they don't have any vegetarian food in New York City jails? None. Bologna, hamburger, that's it. Christ. No vegetables at all. *At all*. I fasted for three days." I asked Staś whether he ever felt like a party-pooper, being here at the circus, trying to make people feel guilty when they just want to have a good time. "Damn right I'm a party-pooper. Nobody has a right to have a good time when another creature is suffering. I'm here to enlighten people to what they're doing." He looked out over the clown nose that was strapped to his face. "Sometimes you just want to shake people and say, 'Hey—reality's not fun and games.'"

—GJN

CURRENT WISDOM

Great Books Series

Dr. F. H. Knelman, Professor of Science and Human Affairs at Montreal's Concordia University, swallows strychnine and capers with the serpents as is so often the custom when Ron is the subject of scholarly inquiry:

We must accept that the old frontier spirit, the opening up of the West at the expense of the near genocide of native peoples, runs deep in the psyche of Americans. A few days before the 1984 presidential election, Reagan, who once hosted "Death Valley Days," visited the grave of the throwback hero John Wayne—who always rode tall in the saddle, who always hung tough, and always gave them hell as he defeated evil in the final shoot-out. The past has not died.

The new frontier of Kennedy and Johnson contained elements of traditional folk heroism also, but Kennedy at least had vigor, intelligence, and, seemingly, the ability to learn from history, not return to it. One cannot imagine the relatively articulate Kennedy saying "you ain't seen nothin' yet" or "over my dead body" or even "America is back," lines from a grade-B movie or even a comic strip. After the second debate a British speech analyst stated that Reagan showed indications of early stages of senility (*Gazette*, Tuesday, 30 October 1984, Montreal). Reagan may be impeached (replaced) for incapacity before the end of his term, but he may also complete the assured damage his regime has begun.

[from Reagan, God, and the Bomb, by F. H. Knelman, Prometheus Books, 1985]

MacNeil/Lehrer NewsHour

During a discussion of the expiry of Queens borough president Donald Manes, the heroic Charlayne Hunter-Gault holds on tightly to her bonnet as a famous American wind tunnel runs out of control:

Hunter-Gault: Well, how powerful was Manes?

Mr. Breslin: I think Donald Manes was a product of his times. We'll have to look at the power. What power means, in that thing. He was on a board of directors of a city where 78% of the blacks and Hispanics don't even finish school. He did not—there was no power to help the powerless. There was much power to help builders and to help politicians to help themselves. That's how they were using power. For the rich and for themselves. And I think that that has a lot to do with Mr. Manes' problem and it speaks for the condition of the rest of the country. Because I don't think this was a Queens tragedy. . . . This was a large act, committing suicide, and I think it should be addressed in large words and not in terms of a crummy municipal scandal. And I think if you had to speak about a suicide, let's speak about greed.

Hunter-Gault: All right, well, let's be specific then in terms of the kinds of corruption that we're talking about here. How big was it and what was it?

Mr. Breslin: This nation—it starts in Washington. This doesn't start on Queens Boulevard. This country has been told now that we have a new standard. Our old standard used to be to assist, to help, to lend a hand, to other countries, to the poor of our own. We didn't do it well, but that was the goal. That was the standard we believed and we were doing it. That standard has been changed to greed, now a new American standard. We confer royalty on anyone who's got money. Therefore, you come to Queens Boulevard, we can't make money with missiles, we can't do it with defense contracts; we can do it with parking tickets.

Hunter-Gault: All right. Specifically, though . . .

[March 14, 1986]

New Republic

An aesthete plots the political evolution of another neoconservative:

Always a public man, Sinatra explained the shift in his political thinking in a *New York Times* Op-Ed piece he wrote just after he appeared before the [House crime] committee. His old politics of standing up for the little guy had been altered. Now he embraced the right-wing populism that defined the principal oppressor of the little guy as big government. And he saw his subpoena as a prime example of government oppressing a little guy. Sinatra became a Reagan Republican. "It didn't gall him as much as he had thought it would," reported columnist Earl Wilson.

His turn to the right coincided with a deepened contempt for women and his most offensive public behavior ever. At a pre-inaugural party in 1973, he shouted at *Washington Post* columnist Maxine Chesire, "Get away from me, you scum. Go home and take a bath. . . . You're nothing but a two-dollar cunt. You know what that means, don't you? You've been laying down for two dollars all your life." He then stuffed two dollar bills in her drink, saying, "Here's two dollars, baby, that's what you're used to." He made that kind of language part of his concert routine for several months, to the evident enjoyment of his new right-wing following.

[March 31, 1986]

New York

A celebrated New Age writer boasts of her small motor skills:

One attractive 27-year-old has made some extreme changes. Betty Sands, a pretty, cheerful writer coming off a bitter breakup, says she will do anything rather than sleep with an easy pickup—including masturbate. While it may not be a panacea or a permanent solution, she explains, self-stimulation is one survival technique.

Anxious to avoid emotional wounds and the threat of disease, Betty has sworn off men for now. Until she meets another person to share an exclusive relationship, she says, masturbation is it: "I know how to do it and I'm good at it," she says.

[March 3, 1986]

New York Times

Columnist Ira Berkow sees baseball prodigy Mr. Keith Hernandez tapped on the wrist for drug abuse and from the vapors of artistic imagination leap the demonic McCarthy and Brown-shirts of unbeloved memory:

The Hernandez case is also part of the national hysteria about drugs. No one even slightly aware of the terrible nature of drugs can say it's not a serious problem. But it is not to the point where our civil liberties should be violated. The comparisons to McCarthyism—to even the beginnings of Nazi Germany—have been evoked. Far-fetched? Sinclair Lewis, for one, understood that safeguards should always be in place, and suggested this when he wrote a novel with the ironic title "It Can't Happen Here."

[March 8, 1986]

New York Times

The final sepulchral moments of Mr. Olof Palme, fraught, as would be expected, with contradictions:

Perhaps the most moving moment for many Swedes came immediately after the Prime Minister's address when a popular singer from Finland, Arja Saijonmaa, who often sang at Mr. Palme's political rallies, approached the staircase and the coffin as if to sing to Mr. Palme alone. Her song, the title of which was translated as "I give my thanks to life," was said to be based on a lyric of a revolutionary Chilean poet. . . .

The ceremony ended with a Swedish workers' song set to music derived from the Russian Revolution. Then the body of Mr. Palme, an agnostic, was removed for a Christian burial attended only by his family and a handful of guests.

[March 16, 1986]

Washington Post

Senator Joseph R. Biden Jr., orator of the New Age, emits one more senseless whoop while explicating just who we Democrats are:

"We are about opportunity, passion, excitement and a sense of adventure—and real heart."

[February 16, 1986]

Los Angeles Times

Robert Hilburn, resident J. J. Rousseau of the *L.A. Times*, reflects on the naughty rock group Kiss and comes away full of Rotary hope:

There even may be an up side in the Kiss rite of passage. Ideally, the kids see through all the crude jokes and *macho* posturing (the same way they see through all the satanic imagery of other shock-rock acts) and get the real message: Hard work and dedication pay off.

Wouldn't it be ironic if the Kiss Army looks back and realizes that its outrageous cartoon band was really a *positive* role model?

[February 13, 1986]

U. S. News & World Report

In one of those bizarre *capriccios* that make American journalism so memorable, Mr. William Broyles, Jr., thinks the unthinkable and the off-the-wall:

One man should not go unmentioned as first Haiti and then the Philippines threw out their dictators: Jimmy Carter. President Reagan took office with an ideological prejudice in favor of propping up anti-Communist strong men, but he has in fact presided over the culmination of Jimmy Carter's human-rights campaign. Democracy is now blooming throughout Latin America, as it is beginning to bloom in the Philippines.

[March 10, 1986]

USA Today

Professor Colman McCarthy, journalist and adjunct professor of "the politics of non-violence" at American University, renders another hypnagogic *arpeggio* to his pupils:

McCarthy: I tell them they have been cheated in school. We masterfully educate our kids in the history of war: Caesar's wars, Napoleonic wars, civil wars, World Wars I and II, preparation for World War III. We romanticize the militarists: George Washington, Robert E. Lee, Davy Crockett, Patton. The kids are taught all about battles of Valley Forge, Gettysburg, Lexington, and Concord. But they know little or nothing about Gandhi, King, Dorothy Day, Tolstoy, Jeanette Rankin, Jesus, St. Francis of Assisi, Jane Addams, Daniel Berigan, or the triumphs of non-violence from the salt march in India to the successful resistance of the Danes to the Nazis. I begin by explaining that it is OK to believe in force as a way to solve a problem or conflict—the force of justice, force of love, force of sharing wealth, and the force of organized non-violent resistance. Fighting with those kinds of effective forces is the essence of pacifism. The force of violence has failed.

[January 28, 1986]

Full Disclosure

Museum-piece progressivism from Dr. Glen L. Robert:

Another European visitor to my office who was working for a short period of time at the University of Michigan was simply outraged by the treatment of a child murderer. He showed a picture of this man in the *Ann Arbor News*, in which the man was clearly identified by his full name with his arms shackled behind his back while in the custody of a powerful expressionless policeman. My guest made the following remark:

This man is a product of your society. This is not a criminal. This is a child murderer, a human being with a sick mind. You don't heal this mental defective man by shackling his arms tight behind his back, pushing him around by a policeman without any expression on his face, by the consciousness of his power to control the meat-heap in his hands. . . .

[February 1986]

Classifieds

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR SOUGHT for conservative Ivy League alumni association. Fundraising/publishing/business experience desired; writing/editing experience a plus. Energy and commitment essential. Excellent salary, benefits, lifestyle. Letter, resume to Box CA c/o AS, P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 2210.

BOOKS

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out of print books. Write Greenmantle, POB 1324 AS, Culpeper, VA 222701.

SWEDENBORG, a scientist, theologian and Renaissance man of the 18th century, adds immeasurably to your understanding of the Bible and Christianity. The comprehensive *Compendium of Swedenborg's Theological Writings* has been made available for only \$6.95 postpaid from: The Swedenborg Foundation, Dept. AS, 139 E. 23rd St., New York, NY 10010.

SAVE "THE LIBRARY SHAKSPEARE," Vol. I, "Comedies"; Vol. II, "Tragedies"; Vol. III "Historical Plays." Large, heavy except for covers. Published by William MacKenzie, London. Loaded with full color lithographs and single color illustrations by Sir John Gilbert, George Cruikshank, and T. Dudley. Interested (1) in determining value; (2) possible sale. R. Coda, 16 Perrin Ave., Pompton Lakes, N.J. 07442, (201) 835-1248.

BOOKS WANTED

A Free Service to our Readers

Mexico: An Object Lesson (English title: *Robbery Under Law*), by Evelyn Waugh. **The Oxford Movement**, by Christopher Dawson. George Sim Johnston, III, 1105 Park Ave. New York, N.Y. 10128.

The Merchant of Revolution, by Z.A.B. Zeman and W.B. Scharlau (London, 1965). M.M. Showalter, 443 Lake St., San Francisco, CA 94118.

Things Past, by Malcolm Muggeridge. Craig Persinger, 1906 Therlow Dr., Marion, IN 46952.

The Art of Teaching, by Gilbert Highet, (Random House). Robert Bull, Santa Claus Lake, Temple, ME 04934.

Eco-Hysterics and the Technophobes, by Petr Beckmann. Bruce Lindsey, 7201 Wood Hollow Dr.-330, Austin, TX 78731.

A History of Jazz in America, by Barry Ulanov. **Straight Ahead**, by Carol Easton. Donald Griffin, 1795 Berna Rd., Akron, OH 44312.

History of the English Speaking Peoples, The Age of Revolution, Volume III by Winston Churchill. Ken Rhodes, 4 Hawthorne, Apt. #3, Elyria, OH 44035.

BOOKS

LINCOLN SAID "then in rebellion." What did he mean? Box 458, Roscoe, N.Y. 12776.

HOW TO SPEAK YOUR BEST, self-help method. Understand vocal mechanism; Develop improved Speaking Voice, Diction, Enunciation, Projection. Author-Teacher: Actor-Singer, 20 years experience. Loose-leaf binder. \$12 ppd. Money order to John E. Fortna, 759 N. Jefferson, Sarasota, FL 33577.

PERIODICALS

MAGAZINE SAMPLES. Free listing of over 100 publications offering a sample copy-.50 a sample. Send stamped self-addressed #10 envelope to: PUBLISHERS EXCHANGE, P.O. Box 220, Dept. A., Dunellen, NJ 08812.

FREE BOOK MIND CONTROL in the U.S. with a one-year subscription to *CRITIQUE: A Journal of Conspiracies & Metaphysics*. Send \$15 to POB 11451, Santa Rosa, CA 95406, or \$6 for a sample issue.

Winning for Conservative Ideas

Youth Leadership School: Organizing mass numbers of conservative students. Schools nationwide.

Student Publications School: Beat the liberal campus media at their own game.

Capitol Hill Staff Training School: How to get a congressional job and succeed as a conservative.

Contact: School Director, The Leadership Inst., 8001 Braddock Rd., Suite 402, Springfield, VA 22151.

EXTERNAL DEGREE PROGRAM

Complete BS, MA, PhD, Calif-Bar, JD year-round. No classroom attendance.

CITY UNIVERSITY LOS ANGELES

3960 Wilshire Boulevard
Los Angeles, CA 90010-3306
(213) 382-3801

BUMPERSTICKERS

100TH ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION. "The Statue of Liberty is carrying a torch for me," "I put the Statue of liberty on a pedestal," "I love N.Y. in June, July, Aug., Sept. . . . How about you?" Also, "Stop Look Then Go For It!" (red, yellow, green). Quality. Versatile. Great gifts. \$1.98 ea., In. res. add 5% sales tax. Send check to: American Potentials, Dept. A5, Box 5053, Kokomo, IN 46902.

Suspenders/Braces

More and more well-dressed men wear them! The largest selection anywhere of fine, hard-to-find suspenders/braces. Free brochure. **BENJAMIN**, 2400 Westheimer, Suite 108W(T), Houston, Texas 77098. (713) 526-2886.



MERCHANDISE

SAVE \$50 FINE! Automobile Anti-police-radar device \$3. Academy, 3494 Washington, Cleveland, OH 44118.

HARASS YOU LOCAL Politician—Buttons, books and 100 titles of conservative/libertarian audio tapes. Free catalog. Freeland, Box 26044, Santa Ana, CA 92799.

MISCELLANEOUS

IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING but I'll say it anyways that the 248 soldiers along with ten others more or less would still be alive if each of the world's armies had a war's ending win list to match the casualty list—one killed or 6 wounded—one goes home. Suicidal wars spawn suicidal wars. Send SASE to war-ending (90%) 50/50 (men, women) losers, winners (chance-selected) war-waging strategy or simply Winners, Box 2243, Youngstown, OH 44504.

PERSONALS

CONSERVATIVE LOVERS of Culture: unattached men and women of grace and dignity find others who share similar values, similar tastes in Arts and Recreation. Write C.L.C., Suite 307, Box 1765. Paoli, PA 19301.

Changing your address?

Please attach the address label from the *most recent* issue of your *American Spectator* in the space provided. Print your new address and mail this form to *The American Spectator*. When writing to us about your subscription, always attach your address label or print your name and address exactly as they appear on your address label. Be sure to include the line of information above your name.

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Circulation Department
P.O. Box 10448
Arlington, VA 22210

(Please attach address label here.)

IMPORTANT

Allow six weeks for address change.

- ☐ Please renew my subscription for one year (twelve issues—\$21)
☐ Payment enclosed
☐ Please bill me

PLEASE PRINT

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Date of change _____

PERSONALS

MEET CHRISTIAN SINGLES local/worldwide, 18-80. By phone or mail. Let Love, Dating, Marriage change Your life TODAY! Write: Box 9020-D6, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

SOCIAL INTRODUCTIONS to ladies from Philippines, Malaysia, Thailand through correspondence for lasting relationships. We offer the most complete services. America's most renowned correspondence firm. **AMERICAN ASIAN WORLDWIDE SERVICES**, Dept. TAS, Box 2777, Orcutt, CA 93455. Tel. (805) 937-5230.

EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION

Audio-cassette/book courses in Arabic, Hebrew, Chinese, French, German, Spanish, Greek, Japanese, and 34 others. Comprehensive. Used by U.S. State Dept. Write us for free catalog. **Learn a foreign language on your own!** Dept. 225
AUDIO-FORUM Guilford, CT 06437

CLASSIFIED ORDER FORM

You can reach 120,000 informed and interested readers in the classified section of *The American Spectator*. Our rates are only 90 cents per word (12-word minimum). Include an additional \$5 if you want a box number, and we will forward all inquiries to you once a week. *The American Spectator* reserves the right to reject any copy for any reason. Please specify classification: Help Wanted, Positions Wanted, Opportunities, Services, Books, Periodicals, Informational Pamphlets, Conferences, Bumperstickers & Buttons, Merchandise, Miscellaneous, Personals.

YES, I would like to place a classified ad in *The American Spectator*. Enclosed is full payment for number of words.

_____ (number of words)
X .90 _____ (Price per word)
= _____ Cost for one issue
X _____ (number of issues ad is to appear)
= _____ Total cost (payment must accompany order)

Ad classification: _____

PLEASE PRINT

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

Please type or print your ad on a separate sheet of paper, attach and send to:

THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR
Classified Department
P.O. Box 10448, Arlington, VA 22210

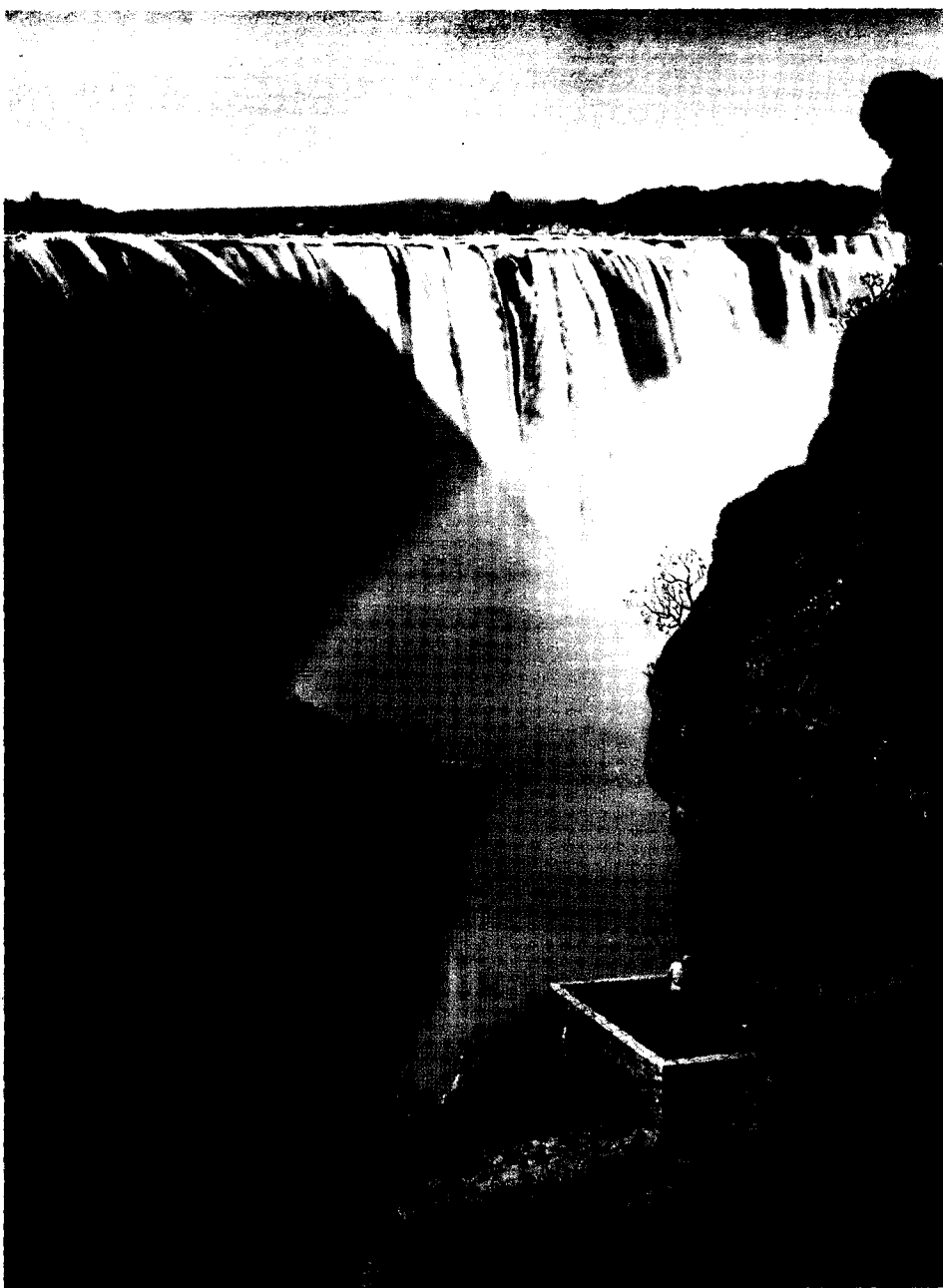
SAVE 75% off
the newsstand price. That's **LESS**
THAN HALF the regular subscription rate

Readers of the Spectator are no less distinguished and include the U.K's most powerful names in government, business, publishing and the arts. For over 150 years the Spectator's articles have been widely renowned for fine writing and lively humour. Isn't it time you took out a subscription?

These comments – from existing American subscribers – help to explain why the Spectator's readers in the U.S. – although small in number – are among the most loyal.



Golfers, Reach for Adventure! A Limited Offering of Chapman's Infamous Golf Holes!

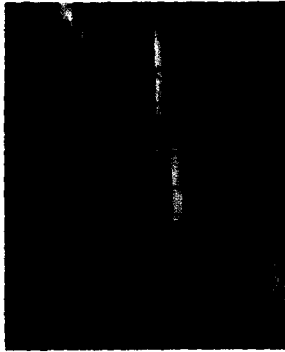


Copyright 1976 Loyal H. Chapman U.S.A. Minneapolis, Minn.

No. 1 Victoria Falls G.C.



No. 2 Smoky Mountains



No. 3 Redwood Forest G.C.



No. 4 Grand Canyon C.C.



No. 5 Big Sur G. & C.C.



No. 6 Fujiyama Gardens



No. 7 Desert Winds G.C.



No. 8 Mauna Pele C.C.



No. 9 St. Ian's Imperial

Exciting, Truly Dramatic

Imagine, teeing off at Victoria Falls, or The Grand Canyon, or Desert Winds, for the challenge of a lifetime! The original paintings are by world famous artist and golfer, Loyal H. Chapman.

Natural lifelike quality

These vivid, full color prints are perfect for your office wall, den, family room, or at the club. Captions for each print give a witty description of just how tough each one is to play, in Chapman's own interpretation. Print size 18"x24".

Satisfaction Guarantee: You must be completely satisfied with Chapman's Infamous Golf Holes, or simply return them within 10 days for a complete refund of your purchase price.

ORDER TOLL FREE 1-800-334-0854, ext. 854
24 Hours Per Day—7 Days Per Week

Yes, please rush me the Infamous Golf Holes prints I have indicated below. If I am not satisfied with them, I may return them within 10 days for a complete refund.

Check One:

☐ One only

☐ Suite of any 4

☐ Full Suite of 9

UNFRAMED

\$ 23.95

79.95

149.95

My choices are:

Please add \$2.00 per print for shipping and handling.

Print No	Title	Quantity	
		Framed	Unframed

☐ My Check is enclosed. (NY residents add 5% Sales Tax)

☐ Charge my credit card. No. _____

☐ VISA — M.C. Exp. Date _____

Signature _____

Name _____

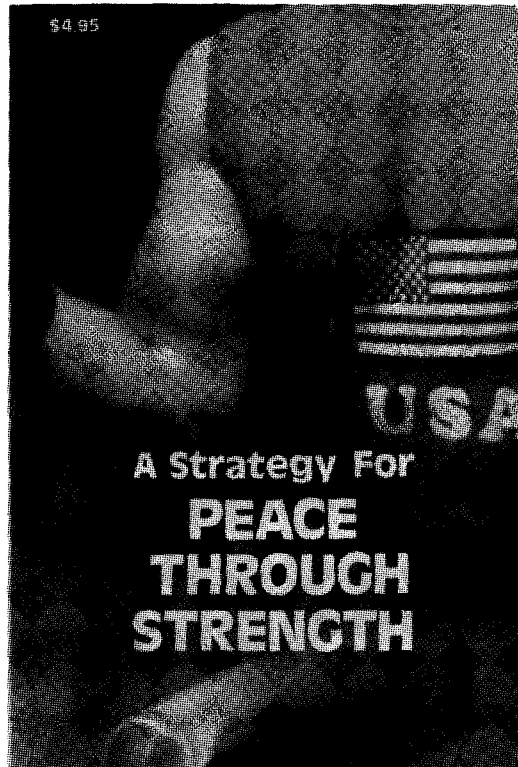
Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

the PLEASANTVILLE PLAN, Dept. GH1, 62 Eastview Ave., Pleasantville, NY 10570

A Strategy for Peace Through Strength

A Strategy for Peace Through Strength is a bold new book that represents months of intensive efforts by the strategy board of the American Security Council Foundation, numerous experts in the Reagan Administration and on Capitol Hill. Over 500 colleges, universities, think tanks and research organizations also cooperated in the formulation and revision of the book. A major theme of the book is that the United States should mount a long term economic and diplomatic offensive against world Communism, making "peace through strength" the cornerstone of U.S. foreign policy.



Based on a general strategy already endorsed by President Reagan and some 250 Members of Congress, the problem involves a variety of measures intended to strength U.S. security, while creating and exploiting opportunities to promote democracy in the communist world. "If the conflict between the free world and Communism is to be ended—without war—then the Soviet leadership must be persuaded that it is more profitable for them to give up the goal of world domination than to continue seeking it."

"We can persuade them of this, first, by being so strong militarily that they dare not attack us, and second, by going on the ideological offensive by developing democracy worldwide while exploiting Soviet vulnerabilities: in other words, a policy of military defense, political offense."

The book applauds the efforts of the Reagan Administration to rebuild America's defenses, but says that a strong military in the absence of an overall strategy may not be sufficient to turn the tide against Communism.

"Wars have always started through weakness, not strength, and I applaud the American Security Council for its efforts to remind us of this simple but often forgotten idea in its new publication, A Strategy for Peace Through Strength."

Sen. Jake Garn (R-UT)

"This book demonstrates the truth about the Soviet Union. The USSR today recognizes strength but not much else. Given that fact, this nation would be very unwise indeed to invest time and money in a second-best defense."

Sen. Russell Long (D-LA)

YES, I am very concerned about the growing Soviet military threat and the lack of a coherent, long term U.S. foreign and defense strategy.

Please send me _____ copy(ies) of *A Strategy for Peace Through Strength* at \$4.95/copy. All checks should be made payable to the American Security Council Foundation.

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Orders should be sent to: The American Security Council Foundation, Washington Communications Center, Boston, Virginia 22713



John M. Fisher, the President of the American Security Council Foundation (ASCF), is shown presenting President Reagan with a copy of *A Strategy for Peace Through Strength*. On November 15 the President hosted a reception for ASCF to thank them for their research and educational efforts on behalf of the adoption of a National Strategy for Peace Through Strength.

"I hope this book will play an important role by making the American people realize that the United States cannot afford to have anything less than a bi-partisan, coherent policy which allows the U.S. to take the initiative."

Adm. Thomas H. Moorer (USN, Ret.)
Former Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff

IF YOU CAN'T BE THERE IN PERSON BE THERE IN SPIRIT.

This very day, isn't there someone, somewhere, with whom you'd like to share a celebration?

- Maybe it's a birthday.
- Maybe it's an anniversary.
- Maybe it's a business deal.
- Any of a million different reasons.
- Or no reason at all.

Now, thanks to a new service called 800 SPIRITS, you can

have delivered fine champagnes, wines or spirits almost anywhere in the world, without traveling any further than your phone.

Simply call, toll free, 1-800-BE-THERE (1-800-238-4373) and give the 800 SPIRITS operator the item number of your selection. Then just tell us where you want it sent, a brief personal message for the gift card and your credit card number.

And that's it.

So, don't let that special person think you didn't care or remember.

Thanks to 800 SPIRITS, you never have to worry about sending whomever, whatever, whenever, ever again.

CALL 1-800-BE-THERE
(void where prohibited)

Allow a minimum of five business days for delivery. ⁴



Ask for Denise when you call and we will give you \$3.00 off the total cost of your order.

If you wonder why Congress caves in to the Communists, read this book

SUICIDE OF THE WEST

An essay on the Meaning and Destiny of Liberalism

James
BURNHAM

REGNERY BOOKS

**\$18.95 in stores
— yours FREE!**

This is the book that dissects liberalism deep down to its rotten core . . . as no book ever has. Thanks to Burnham's insights, we finally see that strange amalgam of selfrighteousness, guilt, arrogance, double standard, good intention, selective indignation, selective compassion and fuzzy logic that forms the mind and psychology of the liberal. A hint of the riches:

- Why the liberal cannot rule.
- Why liberalism is the ideology of suicide.
- Why liberalism clashes with Christianity.
- The common ancestors of liberalism and Communism.
- Why liberals sneer at patriotism.
- Very precisely: how liberalism lies at the root of race riots, murderous taxes, national surrender and the crime explosion — and why liberals are helpless to do anything about their own follies.
- The inner drives that impel liberals to war on the Right — while giving the Left an ever-so-gentle tap on the wrist, at worst.
- EXTRA! Burnham's fascinating "39 Articles of Liberalism," an intriguing text that you, or anyone, can take to determine your "ideological quotient." You'll be astonished at how accurately it pinpoints anyone's political slant.

If you haven't yet immersed yourself in this classic, prepare for one of the mind-opening experiences of your life.

Important for Christians and Jews

Why do so many religious people follow the siren song of liberalism? James Burnham throws light on corners once dark.

Enthusiasm for this classic, all across the spectrum

"Despite the fact that James Burnham's *Suicide of the West* has not been given the attention it merits, it will find its way and make history. It is brilliantly written, clearly reasoned, and remarkably restrained, given the subject matter: the sickness of Western civilization and its causes."—Irene Corbally Kuhn, *Christian Economics*

"Expounds with corrosive clarity the right-wing case . . . I am sure that the gravest mistake we can commit is to underrate the importance of his attack on liberal thinking and liberalism in government."—R. H. S. Crossman, *Partisan Review*

"If any book may rouse the friends of order, justice and freedom to intelligent action against the grim enemies of civilization, Mr. Burnham has given us just such an instrument."—Russell Kirk

"James Burnham has written a book about Liberalism for which the world has been aching. It is worth more to the West than the year's gross national product, more than all our planes and bombs — with all of these, we have still been losing out in the world. But this book is not only a pathologist's report. It gives the key for the recovery of the West." . . . —William F. Buckley, Jr.

How to get this mind-opening
book FREE

How the Club Works

Every 4 weeks (13 times a year) you get a free copy of the Club Bulletin, which offers you the Featured Selection plus a good choice of Alternates — all of interest to conservatives.

★ If you want the Featured Selection, do nothing. It will come automatically. ★ If you don't want the Featured Selection or you do want an Alternate, indicate your wishes on the handy card enclosed with your Bulletin and return it by the deadline date. ★ The majority of Club books will be offered at 20-50% discounts, plus a charge for shipping and handling. ★ As soon as you buy and pay for 3 books at regular Club prices, your membership may be ended at any time, either by you or by the Club. ★ If you ever receive a Featured Selection without having had 10 days to decide if you want it, you may return it at Club expense for full credit. ★ Good service. No computers! ★ The Club will offer regular Superbargains, mostly at 70-90% discounts plus shipping and handling. Superbargains do NOT count toward fulfilling your Club obligation, but do enable you to buy fine books at giveaway prices. ★ Only one membership per household.

CONSERVATIVE BOOK CLUB

15 Oakland Avenue • Harrison, NY 10528

Please accept my membership in the Club and send me, free and postpaid, James Burnham's seminal study of the liberal mind, the \$18.95 *Suicide of the West*. I agree to buy 3 additional books at regular Club prices over the next 18 months. I also agree to the Club rules spelled out in this coupon.

AS-41

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____